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"We shall never envy the honours which wit and learning obtain in any other cause, if we can be numbered among the writers who have given ardour to virtue, and confidence to truth."—Dr. Johnson.

ORIGINAL COMMUNICATIONS.

Critical Observations *upon the* Samson Agonistes *of* Milton.

Sir,

TO criticise what has already passed under the discriminating observations of Johnson may seem to some a fruitless labour; while to others, who acknowledge the force of the political and literary prejudices of that writer, it may seem a task of merit and utility. I, however, mean neither to controvert or to defend the strictures of Johnson: I intend to offer to your readers those which suggested themselves to my own mind upon the perusal of this dramatic poem.

That it is confessedly written upon the model of the Greek drama is well known; and that it should therefore have few of those qualities that belong to the theatrical productions of this country is natural. It is one of the ends of writing to please, and pleasure must be tempered to the state of the recipient. What gave delight to an ancient Greek or Roman need not necessarily give the same delight to a people removed, in time, centuries from their era; and in fact we find that in some cases it does not. It is the worst error of erudition to identify what must be dissimilar, by attempting to excite pleasure by means approved, not from their congruity but from their antiquity. All taste is founded upon feeling: and how can we hope to produce similar events by contrary causes? It is the bigotry of knowledge, or the narrowness of ignorance which would reproach a Frenchman for listening with rapture to the frigid couplets of Racine, or a German for applauding the bombast of Kotzebue. They did not create the people, but the people created them, and they exerted their genius in the direction that had been given to it. For this reason, it seldom happens that an author is read with the same approbation by a foreign student, because a very great portion of the merit on which his reputation is built must necessarily consist of felicities of language, and illustrations of manners that cannot be felt unless understood, and cannot be understood unless known. This is true in a general sense, and it is particularly true in regard to the drama, which is still more an exhibition of national modes and customs, even when founded upon events that are *not* national; for I suppose an ancient Roman, could he be called into temporary existence, would seek in vain for Roman forms of expression or Roman ideas, in *Julius Cæsar*, in *Antony and Cleopatra*, or in *Coriolanus*. It was Addison, I believe, who said that a Roman ploughman probably spoke the Latin language with greater purity than the finest modern Latin scholar that ever existed: and in the same manner it may be said, that a Roman centurion was more truly a Roman, in his daily and most familiar thoughts, than even the pen of Shakspeare could make a *Cæsar*, an *Antony*, or a *Brutus*. It may, indeed, be considered as impossible to transfuse the national character of any country into the page which is written centuries after that country has lost its name among nations: and hence the difficulty of awakening kindred sentiments in the mind of a reader, when he is occupied with manners and customs foreign from his own knowledge of experience. If these opinions are founded in truth, it will then follow that *Samson Agonistes*

being written in imitation of a foreign model, and being founded upon an event not national, has two powerful difficulties to struggle against in its effect upon the mind.

But, to pass from a consideration of this, I shall now proceed to offer a few observations upon its execution and upon the sentiments which it contains.

The proemial monologue is written with considerable pathos, a quality not often to be found in the muse of Milton: and when Samson deplores his own blindness, our feelings of pity are at once transferred to the author. The evils attendant upon that deprivation are enumerated with force and truth: not forgetting what is perhaps the greatest and most afflictive of them, being

> "in light expos'd
> To daily fraud, contempt, abuse, and wrong
> Within doors, or without, still as a fool,
> In power of others, never in my own."

Surely to a rational being, imagination itself cannot conceive a keener or more perpetual misery than the consciousness of constant dependence on the mercy and forbearance of man: a state surrounded with terrors that exist without diminution and almost without the hope that alleviates those terrors in the breast of any other man.

The complaint uttered in the following remonstrance is natural. When we suffer, we willingly ask why some better arrangement did not secure us from the necessity of it.

> Since light so necessary is to life,
> And almost life itself, if it be true
> That light is in the soul,
> She all in every part; why was the sight
> To such a tender ball as th' eye confin'd
> So obvious and so easy to be quench'd?
> And not as feeling, through all parts diffus'd,
> That she might look at will through ev'ry pore?

The incumbrance of a chorus is very sensibly felt in this poem. It is at once unnatural and superfluous. The mind is dissatisfied with a deviation so violent from the ordinary means of human intercourse, and the judgment is offended by the employment of what might be omitted with advantage. Milton, however, was doubtless satisfied with what he considered as a happy adaptation of the Grecian muse to the English language. The pride of learning was propitiated at the expense of good taste and good sense.

I have always thought that there is an irreverent use made of the name and power of the deity in the following lines. Samson deplores the circumstance of having given an opportunity to the Philistines of magnifying and extolling their idol *Dagon*, as the power by whose means he is now captive and blind among them: but he adds,

> This only hope relieves me, that the strife
> With me hath end: all the contest is now
> 'Twixt God and Dagon: Dagon hath presum'd,
> Me overthrown, to enter lists with God,
> His deity comparing and preferring
> Before the God of Abraham. He, be sure
> Will not connive, or linger, thus provok'd,
> But will arise, and his great name assert:
> Dagon must stoop, and shall ere long receive
> Such a discomfit, as shall quite despoil him
> Of all these boasted trophies won on me
> And with confusion blank his worshippers.

Surely no degree of enthusiasm for the genius of Milton can consider this with pleasure. The idea of a personal contest between a true and a false god reminds us rather of the absurdities of pagan mythology, than of the reverential solemnity of christian worship.

There seems to be in Milton, more perhaps than any other writer, an obscurity and confusion in his conceptions of the omnipotence of the deity. Forgetting that the idea of *omnipotence* annihilates the necessity of *means* for the accomplishment of an end, he perpetually represents to us the supreme power as producing consequences not by its immediate act and will; and seems to wonder that by an apparently inadequate medium it is enabled to perform certain actions. But it is consonant to our ideas of divine omnipotence, to suppose that what it wills it can perform merely by its own resolution and act: and therefore it is inconsistent in Milton to make the chorus exclaim

> O madness, to think use of strongest wines
> And strongest drinks our chief support of health;

When God with these forbidd'n made
choice to rear
His migh y champion, strong above com-
pare,
Whose drink was only from the liquid
brook.

This is puerile, for the deity, by his own act, *might* have given to the pliant sinews of infancy corporeal strength even beyond that of Samson. To that power which finds every thing possible, only human weakness can imagine limits.

The most spirited and energetic part of this poem is the colloquy between *Samson* and *Dalilah*; and this he doubtless wrote with feeling acrimony from the recollection of his own conjugal infelicity. Dr. Johnson says, that in all his writings he expresses a more than Turkish contempt for women. This, however, is not true, for surely he exalts the female character in Paradise Lost. It does not indeed appear, from the accounts of his biographers, that he had much reason to entertain an exalted notion of the sex: and when he attributes to them fickleness, wantonness, and deceit, he does not wander far from truth.

Can it be doubted by any one who knows the domestic history of Milton, that he wrote the following with self-conviction of its verity:

Out, out, hyæna! these are thy wonted
arts,
And arts of every woman false like thee,
To break all faith, all vows, deceive, betray,
Then, as repentant, to submit, beseech,
And reconcilement move with feign'd re-
morse,
Confess, and promise wonders in her
change,
Not truly penitent, but chief to try
Her husband, how far urg'd his patience
bears,
His virtue or weakness which way to assail:
Then with more cautious and instructed
skill
Again transgresses and again submits:
That wisest, and best men, full oft be-
guil'd
With goodness principl'd not to reject
The penitent, but ever to forgive,
Are drawn to wear out miserable days
Intangl'd with a pois'nous bosom snake,
If not by quick destruction soon cut off
As I by thee, to ages an example.

The bitterness of this reproof can be heightened only by the reflection of its truth.

The same personal feelings which prompted the above probably dictated the following, in which that allusion is made to individual merit which Milton might proudly claim:

It is not virtue, wisdom, valour, wit,
Strength, comeliness of shape, or amplest
merit,
That woman's love can win or long inherit.

This is dignified: but what solemnity of countenance can withstand the conclusion?

But what it is, hard is to say,
Harder to hit,
(Which way soever men refer it)
Much like thy riddle, Samson, in one day
Or sev'n, though one should musing sit.

That the muse of Milton has cowered her lofty wing when soaring where human enquiry is not permitted to pierce, is confessed; and it is palliated by the boldness of the attempt: but that he who wrote the first three books of Paradise Lost should write the above is an anomaly not easily accounted for. Yet this is not all, for in this same speech of the chorus are to be found lines, surpassing perhaps those already quoted in absurdity of construction. I will transcribe the whole, because the poet still indulges in his invective against women and the infelicity of the conjugal state. But what are printed in Italics are those which I would exhibit as puerile and ludicrous.

Is it for that such outward ornament
Was lavished on their sex, that inward gifts
Were left for haste unfinish'd, judgment
scant,
Capacity not rais'd to apprehend
Or value what is best
In choice, but oftest to affect the wrong?
Or was too much of self-love mix'd,
Of constancy no root enfix'd,
That either they love nothing or not long?
Whate'er it be, to wisest men and best
Seeming at first all heav'nly under virgin
veil,
Soft, modest, meek, demure,
Once join'd, the contrary she proves, a
thorn
Intestine, far within defensive arms
A cleaving mischief, in his way to virtue
Adverse and turbulent, or by her charms
Draws him awry enslav'd
With dotage, and his sense deprav'd

To folly and shameful deeds which ruin ends.
What pilot so expert, but needs must wreck
Embark'd with such a steersmate at the helm?

Favour'd of heav'n, who finds
One virtuous, rarely found
That in domestic good combines:
Happy that house! his way to peace is smooth:
But virtue which breaks thro' all opposition,
And all temptation can remove
Most shines, and most is acceptable above.

Therefore God's universal law
Gave to the man despotic pow'r
Over his female in due awe,
Nor from that right to part an hour
Smile she or lour.
So shall he least confusion draw
On his whole life, not sway'd
By female usurpation or dismay'd.

In this passage there is, I believe, enough to offend both the critic and the moralist, for neither wisdom nor humanity can sanction the doctrine of tyranny as laid down by the poet. It partakes of more than "Turkish contempt," and approaches nearer to the vulgar brutality of those beings who identify the oppression of the unresisting with the vigorous controul of the rebellious. If Milton practised what he taught, who shall wonder that his wives deserted him?

The dignity of the tragic style will not admit of that minor species of wit which is sometimes included in punning: yet Milton could not always resist the temptation, when he wishes to express contempt. Thus Sampson says to *Harapha*,

Therefore without feign'd shifts let be assign'd
Some narrow place inclos'd, where *sight* may give thee,
Or rather *flight*, no great advantage on me.

And, again, the chorus observes,

Fathers are wont to *lay up* for thy sons,
Thou for thy son art bent to *lay out*.

Nor is the expression *giantship* applied to *Harapha* consistent with the solemnity expected in a dramatic poem.

While noticing the errors of this work, I will advert to one or two more. In the following lines the simile is mean and vulgar:

But he tho' blind of sight,
Despis'd and thought extinguish'd quite,
With inward eyes illuminated,
His fiery virtue rous'd
From under ashes into sudden flame;
And as an evening dragon came
Assailant on the perched roosts
And nests in order rang'd
Of tame villatic fowl.

Surely a nobler comparison might have been found, if sought for, than an irruption into a hen-roost, to illustrate the horrible destruction of a multitude by the sudden falling in of the building which contained them.

The ludicrous flow of the following couplet needs no comment:

Some dismal accident it needs must be;
What shall we do, stay here or run and see?

These are minute faults, yet they should not be beneath the notice of him who seeks to improve by illustrative criticism. To ascend as high as Milton can scarcely be hoped by any one: not to sink so low is within the power of all who have mental powers capable of exertion. Let this defend the apparent unimportance of my strictures.

I will conclude this letter by pointing out a passage, perhaps imitated from Massinger, an author doubtless familiar to Milton. The chorus in *Samson Agonistes* exclaims,

Of good or bad so great, of bad the sooner,
For evil news rides post, while good news baits.

In the *Picture* by Massinger is a passage very similar to the above:

"Ill news, Madam,
Are swallow wing'd, but what's good walks on crutches."

If these critical observations meet your approbation, you will much oblige a constant reader by giving them a place in the next number of your Magazine; and I remain, Sir,

Your obedient servant,

London, Nov. 7, 1808. M.

On the MISMANAGEMENT *of* PUBLIC AFFAIRS.

WHENEVER a complaint is made against any abuse, in raising or expending public money, there is a certain description of men always ready to alarm the minds of

the multitude with the danger of making innovations; and they tell them, the evils complained of are merely cheese-parings and candle-ends, when the candle is divided in the middle, and the cheese pared to the very core. There was a time when the prevention of evil was thought much better than the applying a remedy, before cheese-parings and candle-ends were allowed to be annexed as privileges to those who fill public stations; and it is much to be feared that, since they have been permitted to be taken, they have had a direct tendency to corrupt the morals of such persons as share the spoils. When depredatory innovations are suffered in any department in the state, they will thrive like noxious plants in a prolific soil, and they who are to gather in the harvest will be tempted to violate that positive command, which says, "thou shalt not steal."

It is in vain to inculcate the precept, when you suffer it to be counteracted by practice. Do we think that religious and moral duties are as easily adopted and discarded, as the putting on and taking off a garment? And is it from this erroneous notion that our labourers and artificers are called upon to spend the sabbath at their daily task in public works?

The history of the French revolution ought to have taught us the danger of making innovations in such essential points. It is by the observance of the sabbath we preserve among men the memory of this fundamental article of our religion, that God is the Creator of the world. The wilfully breaking the fourth command implies a denial of this great truth, and consequently of the infinite wisdom, the unbounded goodness, and the omnipotent power of God, which are manifested in all his works: nor can the proclaiming a fast one day in the year ever keep up a lively sense of the attributes of God in the minds of the people, if they are compelled to perform their daily task on the sabbath.

Is it not strange, that while we are lamenting the irreligious and immoral habits of the common people, and are devising means to give them instruction, that they should be called upon to hurry on public works on the sabbath, which will not be finished in eleven years? Can there be any absolute necessity for it? Are the dangers of an invasion any longer feared? Or have we now any thing to fear from it? Is not the maritime force of our inveterate enemy not only diminished and nearly annihilated by the sudden change which hath happened in our affairs and our prospects? And do we not send away our troops to assist the oppressed nations on the continent? And as difficulties increase with Napoleon, the scourge of Europe and the disposer of nations, are we not altering and extending our defensive operations the same as if his fleet were blocking up our ports?

But though there is so much reluctance in making any innovation to reform abuses, there seems to have always been a tendency in men, in public stations, to introduce them, and our statute-books offer us strong proofs of it.

When our Saxon and Norman kings first emancipated cities and towns, and gave them charters with privileges, it was necessary that they should give them courts of justice; for the compact was reciprocal between the contracting parties, and the people for their freedom were to perform certain stipulated services: they therefore had sac and soc, tholl and theam, to compel every member of their community to contribute his part towards discharging the expense of the service required of him.

That the privileges which the king granted might not be employed to his prejudice, and that he might not be defrauded of his fines and amerciaments, he had an officer, called a bailiff, who sat on the bench with the magistrates of a corporate town, to collect the king's dues. This was the practice when trespasses and other offences were compensated with fines; for the Wit, the Were, and the Mund, were imposed prior to transportation and death.

Though every transaction in the inferior court was under the cognizance of this officer, still there was reason to think, that innovations might introduce some encroachments

in their practice, if there was no check on their proceedings.

As early as the 9th of Edward the Third, chapter the fifth, it was enacted, that the justices of assize, gaol delivery, Oyer and Terminer, should send all their records and processes determined, and put in execution to the Exchequer at Michaelmas in every year, to be delivered there.

This statute might restrain the innovating spirit of the bailiff and the magistrates for a time, but it did not entirely suppress it; for it was enacted again, the 11th of Henry the 4th, chapter the 3d, that justices, acting under the commission of the king in counties, were to cause to be delivered into the king's treasury all the returns of assize of novel-dessein, Mort D'ancestor, and of certification, and all the appurtenances and appendancies before they determined every second year; that the pleas might be concluded, and judgment given, without more delay; and that all pleas real, and personal, and others where judgment is given, and enrolled, and things touching such pleas, shall in no wise be amended, nor impaired, by any new entering by the clerk, or the recorder of things certified, in witness, or commandment of our justices in the term, after that such judgment in such pleas is given and enrolled.

This act of Henry the Fourth was as little regarded as that of Edward the Third; for we learn in the preface of the statute, passed in the 22d and 23d of Charles the Second, chap. 22, that abuses and mischiefs had arisen, and were practised by not timely certifying and estreating the fines and forfeitures; and also by sinister practices among officers in sparing, discharging, and not certifying at all; and if they did certify, yet by miscertifying and estreating the said fines and forfeitures into the exchequer. To remedy such practices it was again enacted, that all fines, postfines, issues, amerciaments, forfeited recognizances, sum or sums of money, paid, or to be paid in lieu of satisfaction of them; and all forfeitures whatsoever, which already are, or hereafter shall be set, imposed, lost, or forfeited in his Majesty's court of King's Bench, Common Pleas, and Exchequer; and all fines and forfeitures before any judge or judges of assize, clerk of the market, or commissioners of the sewers, throughout the kingdom of England; and all, and every clerk and clerks of the peace, and town clerks, and every of them within the kingdom of England, at the time assigned them to certify, shall do it under the penalty of fifty pounds. And further, if any of the aforesaid officers spare, take off, discharge, or wittingly and willingly conceal any indictment, or forfeiture whatsoever, in any of the said courts, or before any judge, he shall for every such offence forfeit and pay treble the value of such fine, past fine, and amerciament, one-half to the king, and the other moiety to the person who will sue for it; *and he shall lose his office, and be for ever incapable of being employed in any place where any part of his Majesty's revenue is to be managed or paid.*

As a further preventive of this innovating spirit for doing wrong, all the different officers in the beforementioned act were, by the statute of the 4th and 5th of William and Mary, chap. 24, section the 5th, obliged to take the following oath:—

You shall swear that these estreats, now by you delivered, are carefully made up and examined; and that all fines and amerciaments, recognizances and forfeitures, which were lost, imposed, or forfeited, and in right and due course of law ought to be estreated in the court of Exchequer, are to the best of your knowledge and understanding therein contained; and that in the same estreats are contained and expressed all such fines as have been paid into the court, from which the said estreats are made, without any wilful or fraudulent discharge, omission, misnomer, or any defect whatsoever.

[*To be concluded in our next.*]

SHAKSPEARE *and* MASSINGER.

Sir,

IN your Magazine for January last, (p. 27) there is a letter from a correspondent, who endeavours to illustrate the contested reading in

Shakspeare's *Macbeth*, "My *May* of life is fallen into the sere, &c." by a parallel move of expression from *Much Ado about Nothing:* and though in my own mind I never had a doubt respecting the beautiful image intended to be conveyed by the poet, yet I was pleased to see him thus made an authority for himself. Next however to such authority, is the practice of contemporary poets and those immediately succeeding; and it may perhaps to serve to give conviction to some minds, when they find Massinger (a dramatic writer inferior to Shakspeare only in those sudden bursts of inspiration which so often illumine the pages of the bard of Avon) using the very same mode of expression in the *Picture*, a play built upon a wild incident, but containing many fine scenes and displaying much truth of character. *Honoria*, in her attempt to shake the conjugal fidelity of *Mathias*, exclaims,

> Tho' yet reason
> Was ne'er admitted in the court of love
> I'll yield you one unanswerable. As I urg'd
> In our last conference, you have
> A pretty promising presence; but there are
> Many in limbs and feature who may take
> That way the right hand file of you. Besides,
> Your *May* of youth is past and the blood spent by wounds, &c.

Though perhaps upon a nice distinction, the expression above may be considered as a pleonasm, yet the *spirit* of it coincides with the usual reading of Shakspeare's line, and in that respect may help to confirm what may be dubious in the estimation of some.

I remain, Sir, &c.

Stamford, Nov. 6, 1808. Z.

For the Universal Magazine.

Imitations and Parodies. By Mr. Fletcher.

I. P—tt.

IT poured with rain, but I wrapped myself up in the sweetness of sensibility, that fleecy hosiery of the soul: and though I was wet to the skin, I reached my lodgings, at least, with a dry heart.

The old woman received me at the door with the accustomed curtsy. "Poor creature," I mentally exclaimed, "how little difference there "is between us, save in the unde-"fined essence of the mind: *you* "have been washing,—*I* have been "washed!"

She had lighted a fire in my room. This, said I, smells comfortable: 'tis like the face of a friend, which chance restores to us, after a long absence passed in the kennel of adversity.—Happy comparison! For friendship is indeed a fire, an *ignis fatuus*.

My sensibility was again assailed by a family circumstance of no common interest. Poor Laura had been brought to bed of six little ones. She was lying on the rug, her head resting on a volume of my Gleanings,* stretched out as it were to recruit her exhausted frame, under the cheering influence of the magnetic blaze.—Lovely, interesting, Laura! never, never shall I forget that moment, while I know what pathos is!

"I have *drowned the kittens*, sir," said the old woman. It was enough. I shuddered.

> "Oh, hell-kite! what, all?
> "What all my pretty ones? did you say all?
> "At one fell swoop? MACBETH.

The refluent blood curdled round my heart, and the bellows dropped from my hand.

II. Gray.

> Shout, warriors, shout, that Spain is free,
> Your voice shall reach the flying foe,
> The thund'ring sounds of victory
> Shall fill their coward souls with woe!
> Panic-struck the murderers fly,
> Trampled in dust their bloody eagles lie:
> Shame now pursues, where desolation led,
> And Spain, victorious Spain, has conquered while she bled.

III. Shenstone.

> Adieu to my flocks of white sheep,
> And adieu to the vales where they fed
> For though many the tears that I weep,
> The devil a tear have they shed!
>
> Ye lambs and ye lamkins adieu,
> From the Leasowes your poet is off;
> Farew'l to each ram and each ewe,
> For I've got a most damnable cough!

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* This work may now be had complete of all the booksellers, price, &c.

The devil may watch you for me,
I'm sure he'll be sick of the job!
For your Corydon's off, do you see,
Without ever sobbing a sob.

IV. SHAKSPEARE.

Julius Cæsar.

If you have oaths, prepare to vent them now:
You all do know these breeches. I remember
The first time Thomas ever put 'em on,
'Twas on a winter's morning, on his bed,
That day he overturned his mistress.
Look, in this place ran muddy water through;
See, what a mess his shattered knee-pan made:
Through this the too officious surgeon cut,
And as he took his clumsy knife away,
Mark how the gore of Tom's thigh followed it,
As rushing out of Tom, to be resolved
If I, his wife, so kindly slashed or no:
For I, as you have heard, am Tom's own rib.

* * * *

Good folks! what! stare you, when you but behold
My goodman's breeches spoiled? look you here,
Here is himself stretched out upon a shutter.

V. DELLA CRUSCA.

Little, sylphid, fluttering creature,
Floating light on airy wing,
Well I know each pigmy feature,
For, alas! I've felt thy sting!
Thou art, all-inspiring Cupid,
Friendly to both young and old:
And though blind, thou art not stupid,
If all's true of thee that's told.
Pretty, little, tiny fellow!
Take this letter to my love:
Tell her, lisping straggler, tell her,
She is Venus, you her dove!

VI. CHEVY CHACE.

Prince Arthur met ten thousand French,
With thirty thousand fighting men;
And conquered too; but great Sir Hew
Said, "Gemmen, you may go again!"

VII. W-LT-R S—TT.

1.

Dinner* was over up stairs, you must know,
And all the good things were gone below,
Beef that was boiled, with cabbage enow;
Were gone to the kitchen out of the hall,
For the servants to dine on, great and small,
Lord † have mercy upon us all!
I would you had been there to see
How the butler joked with the cookmaids three.
'Twould have done your old heart good, I trow,
To see, while they ate, what a precious row
They all kicked up for the fat:
They swore that the lean was tough and salt,
The cook said he'd prove 'twas the butcher's fault,
"You lie," said the housemaid, flat.

2.

You'd have marvelled to see, had you been there,
How the bones they pick'd so clean,
Bones that were round, and bones that were square,
For well in these hard times, I ween,
These merry men all had nothing to spare,
Their stomachs were set so keen:
Yet ‡ whether they ate or slow or fast,
It was but beef they ate at last.

3.

The coachman tall said, "I'll pray you a prayer,
If you will all vow a vow,
That you will none of you laugh nor stare,
Because I'm a methodist now:
"Jesus forbid it!" they all replied,
"Jesu Maria forbid!"
Says the valet, "I'll buffet the first man's hide
"That does not do as he's bid."

4.

The coachman then;—"We've done a sad *job*,
"For the *cart* is before the *horse*;
"The Holy Spirit you'd all of you rob,
"(And your own master too, which is worse).
"You've all forgot any grace to say,
"Though you've cleared the eatables all away,
"And a gallon of porter drank full;
"But your poor sinful souls I'll thus retrieve,—
"*For what we are going now to receive,*
"*The Lord make us truly thankful.*"

VIII. COUNT R——D.

To make a cheap and nutritious soup.

Take your maid, and send her for a cow-heel, the larger the better; put it into one of my digesters, with such old bones, potatoe parings, cabbage leaves, &c. (vulgo hog-wash) as you may be able to find; together with a

* See the opening of the Lay of the Last Minstrel.

† "Jesu Maria shield us well." ib.

‡ "For come it slow or come it fast,
"It is but death that comes at last."
MARMION.

pint of oatmeal. To these ingredients add water, *ad infinitum*. To give the whole a flavour, (for it will have none without) throw in a few hand-fulls of salt: or, if you live near the coast, sea water will answer the purpose in the first instance. Let your soup "inwardly digest" over a slow fire, (use one of my grates) till the bones disappear. Don't skim it, that's an expensive *system* which I have exploded. You may sell this wholesome mess to the poor, at a quart a penny, and gain three farthings a quart upon the *gross* amount, after feeding your own family, including hogs and other friends.

P.S. To be served up in a silver tureen: [if you have got one.]

[*To be resumed.*]

REPLY *to* "LITERARY QUERIES."

SIR,

A CORRESPONDENT in your last number, who signs himself J. L. requests to know whence was derived the able and discriminating character of D'Alembert, inserted in your Magazine for August, p. 115. I inform him, for his satisfaction, that I translated it from the *Posthumous Works* of D'Alembert; and the same extract may be found in the *Magazin Encyclopédique*, vol. III. p. 213.

The other query of J. L. respecting his "mode of living with the great," as I know not to what it alludes, so I cannot answer it.

I remain, Sir, &c.

Nov. 5, 1808. †*†

OLD ENGLISH MANNERS *and* CUSTOMS.

Sir,

IN 1699, an enlightened Hollander, who accompanied William the Third to this country, and resided here some years, published at Utrecht, in the Low Dutch language, an octavo volume, entitled, "Memorable Remarks, by a Traveller, in 1697 and 1698, in England, Scotland, and Ireland." These remarks are classed under heads; and the following are translated for the amusement of your readers.

I remain, &c.

W. H. REID.

The English.

THE inhabitants of this celebrated country are of good stature, handsome, well made, fresh, fair, strong, brave, deep-thinkers, religious, lovers of the arts, and as capable of improving in the sciences as any men in the world. I know not whence the report originated, nor upon what authority it rests, which I have heard in France and elsewhere, "that the English are traitors." Strange indeed that such an evil report should be spread of a nation whose generosity will not even suffer two men to contend in arms, excepting they are upon equal terms. In case of attack or defence, should any person attempt to wound another with any weapon with which his opponent should be unprovided, the whole populace would be upon him, so that it is highly unjust to place treason or want of good faith among the failings of the English.

Other nations accuse the English with the want of politeness and respect, because when they meet they never put their hands to their hats, and that they have not that superfluity of civility in their mouths which is common to the French and Italians. I once saw a private gentleman at a horse-race approach one of the first lords of the land, and pay him some money which he had won, without even moving his hat! This, which would appear ridiculous in France, is not so in England. The fact is this, the English place very little dependence upon the external behaviour and professions, which are frequently assumed as a disguise. Indeed, *Englishmen* think as little of pulling off their *hats* when they meet, as the *women* do of pulling off their *caps*.

Generally speaking, the customs of the English are very different from ours: every country has its own, and as it is too common to despise others, it is not surprising that the English and French, who live together, are continually censuring and bickering with each other. People of understanding, however, take no part in these ridiculous proceedings; they look upon customs and manners, as things indifferent in themselves: they observe this maxim, "*Cum fueris*

Romæ, Romano vivite more." I believe the English have their particular failings as well as other people; but taking the whole into the account, and reckoning altogether, I am convinced from some years experience which I have had, that the more strangers become acquainted with the English, the more they will respect and esteem them. How many brave and worthy people do I know in England! what moderation, what generosity, what integrity of heart, what piety and beneficence! Yes, there are persons in England of that disposition, which may be called perfect; people who are wisdom and goodness itself, if these qualities may be applied to any less than the Supreme. May peace and prosperity attend England for ever!

Burials.

When a corpse is ready to be carried out of a house for interment, and the coffin nailed up, the maids, or men-servants, bring sprigs of rosemary and distribute them to all the company, who carry them in their hands till the body is lowered into the grave, when they throw the rosemary in with it. When the mourners return it is a common custom to treat them with wine and other liquors. A Mr. Butler, who kept the Crown and Sceptre in St. Martin's lane, informed me that a hogshead of wine was drank at his wife's funeral, exclusive of spirits, &c.

Inns.

There is nothing like our inns in England; it is not common there for travellers to remain where their coaches and carriages are laid by. One or two persons might get a bed, but not three or four. Neither are there any houses where people can sleep, or obtain their meals at a proper time for so much per head, excepting in one part of London, where within a short time since, some houses have been opened for the accommodation of gentlemen foreigners. It is only in the best towns in France where dinners and suppers are to be had at a given price per head. The manner of getting a lodging in London is as follows:—You must get a friend to find, or recommend you to a ready furnished lodging, for a certain weekly consideration. A stranger coming to London, or wishing to pass some time there, must apprise his friend or correspondent of his intention, and engage him to procure a bed or chamber for him, otherwise he might be much embarrassed. As for eating, there are various means for that: there are a number of *Roasting Houses* in every quarter of London. Some nations would think themselves demeaned were they to be seen going into houses of this description; but in England, even an English gentleman has no scruples of this nature. I have often dined at a place of this description with a friend of mine, a rich man, a member of the lower house of parliament.

It is certain that an Englishman, who has an income of fifteen or twenty thousand pounds sterling, does not look for half the homage that a Frenchman would expect with a tenth part of that sum. To represent the "Roasting Houses" as they are, I ought to enter into some detail. You will there see generally four spits one above another, each of them containing five or six pieces of beef, veal, pork, and lamb: but you can get nothing else; no fowls without bespeaking them. Of the roast meat, they will cut you what you please; fat or lean, rare or well done. With a little salt and mustard upon the edge of your plate, and a slice of white bread, your business is completed. Those who wish to contract for dining, &c. for one or two guineas (weekly) per head, may repair to the celebrated *Pontac's*; but they can seldom find this kind of accommodation elsewhere.

Pudding.

This is a kind of food, which, besides naming the ingredients of flour, milk, eggs, butter, sugar, marrow, raisins, &c. is very hard to describe. It is baked in an oven, cooked together with meat, and in short, fifty different ways. The English plume themselves not a little upon the discovery of *pudding*. It is a *manna* that suits every taste, and like that of the wilderness, people are never tired of eating it. What a noble thing is an English pudding! To come in

pudding time is the most fortunate thing that can happen. Of the desert one must say nothing: that is only a morsel of cheese! Fruit is to be found exclusively among the great, and only among a few of them. It would, however, be unjust to take what I have said about pudding, strictly according to the letter; for every thing is to be had in England though the produce of other places: but then the art of English cookery is not equal to that of the French.

Besides the English make no scruple of breaking wind in company, and at table. An Englishman with whom I once spoke upon this species of indecency, gave me to understand that he could see no more impropriety in that to which I objected, than to sneezing or coughing in company.

Garden Stuff.

The common people in England indulge in the silly idea, that there is nothing in any other country so good as their own; and that in *France* in particular, people live upon herbs and roots. It has always been thought that the common people were weak; but I have never had a stronger proof of this weakness, than the present; for it is certain that more roots, and fruit are eaten in England than in France. However, from the children to the oldest people in this country, any contradiction to the received opinion in this respect would only be answered with a laugh: this is the consequence of becoming mere echos to others, and repeating hearsay evidence for truth.

Lamps.

In the room of lanthorns in London, you may observe a lamp at the door of every tenth house. This improvement was made by Mr. Edward Henning, about ten years since. The light streaming through two or three sides of the lamp, if necessary, is sufficient to light the passengers along two sides of the street which is better paved than the rest. They are lighted at Michaelmas, and continued till Lady Day. They burn from six in the evening till midnight; and from the third day after each full moon, till the sixth day after the new one.

Sports and Diversions.

What an Englishman calls a *fight*, or *fighting*, is truly pleasant; but though these fights are not so common among grown people as children, they frequently happen with the former. If a hired coachman is discontented with his fare, and any difference occurs between him and a gentleman which occasions a challenge from the latter, the coachman must accept it or lose his money. The gentleman then lays by his sword, stick, gloves, and cravat, and the contest is decided in the usual way. I once saw the late Duke of Grafton, in the best part of the Strand, fight with a coachman, and beat him most piteously. In other countries such people as coachmen are chastised with sticks, and sometimes with the flat side of a sword; but in England no man can venture to beat another, not having such weapons, without running a great risk. Should some unlucky foreigner (for such a thing could not enter an Englishman's head) ever draw his sword against any man without one, it is certain that a hundred people would fall upon him at once, and perhaps put it out of his power to rise again.

Prize Fighters and Fencers.

It is but a few years since a sort of prize fighters were to be seen about London, in their shirts, to the loins, with their sleeves tucked up, with swords in their hands, and a drum beating before them. When a match was made, the persons concerned paid so much a head. The edges of these swords were rather dull, and the object of the fighters was not to hurt each other. However, as it was indispensable that blood should be drawn, or to return the money, I have seen a wound given much longer and deeper than was intended: but there have been very few of these conflicts for these eight or ten years past.

Tobacco.

There is a great use of tobacco in England particularly in smoking. Even the women chew this herb in the western provinces of Devonshire and Cornwall. At this some people are surprised: but these women are as much astonished in their turn to find that the women in Middlesex neither smoke nor chew tobacco. I

know no reasons in moral or natural philosophy why tobacco should not be as salutary for women as men. Pray does not the taciturnity and gloom of some Englishmen originate in their use of tobacco? However, they say it makes them very profound divines. No men in the world smoke better than English parsons. Now, what a fine thing it is to be a profound divine! I think, the most simple, the most comprehensive, and the most wholesome doctrines make the best divinity; but this can only be relished by some plodding people of mean capacities, who never endeavour to find any thing out more than is necessary for their salvation. But tobacco has produced some moral philosophers, as well as others fond of mysteries.

Whales.

In St. James's Palace Yard, there is the rib of a whale twenty feet long. Beyond all doubt if the swallow of this fish bore any proportion with the other parts, Jonas could not want elbow room in his belly.

Hanging.

This is a common punishment in England, and is performed at Tyburn, a small distance from town; but some times offenders are hanged before their own doors. Five or six at a time, and scarcely ever less than three, are to be seen going in a cart to this place. Gentlemen sometimes get permission to go there in a coach. After the cart is driven from under the malefactors, the executioner gives himself no trouble either to pull the feet or press upon the shoulders of the criminals: this he leaves to their relations and friends, who not only pull the feet of the sufferers, but also give them violent blows upon the stomach, to shorten their pains.

The English are people who laugh at the tenderness of other nations, because they seem to make hanging appear to be such a shocking thing! Their great courage leads them to look upon hanging as a trifle, and they think nothing of the pretended disgrace which strangers suppose is attached to the families of persons thus executed. As soon as a malefactor is apprized of his execution, he thinks of nothing but to get clean shaved, and, if he has them, to wear either his wedding suit of white, or otherwise a suit of mourning. Sometimes they will even have their coffins carried with them in the cart. Nothing pleases even these kind of people better than the thought of being decently buried. Assured of this their minds are at rest. Sometimes the ordinary who attends them, receives a written paper to be printed after their decease; and sometimes young women in white have preceded the procession strewing flowers and oranges. However, here and there about the streets an air of cheerfulness and gaiety is generally assumed: yet I have seen some go to Tyburn very wretched in appearance, both in body and mind; and I once met a very fine young woman, very well dressed in St. James's Park, lamenting for the loss of her father, who had been executed a month before *only* for counterfeiting the coin of the kingdom; but every country has its peculiar laws and customs.

Prostitutes.

It is now three or four and thirty years since M. Monconneys wrote his account of his tour through England, when he observed that he passed through a street near Lincoln's-Inn, which was inhabited by common women only! Since that time, I find things are much altered; at present these ladies have spread themselves all over the town.

[*To be continued.*]

ANNOTATIONS *on the* TEXT *of* SHAKSPEARE.

No. VI.

TIMON OF ATHENS.

Act I.—Sc. I.

ACHES *contract and starve your supple joints!*

Mr. Kemble's *aches* were "harped upon" at the time, until they almost *literally* took possession of our heads. Yet I am unconscious of its having been hitherto observed, that so late a writer as Otway has the word in two syllables:

"Kind Heaven, let heavy curses
Gall his old age; cramps, *aches*, rack his bones! *Venice Preserved.*

Some critic in the Universal Magazine had a recollection of perusing it in Hudibras, but did not give the passage:

"The natural effects of love
As other flames and *aches* prove."
Part 3, *V.* 704.

It is also found in Beaumont and Fletcher's Knight of the Burning Pestle:

"Or meets with *aches* in the bone."

Much of the language in use during the æra of Shakspeare was prevalent in the reign of Charles II.: we might not perhaps expect to find a word of such antique rust as *tyn'd*,* employed by Dryden and Lee:

"Sharp consciences, of proof against an oath
, and ready-*tyn'd* for a rebellion." *D. of Guise.*

Act III.—Sc. I.

When he is sick to death, let not that part of nature
Which my lord paid for, be of any power, &c.

Mr. Steevens observes properly, that the nutriment which he had received at Timon's hospitable table, is considered as forming a large portion of his animal system. It is well known that the particles of the human frame are in a constant state of flux. Bernoulli calculates that the person of a man of fourscore years has been completely renovated about twenty-four times.

Sc. III.

That I should purchase the day before for a little part, and undo a great deal of honor.

By taking the opportunity of purchasing yesterday an advantageous bargain, I have not the means of acquiring credit, by a prompt assistance of Timon.

Sc. V.

'Tis honor with most hands *to be at odds.*

Alcibiades merely intends to assert, that contention, with unequal numbers or advantages, is honourable to the resisting party; as instanced in his own opposition to the power of Athens and the Senate. On the recommendation of the *Revisal*, *lands* has been unnecessarily substituted into the text.

HAMLET.

Act I.—Sc. II.

Frailty, thy name is woman!

Compared with these few and energetic words, how tasteless is the expansion of another author, who was much in vogue about the age of Shakspeare, in common with the most eminent poets of Italy:

Nel onda solca, e nel arena semina,
El vago vento spere in rete accogliere,
Che sue speranze fonde in cor di femina! *Sannaz aro, Ecl.* 8.

Sir, my good friend; I'll change that name with you.

I do not regard you in the light of my subject, but as a friend.

In my mind's eye, *Horatio.*

Vitium q'ad *lumina mentis*
Transit. —— *Ovid, Met.* 4, 200.

Sc. II

His beard was grizzled? No?

The interlocutors are, I suppose, understood as giving silent tokens of dissent to Hamlet's question.

And you, my sinews, grow not instant old,
But bear me stiffly up!

Every reader will recollect the situation of Polydore in the *Orphan:*

"Limbs do your office, and support me well!"

Sc. III.

'Tis in my memory lock'd;
And you yourself shall keep the key of it.

Dryden says of a confident, in the first scene of Don Sebastian:

"You have the *key*; he opens inward to you."

Act II.—Sc. I.

Come, go we; to the king,
This must be known; which, being kept close, might move
More hate to hide, than grief to utter, Love.

The passage should be thus punctuated, and the infinitive, to hide, understood as a nominative: the interpretation is,—

* "To quench the flames which she had *tyn'd* before."—*Spenser.*

"Come, let us depart; this *(circumstance)* must be known to the king; for, if it be kept close, our concealment (of Hamlet's love) might hereafter move *(occasion)* more enmity towards us, (from the king and queen) than our reluctance to mention it will procure us love (or *goodwill*) from the prince."

Mowin has possibly some alliance with *move:*

"For who is that ne would her glorifie,
To *mowin* such a knight to live or die?"
Troilus & Creseide, Boke 2, *V.* 1594.

Sc. II.

Nor no matter in the phrase,
That might indite the author of affection.

Probably, of the correctness of his literary taste being in any degree *affected*, or swerving from propriety.

When the wind is south-west, I know a hawk *from a handsaw.*

Hawk is perhaps an instrument of offence. An observer on Warton's History of English Poetry, 1782, page 9, disputes Mr. W.'s interpretation of a "*faucon brode*," to which he attributes the meaning of a broad *falchion*, and not a falcon, that the Soudan was stated to carry "in his fist." —A *bill* was a warlike weapon; and the nature of birds might also supply other denominations in the time of Shakspeare.

Act III.—Sc. I.

Or to take arms against a sea of troubles,
And, by opposing, end them.

The Œdipus Tyrannus of Sophocles has the same metaphor,—

Εἰς ὅσον κλύδωνα δυσῆς συμφορᾶς ἐλήλυθα· *V.* 1533.

Sc. II.

Whom I have heard other's praise, and that highly; not to speak it *profanely,*

"To speak" means to *term* it. The praise was so excessive, as to be almost profane.

Oh my lord, if my duty be too bold, my love is too unmannerly.

If I appear too bold in performing the duty which is enjoined to me, you must ascribe it to my attachment for your welfare.

Why do you go about to recover the wind of me?

This can scarcely refer, as Mr. Tyrwhitt thinks, to a change of posture, but rather to their lying in wait for his sentiments.

Act IV.—Sc. II.

It is but squeezing you, and, sponge, you *are dry again.*

It is difficult to say whether Shakspeare took this idea from the *Arcana Aulica* of his contemporary, Walsingham, or the latter from our author.

TROILUS AND CRESSIDA.

Act I.—Sc. I.

Why should I war without *the walls of Troy,*
That find such cruel battle here within?

Τί γὰρ βαλώμεθ' ἔξω,
Μάχης ἔτερα ἔχούσης;—Anacreon—ἰδὲ. xiv—Le Fevre—ed.

Thou layst in every gash that love hath giv'n me
The knife that made it.

You aggravate my love, by recalling the perfections of its object.

Sc. II.

Women are angels, wooing.

That is, while *being* wooed. This use of participles is frequent in Shakspeare, and neuters have sometimes an active sense, as in King Richard the 3d,—

"Tear *falling* pity dwells not in this eye."

Act II.—Sc. II.

And do a deed which fortune never did;
Beggar the estimation which you priz'd
Richer than sea and land?

To be discontented with what you possess, when Fortune has not lessened its value.

Sc. III.

Speaks not to himself, but with a pride
That quarrels at self-breath.

It is said of Cassius, in Julius Cæsar,

"Seldom he smiles; and smiles in such a sort,
As if he *mock'd* himself, and scorn'd his spirit,
That *could* be mov'd to smile at any thing."

Act IV.—Sc. I.

We in silence hold this virtue well;
We'll not command what we intend to sell.

They were about to *exchange* Cressida for Antenor; and Paris dexterously shifts the subject of conversation.

Sc. II.

Good, good, my lord! the secrets of neighbour Pandar
Have not more gift in taciturnity.

Even Pandarus cannot preserve a secret with more caution than myself.

Sc. V.

Oh like a book of sport thou'lt read me o'er!

So in Spenser, B. 6, C. 1. st. 4,—"Both their persons "*rad*," for "observed."

Act V.—Sc. II.

Where reason can revolt
Without perdition, and loss assume all reason
Without revolt.

Credulity, although foolish and without reason, is necessary to preserve him from insanity, on account of the perfidy of his mistress.

OTHELLO.

Sc. I.

O thou deceiv'st me *Past thought!*

As Brabantio apostrophizes his daughter, and is bewailing his *past* opinion of her filial duty, I should prefer the lection of *my*.

Sc. III.

I never yet did hear
That the bruis'd heart was pieced *thro' the ear.*

Was consoled, or that its wounds were healed. To *piece* is to repair, or, in a neuter signification, to *close*. So, in All's Well that Ends Well,—

"*Pierce the still-*PIECING *air,*
That sings with piercing; do not touch my lord!"

To piece is also to join together, as in the *Humourous Lieutenant*, A. 5, S. 4,—"Faith, Princes, 'twere a good point of charity to *piece* them, &c." i. e. to match them in marriage. It occasionally signifies to *repair*, as in the first scene of the *Pilgrim*, where it ludicrously adverts to a broken constitution,—

"None of your *piec'd* companions, your pined gallants,
That fly to *fetters*, with every flaw of weather."

Act II.—Sc. III.

And passion having my best judgment collied.

Read *choler'd*; or, perhaps, the text may be explained, by the sense in which Mr. Burke uses the "soft *collar* of social esteem."

What, are you hurt, Lieutenant?
Ay, past all surgery.

Compare Spenser, F. Q. 6, 6, 5.

Act III.—Sc. III.

Who steals my purse, steals trash;
'Twas mine; 'tis his, and has been slave to thousands.

Ager Umbreni sub nomine, nuper ofelli
Dictus, erit nulli proprius, sed cedet in usum
Nunc mihi, nunc alii.
Horat. Sat. 2, 2, 133.

It is a green-ey'd monster, that doth mock
The meat it feeds on.

I cannot but think the *Revisal*'s exposition correct; which supposes the meat to be "mocked," because *disappointed* of any beneficial effect, from the nature of the monster here deprecated. Jealousy is eager for those subjects of suspicion, in which, if found, it takes no pleasure; and its food may be therefore termed a mockery.

Act IV.—Sc. II.

Had it pleased Heaven
To try me with afflictions; had he *rained, &c.*

Heaven denotes the Deity in these dramas and all our antique stage-authors: but it is impossible to pass without animadversion the strange ignorance of Dryden, who erroneously censures a line of Ben Jonson, in the Defense of the Epilogue to the C. of Granada,—

"Though Heaven should speak with all his wrath at once."

On this he observes, that *his* "is ill syntax with Heaven." This is the

more singular, as he appears acquainted with our author in the Essay on Dramatick Poesie.

To make me
A fixed statue, for the hand of scorn
To point his slow unmoving *finger at.*

Either *unmoving* or *and moving* is defensible: for the finger of scorn might never move from the *object*, although it constantly followed it. We have, in Act 4, of the *Knight of the Burning Pestle*,—

"To be a *say* to Fortune in her *changes*,"

by which the latter of the two expressions may perhaps borrow a distant confirmation.

[*To be continued.*]

OBSERVATIONS *upon the* NATURAL HISTORY *of the* ELEPHANT *and its* EXISTENCE *in* EUROPE *formerly.* BY J. J. VIREY.

[Concluded from p. 306.]

For the Universal Magazine.

SINCE the most remote ages the elephant has captivated by its moral qualities, and excited by its enormous bulk, the admiration of man, and it has become an inexhaustible treasure of knowledge. Its manners and customs, its instinct and its conformation, have been alternately the source of various enquiries in natural history: happy, if the illusion of error have not obscured with its veil the simplicity of truth. We are indebted to Buffon for one of the best and most eloquent histories of the elephant: he purified it from all those ridiculous suppositions with which the accounts of other writers were loaded. But, recent observations have given new light to several points that were obscurely understood from the relations of travellers, at the time he wrote.

It appears to be demonstrated that there exists, at least, two species of living elephants very distinct in their organisation.* And those numerous gigantic bones which are found buried in the most polar regions of Asia,* those which are scattered over the vast desarts of North America,† and those which are found even in our own regions,‡, do they not seem to have belonged formerly to a species of elephant that have now yielded to the sceptre of destruction, and which, being totally swept from the face of the earth, shew that the empire of life has already submitted to the exterminating power of death? The bony remains of the *Mammoth*,§

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* Cuvier: Mem. des sciences physiques, et mathemat. de l'institut. national. tom. II. p. 4 et suiv.

* Teutzelius, the Gmelins, Messerschmidt, Pallas, &c. See also Daubenton. In No. 446, of the Phil. Trans. fig. I. Breyn has represented several bones which have a great analogy with those of the elephants of Asia.

† Two Frenchmen, Longueil in 1739, and Fabri 1748, and the Englishman Croghan in 1766, found, on the banks of the Ohio, large bones scattered about, belonging to an animal which the Americans called the *father of oxen*. The form of its teeth seemed to approximate it to the hippopotamus. Pennant *(Synopsis of Quadr. p. 92)* imagines that this animal may yet be existing in some of these immense countries which no traveller has yet explored. He calls them *American elephants*. At Dombes, in Peru, are also found bones very similar to those on the Ohio.

‡ See Merk, letter III. on the fossil bones of elephants and of the rhinoceros, which were found in Germany. *Darmstadt*, 1786, 4*to*. Cuvier says, that in the black mountain near Henault were found the remains of a species of elephant resembling the *tapir*. Those of another, as large as the common elephant, but similar to the preceding one in its teeth, are found in the earth at Comminge. There exist also in the environs of Paris the bones of an intermediate species between the tapir, the rhinoceros, and ruminating animals.

§ The inhabitants of the north imagine that the animal which they designate under this name, and to which these bones belong, lives underground like the mole. It has been also thought, that the remains of the walrus, a species of aquatic animals, may have been deposited on these frozen lands.

and of other colossal species, now extinct, from causes of which we are ignorant, differ essentially from those now known and existing.* Perhaps, in their conformation these may have been adapted for the severe climates of the poles, though it may be objected that these immense and sterile solitudes do not seem capable of furnishing sufficient nourishment to such large herbivorous quadrupeds, for nature, bound by the power of frost is sparing of her vegetable productions.

The elephant of Africa, more fierce and more untameable than the Asiatic elephant, is, at the same time, less bulky: he delights to plunge into marshes, and to bathe upon the rural and wild shores of the rivers that water the burning plains of Lybia. Flying to the depth of gloomy forests, escaping also from the slavery which man prepares for him, from the snares of the negro,† and from the intolerable heat of a blazing sky, he lives in peace with his companions. Sociable by nature, like the elephant of Asia, and like all herbivorous animals, they march in devastating bodies, and destroy the hopes of the harvest and the ornament of the land. The forehead of the African elephant is smooth, convex, and more inclined and flattened at the top than that of the Asiatic; and it should seem as if the same almighty hand, which stamped a various form upon the countenance of the negro differing from that of the European, had also varied the head of the African elephant.

However considerable the head of the elephant may appear, it is not to be concluded that they have a great extent of brain. Their intelligence does not depend solely upon this organ, because it has been long known that it is but very small, and that it forms, altogether, scarcely $\frac{1}{350}$ of the total mass of the individual. But what augments greatly the volume of the head is the amplitude of the olfactory and nasal ducts, which extend to the very top of the head, especially in the Asiatic elephant. This great latitude of the organ of smell, the perfection of this sense of the imagination, as J. J. Rousseau would call it, has doubtless a prodigious influence upon the intelligence of this animal, for, creatures endowed with a great sagacity in this respect, are also most perfect in the moral qualities. Of the truth of this the dog presents a striking instance.

The ponderous head of the elephant being, on account of its weight, necessarily placed upon a very short neck, which does not permit the animal to obtain its food upon the ground, nature has obviated the inconvenience by giving it a flexible and moveable trunk. The fineness of this delicate and sensible organ, which unites in it the sense of touch and smell, rivals in some degree the hand of man, and elevates the elephant above all other quadrupeds. Experiments have been made upon those in the menagerie of Paris of the effect of harmony and musical rhythm. They were very sensible of them, and particularly the female, who seemed almost transported. The rapid modulations and the loud accents agitated extremely these animals.

Antiquity has celebrated with the

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* Cuvier, Memoir above quoted, p. 5. He gives, p. 21, the specific characters of two fossil species. The *elephas mammonteus maxilla inferiore obtusiore, lamellis molarium tenuibus rectis*, and the *elephas Americanus, molaribus multicuspidibus, lamellis post detritionem quadrilobatis.*

† The negroes catch them in order to eat their flesh in a semi-putrescent state. They traffic also in their tusks; and they believe that the tail of this animal, or only a single hair plucked before it is dead, is a talisman fruitful in marvellous properties and a sovereign remedy in the most desperate diseases.

Philip Pigafetta, in his description of Congo, says that the Africans esteem the hairs of the elephant's tail very highly, because both men and women use it as a personal ornament. It is also held in great esteem in the East Indies, and particularly in the kingdom of Siam and in the island of Ceylon. The Indians use it to cure themselves of vertigos, &c. and to preserve them from the fatal influence of pestilential air. *See the Observations of Redi on various subjects of natural history, &c.—Collection academique, tom.* IV. *p.* 557.

highest praise the superior intelligence of the elephant: yet a modern observer, J. Corse, Esq.* who examined them attentively during many years residence in their own country, (Tiperah, a province of Bengal) has considerably limited this reputation of superior intelligence, of modesty, of sagacity, of powerful memory, of gratitude, &c.; qualities which have been lavished liberally upon this astonishing animal. From the year 1792 to 1797, he had the direction of the hunting the wild elephants, and in the year 1789 he gave a very detailed description of the method practised.† Into an enclosure of stakes, which is secured from egress at one end, and which is called *keddah*, the *komkees* or wild elephants, attracted by tame females who are instructed how to act, and which are called *goondales*, enters and loses his liberty. The fatigue which overwhelms him from trying in vain to break the cords which confine him; hunger, which they make him endure; the shackles of slavery which they impose upon him; the feelings of love also towards the females who surround and provoke him by enticing manners; all conspire to reduce him, to tame him, and to subjugate his independence. Yielding at length to the yoke of domesticity, if he afterwards escapes, if he returns to live in liberty in the depth of forests, his primitive and hospitable residence, he has not sense to avoid the same snares; he suffers himself to be again caught by similar means, and yields easily to the proud servitude to which man dooms him: he bends a submissive brow to the voice of the *cornak*: he fears his eye, flaming with rage, and his look, full of anger and displeasure.

The mere smell of the tiger is sufficient to alarm and put to flight the elephants, who smell him at a great distance. They are not furious, and are untameable only during the season of love. Then they become agitated and impetuous: they feel the influence of that passion which embraces universal nature, and they display its characteristics with ardour.

* See Phil. Transac. 1799, p. I. and II. pp. 31 & 205.

† See the Asiatic Researches, Vol. III. (London edit. from the Calcutta edit.) 1779, 4to. Art. X. p. 289 et seq.

On the projected NEW REVIEW, *to be Edited by* RICHARD CUMBERLAND

Omne ignotum pro Magnifico.

SIR,

THE abuses of anonymous criticism have been long and loudly complained of, nor is it likely that any remonstrance will diminish the evil. As long as men can attack, secure from retaliation, they will do it: for the leaven of malignity and envy is too deeply engrafted in our nature not to ferment into action when it can be done with impunity.

By superficial minds it has been thought that the most effectual remedy for this evil, would be the certain knowledge of the writers in these literary slaughter-houses; and, as far as the abolition of abuse is concerned, they thought rightly. Doubtless a man who affixes his name to what he writes will write more temperately in some cases than he who does not: but if we recollect that the misuse of the critical function is not so great as is represented, it will hardly be thought that every thing will be gained when that misuse is diminished.

Let it be recollected, that in reading an anonymous criticism, we read it without the possibility of bias or partiality: if it have merit, that merit is allowed to have its due effect upon our minds. We judge of it by itself, without any reference to the qualifications of the author: we are not influenced by a *name*.

With regard to the projected work, it is not likely that the *optimates* of modern literature will be concerned in it. We shall not see the names of a Roscoe, a Stewart, a Gillies, a Parr, affixed to the criticism. They would disdain to be thought the retainers of any bookseller. They know better how to maintain the dignity of the literary character; and if the talents of such men are out of the question, who is to step forward and fill their places? Will the public judgment defer to the *learning* or *genius* of a Godwin, a Holcroft, a Walter Scott, *cum multis aliis*, even supposing *they*

would write for it: and, if not, and we must go still lower, what authority I ask will be attached to the obscure names that must necessarily be produced? Is it to be imagined that the mere knowledge of the writer is to operate like a charm, and that in consideration of knowing *who* he is, we are to be indifferent about *what* he is? Is it to be supposed that we shall prefer *acknowledged* dullness, or insipidity, or praise, to *anonymous* wit, and learning, and genius? It is well known, that at present, many of the first literary characters write secretly for the established critical journals: it is a relaxation from severer study, and it is an employment of their talents not unworthy of them: but they would shrink from the responsibility attached to a formal avowal of their labours.

If, as I have already said, this new Review is to be sanctioned by such names as I first enumerated, something might be hoped: but if we are to behold only second-rate talents, or, still worse, no talents at all, but in lieu of them, a *name*, it does not, I think, require any extraordinary prophetic power to predict the *dura quies* of this projected work.

Neither is there much wisdom in the principle itself. The rigid integrity of a Brutus or a Cato is not to be found in a modern author. Literary men are acquainted with each other, and the feelings of friendship and esteem will be perpetually clashing with the duties of the critic. Will the man who has dined at my table to-day, and partaken of my hospitality and kindness, sit down to-morrow and avowedly endeavour to sink my character in the public estimation? No, unless he would be hunted from society, he must conform to what are considered as its social duties: and though the book I publish may be bad, or vicious, or erroneous, yet its condemnation must not come *publicly* from the hand of my friend. The cause of sound literature will therefore be injured by this process, and criticism will sink into a civil interchange of compliments and courtesies.

I will only add that I am sorry to see the respectable name of Cumberland joined with an undertaking which appears to be merely a speculation of the trade. But I cannot say of him that he ever much respected the dignity of literature.

I remain, &c.

Nov. 10, 1808. X.

Three Original Letters *to* William Julius Mickle, *Translator of the* Lusiad.

We have been favoured with the following letters to the ingenious translator of Camoens. Two of them are written by Dr. Armstrong, *the elegant author of the* Art of Preserving Health, *and the other is from* Cunningham, *the pastoral poet.*

Sir, London, May 12th, 1767.

I am ashamed to have so long delayed my acknowlegments for the agreable present with which you have honoured me. Your Poem is to my taste one of the best Imitations of Spenser that I have seen; and besides the general moral, I find many Reflections in it upon human Life, which appear to be the result of a sound Understanding and a good Heart.

I remember your worthy Father with great pleasure, and shall be extremely glad of an Interview with you the first time you make a jaunt to London.

I am, Sir,
Your most obedient humble Servant,
John Armstrong.

Dear Sir, London, 25 May, 1769.

I am ashamed to have been so long in your debt for an agreable Letter, which I rather chuse to answer in a hurry than any longer delay my acknowlegments.

I gave Miss Mickle a few directions as to diet, &c, which I thought more to the purpose in her case than any the Apothecaries' shop could afford. She promised to call again; but as she has not yet been so good as her word, I am sorry, and it really makes me unhappy, that I don't know where to find her. I wish you would tell her so by the first Post, or let me know where I can wait upon her.

I have not seen your second Edition, but was much pleased with a

Quotation from it in one of the Chronicles. I am, Dear Sir,

Your faithful humble servant,
JOHN ARMSTRONG.

To Mr. Mickle, at Mr. Prince's, Bookseller, at Oxford.

SIR, Sunderland, April 15th, 1764.

I was agreably surpriz'd at the receit of yours, for I imagin'd myself hid in a corner where no sagacity could find me. Your letter has made the tour of the North, from Edinburgh it was sent to Stockton, from Stockton to Whitby, from Whitby to Sunderland, and here it found me last week, so scrawled on the outside with different Post Marks and directions, that 'twas scarce intelligible. I am much oblig'd to you for the trouble you took in enquiring after me, and shall think myself happy if you favour me with your Correspondence. I should be glad to know your proper address, as we are told the Priveledge of franking will expire, enclosing to you will not be so convenient. I could have wish'd the Whitby Prologue had not reach'd the St. James Mag. at least with my name, for I would have endeavour'd, had I thought of inserting anything, to have sent up something a little more to the purpose: however, Sir, I am oblig'd to you for your partiality in thinking it deserv'd a place there. —Direct for me at the Post Office, Sunderland, near Durham. I shall stay here about two months, and have no thoughts as yet of quitting the neibourhood, my Situation being attended with more profit than it was in Scottand, and as I am nearer to y^r^ Metropolis, if any accident or frolick should call me that way. I thank you for your Compliments, in regard of my intended Collection. I own I am diffident and indolent, and design to give it a little more time to grow to a Maturity.—Occasional things rise which, in time, may add to its bulk, if not to its merit. I am with hopes to hear from you.

My Dr. Sir,
Y^r^. Sincere friend and serv^t^.
J. CUNNINGHAM.

Direct for Mr. Gentlem^n^, at the Post Office in Malton, near Scarborough: he's married there.

A DESCRIPTION OF BAGDAD.

[Extracted from the *Travels* of the late *Abraham Parsons, Esq.*]

BAGDAD is seated on both banks of the river Tigris, in latitude 33 20 N. and longitude 43 51 E.

The communication is by a bridge of boats from the one side, which is in Mesopotamia, to the other, situate in Persia; or, as geographical books call it, in Irak Arabi.

The Persian side is more than twice as large as the other, both in breadth and length; on the banks of the river they are nearly equal, an extent of upwards of three miles. The breadth of each side is very irregular. I shall first attempt to describe the Mesopotamian side. It has neither wall, gate, nor castle; and the breadth is so irregular as to defy description. Beginning at one end, on the banks of the river, and walking round (as nearly as possible) until I came to the other extremity on the same banks, I found the distance to be four thousand two hundred and twenty-five of my paces, exclusive of that side next the banks of the river.

This division of the city is governed by an aga, called the great aga, with other inferior agas, whose houses are situated at such a convenient distance from each other as to enable them easily to assemble, to quell any riot or disturbance. An officer, and a certain number of janisaries, mount guard at or near the houses of each of the agas: this is the military government. The civil magistrates are, the cadi or judge, and a mufti, who is chief of the law and of religion; both these are dependant on, and appointed by, the great cadi and mufti of Bagdad, properly so called; the agas are appointed by the pasha of Bagdad.

As the other side is the residence of all the chief men, (the court or the pasha's seraglio being there) as well as all the public offices, there are not to be found in the bazars any thing, except provisions, worth noticing, the opposite side being the great mart for merchandize from all parts of Persia and India, by the way of the Persian gulph, through Bussora and Arabia. No khans, or caravanseras of any note, for the reception of merchant strangers and their goods, are built in

this district; yet the inhabitants have advantages which those of the other side do not possess; first, in the articles of provisions, which they have cheaper and in greater variety; as the many hords of Arabs, who supply the city with all kinds of diet, are in the neighbourhood. Besides, house-rent is cheaper; as they have in the suburbs many handsome broad streets, with large houses and pleasant gardens, for the most part inhabited by eminent merchants, who find it more convenient to reside here, though they transact their business in their magazines (warehouses) in the khans on the other side, to which they repair every morning, and return in the evening, on horseback. Here are also the houses of many eminent men in public stations, who go daily to the other side, to the duty of their respective offices, and return in the evening to their houses, which are so open and airy, with large gardens, as to supply the place of country houses. For several miles in the environs the country is much more pleasant and convenient for the inhabitants, with their families, to make the little excursions, which they frequently do, by way of giving their wives and children little airings and exercise on horseback, previously sending their servants with a tent and provisions, as there is not any town, village, or caravansera, nearer than three hours ride fit for people of condition to resort to. The greatest part of the public gardens and meadows are likewise on this side, which occasions cheese, butter, milk, fruit, and garden-stuff, to be cheaper than on the other; all which advantages make it a much more desirable situation than the great city, (which the other is called), especially to those who have leisure to pass frequently from each.

From the banks of the river, on each side, and directly opposite to each other, are built two immense walls, which project from the banks into the river, which are sixty-six feet in length, by twenty-eight in breadth. These walls serve as jetty heads, and are built of excellent and well-burnt brick, so high as not to be overflowed when the water is highest.

The bridge consists of thirty-five boats, all of the same construction and dimension, the bows being sharp like the London wherries, the stern likewise bearing a near resemblance; their length is thirty-four feet six inches, and their breadth fourteen feet eight inches. The distance from the jetty heads to the first boat on each side is eight feet six inches, the space between each boat six feet four inches, which makes the river Tigris, at Bagdad, to be, from bank to bank, eight hundred and seventy-one feet and four inches broad. From one side of the river to the other two massy iron chains are extended; the iron bars with which the links are made are as large as a man's wrist; the ends of those chains are fastened to the rings of two extremely large anchors, which are buried in the earth, two within the wall of the great mosque on the Persian side, the other two within the wall of a great warehouse on the opposite side. Each of those chains pass over the bows of twenty-nine of the boats, and are kept in their proper places by one of the links being placed over an iron bolt, which stands erect on the bow of each boat. Over these twenty-nine boats a stage is laid, made of strong planks, gravelled over, with railing on each side nearly four feet high; the space between each railing is near twenty-four feet, which gives the breadth of the bridge. The other six boats of which the bridge is formed, are contrived so as to be moved when rafts or vessels pass down the river from Mosul (the antient Nineveh), or up the river from Bussorah, or any other place, which is performed in this manner: from the jetty heads a stage is laid to the first boat, which reaches across that boat; from this boat another is laid over the second and third boats, which reaches and is fastened to the stage on the fourth, as the stage over the first boat is fastened to that over the second on each side. When boats or large vessels want to pass, it is sufficient to loosen the first boat on that side where the boat or vessel chuses to pass; the boat with the stage on it immediately swings off itself with the current, and is soon replaced; but when large rafts pass, the next two boats with the stages on them must

likewise be let loose, which causes an impediment to the passage over the bridge for at least half an hour.

People who walk over the bridge ought to be very careful, as a great concourse of people on feet, as well as on horses, mules, and asses, are continually passing and repassing; particularly early every morning, when many hundred beasts come loaded with every kind of provisions from the Mesopotamian to the Persian side; and as in the middle of every boat timbers are placed across to secure and fasten the ends of the planks together, which, projecting above the gravel, form so many ridges, and are the occasion of many falls. No loaded camel is permitted to pass over the bridge.

A toll of one para (three farthings) is paid for the passage of every loaded horse or mule, and half a para for a loaded ass; but nothing by foot passengers, or even by those on horseback, who go over the bridge, nor for any beasts which are not loaden.

For moving one boat only, on either side, to let boats or large vessels pass, one piastre (two shillings and sixpence) is paid; for moving the three boats three piastres. The bottoms of the boats are quite flat, and draw six inches water at the bow, and four at the stern.

There are always boats ready to supply the place of any of those which form the bridge, when they leak or want any kind of repair. They are placed in less than ten minutes, without moving either railing, planks, or even the gravel on the bridge; it is effected in the following manner.

The defective boat is loaded with stones sufficient to sink her so low as to prevent her from bearing any part of the bridge; at the same time the bolts in the bows, which are let into a link of each chain, are likewise loosened; the boat thus liberated, is moved in a minute, and the new boat (being previously loaded as the other was) is hauled up in her place: the loading is, by means of many hands, quickly taken, until she bears her proportion of the bridge, when the iron bolts are introduced into the links of the chain.

I have seen three boats shifted in this manner, each of them in less than ten minutes of time, which is mostly spent in loading the one so as to liberate it, and in unloading the other so as to supply exactly its place.

The current of water causes the bridge to have a great curve. The two chains on either side from the first boat, over which they are placed, and from thence to the walls of the buildings which they pass through, are only visible for about twenty feet from each of the boats, and for the same distance from the banks of the river; the remainder, owing to their great weight and length without support, being under water.

As all vessels of every size on this river are flat-bottomed, they pass over the chains without the least obstruction.

From November to the latter end of March, boats and vessels of all sizes can come from Bussora up the Tigris to the bridge of Bagdad; in the other months they do not attempt it, as the current runs so very strongly against them, and the wind being for the most part in the western quarter, increases the difficulty; in the interval, goods from Bussora, intended for Bagdad, are brought up the Euphrates to Helah, (mostly by tracking,) and from thence across Mesopotamia, by camels, to Bagdad.

May the 10th. I arrived on the seventh of this month, and as I rode over the bridge was greatly surprised to see the current run with such great velocity, and not then knowing the distance of Bagdad from the Gulph of Persia, I imagined that there was a regular tide, and that it was (at the time of my passing over the bridge,) the middle of an ebb tide; the current seemed to me to run at the rate of seven miles an hour. On this day (the 10th) in the evening, being the first time that I had leisure to make observations, I went on the bridge, and observing that the current still ran down, in all appearance, at as great a rate as on the 7th, I concluded, as before, that it was ebb tide; and, without asking any questions, I made a mark on the wall of the custom-house coffee-house, which projects so far into the river as to be washed even when the water is at the lowest. I returned next morning, and found that the current still ran as before,

which it continued to do all that day, and that my mark on the wall still remained even with the water's edge; I was then convinced that there was not any flux and reflux, but that what I had observed was owing to a fresh in the river, occasioned by rains in the interior part of the country. On enquiry, I was informed this was the case, and that in about a month the water would be at the highest, and remain, with little variation, several days, and would then gradually decrease, and continue decreasing until the middle or latter end of September, when it would be at the lowest. That some time in October it would begin to encrease again, the current always running out, but with less velocity as the water ebbed; insomuch that when the water was at the lowest the currrent was very little.

It now remains to describe Bagdad on the Persian side.

This part of the city has a very large citadel at the west end of the town, which reaches to the banks of the river, capable of containing upwards of five thousand men in garrison; at present it has in it upwards of three thousand. There are forty brass guns mounted, eighteen and twenty-four pounders.

From the citadel the wall commences, which extends quite round, and terminates at a large castle that stands on the banks of the river at the east end of the town. The walls are upwards of thirty feet high from the bottom of the ditch, which is dry, and is thirty-five paces broad, and thirteen feet deep from the top of the glacis: it can be filled with water at pleasure.

The walls form an irregular pentagon, with ten bastions and four gates. Six of the bastions have sixteen guns mounted on each; on each of the other four are mounted ten; over each of the two gates are mounted six, and over each of the other two, are mounted eight guns; the former on two demi-hexagons, and the two latter on two demi-octagons: besides these, there are upwards of thirty guns, from twelve to twenty-four pounders, round the ramparts, and thirty-six mounted in the castle at the east end of the town: all the guns are brass. There are ten brass mortars, which, at present, are in the meydan, or great square, where the horses are trained and exercised. The ramparts are supported by strong arches, built regularly within the walls, so as to have a very pretty effect. In the walls, within these arches, are apertures, about three feet in height, and nine inches in breadth; the same kind are on the upper part, or the parapet round the ramparts, but these are intended for musquetry, as well as arrows. The carriages of the guns are many of them broken, and the parapet walls are in many places in a shattered condition.

The esplanade is as even as a bowling-green, and very spacious, extending from the citadel at the west, to the castle at the east end of the town. I paced round the walls, close to the glacis, from the citadel to the castle, and found the result six thousand three hundred and forty-six of my paces.

Near the west end of the town is the pasha's seraglio, which is a very large building, and close to it is another spacious structure, without window or door, on the land side, which is the haram, or ladies' apartment, having a communication with the palace or seraglio, through a long and lofty covered gallery, supported by a range of arches. Between the banks of the river and the seraglio is a spacious garden, the walls of which are so close to the river, that they may be said to make part of it's banks, as there is not room for a man to pass, the water washing them when at the lowest. In the centre is a gate with steps, to which the pasha's barge comes occasionally. On the land side of the seraglio is a large area, sufficient to draw up three or four thousand janisaries; besides which, there are a military school, offices and apartments for domestic officers, the mint, stables for many hundred horses, with lodgings for the grooms and their dependants, several large granaries, an arsenal with barracks for the foot and horse guards, all inclosed with a high wall, with only one gate for an entrance. There are not any houses or buildings near to the walls of the seraglio. I believe the circumference of the whole is more than an English mile.

About half a mile from the seraglio is the great mosque, to which the pasha goes in great state every Friday morning, attended by the great officers, both military and civil, all mounted on excellent horses, so superbly caparisoned with gold and silver embroidery, inlaid with pearls and jewels of every kind, as to surprise every stranger who sees them. The janisaries and spahis on those days wear their best accoutrements, and make a noble appearance.

Between the seraglio and arsenal is a great square, called the meydan; on the side near the walls of the arsenal the horses are trained and exercised; at one end is one of the gates of the city, on the other a high wall, which reaches from the walls of the seraglio to those of the arsenal, along the banks of the river, without any aperture. On the side next the city, and opposite the arsenal, are shops of all kinds, with many coffee-houses and in the open space a continual fair is kept in booths, built with boards and covered, but open all round. The goods are brought in the morning, and carried home in the evening. The rent of these booths is considerable, and is the property of the kyah (the pasha's lieutenant), who is always governor of the arsenal.

Within the walls is a spacious place, which extends the whole length of the city. On the one side is the town wall, with flights of steps in many places, to mount up to the ramparts; on the other side are the walls of the gardens of those houses which lye contiguous to the town walls. These houses are mostly large, and the upper rooms overlooking the walls, being very pleasant, are consequently inhabited by people of fortune. In going round the town through this street, you pass by all the gates; the second gate from the arsenal is walled up; so that there are only three which are made use of. The bazars or marts for all kinds of goods and merchandize, are many and well filled: the two principal are each above half a mile long, but not arched like those at Aleppo; instead of which, there are sheds made of boards, which project from the walls on each side so far, as only to leave an opening of about three feet in the middle, which is sufficient to give light, and to shade the shops from the sun, as they have but little rain in this country. Here are only two bazars arched with brick. The principal merchants who are inhabitants, and all foreign merchants, carry on their business in khans, (called by Europeans caravanseras) as being more secure from fire and thieves, having only one entrance from the street, with strong gates, which lead into an area generally square. On the sides are magazines for goods, strongly arched, and above, a gallery, which extends quite round, well covered, in which are lodging rooms, arched in the same manner. The roofs are flat and terrased over (as indeed all the houses are); there is a fountain of water in them all, and I am informed that there are upwards of eighty such khans in Bagdad, which is by no means surprising, when it is considered that this is the grand mart for the produce of India and Persia, Constantinople, Aleppo, and Damascus; in short, it is the grand oriental depository, there being a continual intercourse by caravans between these ports, excepting the communication with Bussora, which is carried on by water on the rivers Tigris and Euphrates.

[*To be continued.*]

PLAGIARISM *of* H. K. WHITE *and of* MICHAEL BRUCE.

Sir,

IN Southey's "Remains of H. K. White," recently published, I have been a little surprised to find that one of his Sonnets, (Vol. II. p. 111.) which, on account of the peculiarly happy turn of thought in it, may perhaps be considered the most beautiful of the series, is not an *original*, but is a literal *translation* of a once-celebrated Ode of BARREAUX, (beginning "Grand Dieu, tes jugemens sont remplies d'equité,") which Ode is spoken of in terms of high approbation by Addison, Bayle, &c.

From the amiable candour and ingenuousness which were so conspicuous in the character of young White, it is impossible to construe the want of acknowledgment, otherwise, than into an undesigned omis-

sion; but possibly in a subsequent edition of the work the editor may see it right to notice this.

I will avail myself of this opportunity to point out a more singular omission. In the sketch of the Life of *Michael Bruce*, given in the 3d Vol. of the "Literary Hours," Dr. Drake lays before his readers (Pages 522-3) a letter addressed by Bruce to his friend Mr. Pearson, and remarks upon it in terms of great, and doubtless well-grounded praise. But it appears to have entirely escaped the acute editor, that the praise belongs not to *Bruce* but to *Dr. Young*, from whose "Centaur not fabulous" (p. 132, Cooke's Ed.) nearly one-half of the letter is transcribed *verbatim*, (though *without any acknowledgment*) and which *half* must be supposed to contain the "truly affecting passages" which the Doctor alludes to.

A *solitary expression*, it is easy to conceive, may become so *naturalized* that all trace of connection shall be lost in the mind of the source from whence it was derived: but how this can be the case with *whole paragraphs* is not so easily imagined.

I am, Sir, yours,

Newcastle-upon-Tyne. C. N. W.

The Bee.—No. XIII.

Floriferis ut apes in saltibus omnia libant,
omnia nos. LUCRETIUS.

MOTTOES.

THE French have a happy term to express the motto to a device or emblem: they call it *l'ame*, or the soul.

TRI-COLOURED COCKADE.

This badge of rebellion, consisting of red, blue, and white colours, was adopted by the French Revolutionists in consequence of the Duke of Orleans' livery being the same; and he, in the commencement of the revolution, was the idol of his faction, though he afterwards deservedly perished on the scaffold.

ENGLISH SPLENDOUR IN THE 12TH CENTURY.

When Becket, the chancellor of England in Henry II.'s reign was in the height of his glory, Fitz-Stephens, his historian and secretary, says "that his apartments were every day in winter covered with *clean straw* or *hay*, and in summer with *green rushes* or *boughs*, lest the gentlemen who paid their court to him, and who could not by reason of their great number find a place at table, should soil their fine clothes by sitting on a dirty floor."

ADMIRAL BYNG.

In the vault belonging to the Torrington family, in the church of Southill in Bedfordshire, is the following epitaph upon the monument of Admiral Byng:

To the perpetual disgrace
of Public Justice
The Honourable John Byng, Esq.
Admiral of the Blue,
fell a martyr to political persecution
March 14, in the year 1757,
when bravery and loyalty
were insufficient insecurities
for the life and honour of
a naval officer.

The ANSWER *of* ANTHONY HENLEY, *Esq. to the* CORPORATION *of* SOUTHAMPTON, *on their* ADDRESSING HIM *to* OPPOSE *the* EXCISE SCHEME:

"Gentlemen,

"I received yours, and am surpriz'd at your insolence in troubling me about the excise.

"You know what I very well know, I bought you; and I know what perhaps you think I don't know, you are selling yourselves to somebody else; and I know what you don't know, I am buying another borough.

"May G—'s curse light on you all! may your houses be as open and common to all excise officers, as your wives and daughters were to me when I stood for your scoundrel corporation! Your's, &c.

"Anthony Henley."

SIR WILLIAM JONES AND THOMAS DAY, ESQ.

Upon removing some books at the chambers of the former, a large spider dropt upon the floor, on which Sir William, with some warmth, said, "Kill that spider, Day, kill that spider!" "No," said Mr. Day, with that coolness for which he was so very conspicuous, "I will not kill

that spider, Jones. I do not know that I have any right to kill that spider. Besides, suppose when you are going in your coach to Westminster-Hall, a superior being, who perhaps may have as much power over you as you have over this insect, should say to his companion, 'Kill that lawyer, kill that lawyer!' how would you like that, Jones? and I am sure a lawyer is a much more noxious animal than a spider."

LORD COKE.

A statesman told Lord Coke that he meant to consult him on a point of law. "If it is *common law*," said Coke, "I should be ashamed if I could not give you a ready answer; but if it be statute law, I should be equally ashamed if I answered you immediately."

A STRONG CONCEPTION.

Not e'en a spot unfought, the hero gave,
Nor, till his foes had earn'd it, not a grave!
Wesley of King William III.

STUPIDITY.

Filippo di Matteo Villani tells us that Boccaccio wrote his own epitaph —"lui vivente"—*while he was alive!*

A MEMOIR *of* JOB, *an* AFRICAN HIGH-PRIEST. *By Dr.* TOULMIN.

[*Continued from p.* 208.]

JOB's stature was five feet and ten inches, his limbs were straight, and his constitution naturally good, though the fatigues he underwent and his practice of religious abstinence gave him a weakly and lean appearance. His countenance, though grave and composed, was exceedingly pleasant; his hair, very different from that of the negroes commonly brought from Africa, was long, black, and curled.

His natural parts were remarkably good: his head clear, his judgment solid, and his memory tenacious and quick in recollection. There was nothing overstrained, trifling, or dissembling in his reasonings: but his manner of arguing and debating was marked by strong sense, joined with an innocent simplicity, a strict regard to truth, and a desire to find it. Notwithstanding it was natural for him to have prejudices in favour of his own religious principles, it was very observable that he would reason upon any question of that kind in conversation with great temper and impartiality; at the same time he framed his replies in a manner calculated at once to support his own opinion, and to oblige or please his opponent. It was a considerable disadvantage to him in company, that he was not sufficiently master of our language; yet they who were accustomed to his way, by making proper allowances, always found themselves agreeably entertained by him.

The acuteness of his genius appeared upon many occasions. He readily conceived the mechanism of most of the ordinary instruments subjected to his inspection. When a plough, a grist-mill, or a clock was taken to pieces before him, he was able to put them together again without any farther direction. It is a proof of the powers of his memory, that at the age of sixteen he could say the whole Koran by heart. While he was in England he wrote three copies of it without the assistance of any other copy, and without so much as looking to one as his guide in writing the others. He would often laugh at his friend, Mr. Bluett, on hearing him say he had forgotten any thing; he told him, "that he hardly ever forgot any thing in his life, and wondered that any body should."

There was a happy mixture of the grave and chearful in his natural temper. His gentle mildness was guarded by a proper warmth. To all in distress he was kind and compassionate. He was commonly very pleasant in conversation; and would every now and then divert the company with some witty turn or agreeable story, but never to the prejudice of religion and good manners. It was visible that, notwithstanding his usual mildness, he had on necessary occasions sufficient courage. A story which he told shewed this. Passing one day on his way home through the country of the Arabs, with four servants and several negroes which he had bought, he was attacked by fifteen of the wild Arabs, the common banditti or robbers in those parts. On the sight of this gang Job

prepared for defence; and, setting one of his servants to watch the negroes, he, with the other three, stood on his guard. One of his men was killed in the fight, and Job himself was ran through the leg with a spear. However, two of the Arabs together with their captain and two horses being killed, the rest fled, and Job secured his negroes.

His aversion to pictures of all sorts was exceedingly great: and with great difficulty was he prevailed on to sit for his own. He was assured that pictures were never worshipped in this country, and his was desired for no other end but to preserve the remembrance of him. He at last consented, and it was drawn by Mr. Hoare, who, when the face was finished, asked in what dress it would be most proper to draw him? Job desiring to be drawn in his own country dress, the artist replied, that unless he had seen it, or it were described by one who had, he could not draw it. Job remarked upon this, "if you can't draw a dress you never saw, why do some of you painters presume to draw God, whom no one ever saw?" Many of his repartees in company shewed him to be a man of wit and humour. He expressed a disapprobation of christianity as not allowing divorces. It was once observed to him that a christian takes a wife for better or for worse, Job replied, "What, if she prove *all worse?*

Though he was a Mahometan, he did not believe in a sensual paradise, nor adopted many other ridiculous and vain traditions, which pass current among the generality of the Turks. He was very constant in his devotion to God. He called one afternoon on the learned Dr. David Jennings, an eminent dissenting minister, after the family had dined. It was found that he had not broken his fast that day: some pastry was procured and sat before him, but he would not partake of it till he had retired into another parlour for devotion. He said, that he never prayed to Mahomet, nor did he think it lawful to address any but God himself in prayer. He was so fixed in the belief of one God, that it was not possible to give him any notion of a Trinity. A New Testament in his own language was put into his hands; when he had read it, he told Mr. Bluett he had "perused it with a great deal of care, but could not find one word in it of three Gods as some people talk." On all occasions he discovered a singular veneration for the name of God, and never pronounced the word *Allah* without a peculiar accent and a remarkable pause. His notions of God, Providence, and a future state, were indeed very just and reasonable.

His learning, considering the disadvantages of the place from whence he came, was far from being contemptible. The books in his country, amounting to not more than thirty in number, and all on religion, were in Arabic and in manuscript. The Koran, he said, was originally written by God himself, not in Arabic, and God sent it by the angel Gabriel to Ababuker before Mahomet's birth; the angel taught Ababuker to read it, and no one can read it but those who are instructed after a different manner from that in which the Arabic is commonly taught.* Job was well acquainted with the historical part of our Bible, and spoke very respectfully of the good men who are mentioned in it, particularly of Jesus Christ, "who," he said, "was a very great prophet, and would have done much more good in the world if he had not been cut off so soon by the wicked Jews, which made it necessary for God to send Mahomet to confirm and improve his doctrine."

Job, in his captivity, comforted himself with reflections on the providence of God directing all events; and would, on proper occasions, speak in conversation justly and devoutly of God's care of all his creatures, and particularly of the remarkable changes in his own circumstances, all of which he piously ascribed to an unseen hand. He frequently compared himself to Joseph: and when he was informed that the King of Futa had killed a great many of the Mandingoes on his account, he said with a good deal of concern, "if he had

* The difference, in Mr. Bluett's opinion, depended only upon the pointing the Arabic, an invention of late date.

been there he would have prevented it, for it was not the Mandingoes, but God, who brought him to a strange land."

Job had heard by vessels from Gambia, that after Captain Pike sailed, his father sent down several slaves to purchase his redemption; and that Sambo, King of Futa, made war upon the Mandingoes, and cut off great numbers of them, upon account of the injury they had done to his school-fellow.

It was an instance of Job's good sense and foresight, that the reason of his learning from the sailors and writing the names of the headlands on the English coast was, as he told Mr. Bluett, "that if after his return he should meet with any Englishman in his own country, he might be able to convince him that he had been in England."

[*To be continued.*]

DESTRUCTION *of an* ENORMOUS SERPENT *in the* ISLE OF RHODES, *by the* CHEVALIER DE GOZON.

SIR,

I HAVE sent you an account (extracted from a very old French work) of the destruction of an enormous serpent, or crocodile, in the Isle of Rhodes, about the year 1330, by D. D. Gozon, one of the Knights of the celebrated Order of St. John of Jerusalem; and if you think it will in any way conduce to the instruction or amusement of the numerous readers of the Universal Magazine, you are welcome to make use of it in any shape you may think proper.

I am, Sir,

Your most obedient servant,

Bristol, J. G. BRISTOLIENSIS.
Nov. 14, 1808.

A CHARITABLE spirit and prudential views caused Plelion de Villeneuve, Grand Master of Malta, to forbid all the knights, under pain of being deprived of their habit, attacking a serpent or crocodile, (a kind of amphibious animal) which lived in the marshes and near great rivers. This crocodile was of an enormous size, caused much disorder in the island, and had even devoured some of the inhabitants.

The retreat of this furious animal was in a cavern situated near a morass at the foot of Mount St. Etienne, two miles from Rhodes. It often came out to seek its prey, and devoured sheep, cows, and sometimes horses, and even shepherds who watched over their flocks; many of the bravest knights had separately set out to endeavour to kill it, but they had never returned. As the use of fire-arms was not then invented, and as the skin of this kind of monster was covered with scales, proof against arrows and the sharpest darts, it may be said that their arms were not equal, and the serpent could thus in an instant destroy them. This was the motive that induced the Grand Master to forbid the knights attempting any further an enterprise which appeared to be above human powers.

They all obeyed, except a single knight of the language of Provence, named *Dieu Donné de Gozon,* who, notwithstanding this prohibition and without being deterred at the fate of his brethren, secretly formed the design of fighting this carnivorous beast, resolved to perish, or to deliver the Isle of Rhodes from it. Some attributed this resolution to the determined courage of the knight, whilst others pretend he was incited to it by the raillery with which they treated his courage at Rhodes, saying that he several times departed from the city for the purpose of fighting the serpent, but that he was content to look at it at a distance, and that in this enterprise he had shewn more prudence than valour.

Whatever might have been the motives which determined the knight to attempt this adventure, he did not delay to put it into execution, and for this purpose went into France and retired to the Château de Gozon, which remains till this day in the province of Languedoc. Having learned that the serpent he was about to attack had no scales on its belly, upon that information he formed the plan of his enterprise. From the idea which he had preserved of this enormous beast, he had made a wooden or pasteboard figure of it, and he especially endeavoured to imitate its cries. He then trained two young mastiffs to run to his cries, and to at-

tach themselves immediately to the belly of this frightful beast, whilst he mounted on horseback, his lance in his hand and covered with his arms, feigned to give it blows in several places. The knight employed himself for many months every day in this exercise, and he no sooner saw his mastiffs sufficiently trained to this kind of combat than he returned to Rhodes. He was scarcely arrived in the island 'ere (without communicating his design to any one) he had his arms secretly carried near a church situated at the top of the mountain of St. Etienne, and shortly after repaired there himself, accompanied only by two servants which he had brought with him from France. He entered the church, and after having recommended himself to God, put on his armour, mounted his horse, and ordered his two servants (if he perished in this combat) to return to France, but to come near him if they perceived he had killed the serpent, or that he had been wounded by it. He descended from the mountain with his two dogs, and marched straight towards the marsh and haunt of the serpent, who, at the noise he made, ran with open mouth and sparkling eyes to devour him. Gozon struck the serpent with his lance, which the thickness and hardness of the scales rendered useless.

He prepared to redouble his blows, but his horse, frightened with the hisses and the odour of the serpent, refuses to advance, draws back, and throws himself on his side; and he would have been the cause of the loss of his master, if Gozon, with great presence of mind, had not jumped off his back. Then taking his sword in his hand, and accompanied by his two faithful mastiffs, he again advances towards this horrible beast, and gives him many blows in different places, but the hardness of the scales prevented him from penetrating them. The furious animal with a blow of his tail knocked him down, and would infallibly have devoured him, if his two dogs had not attached themselves to the belly of the serpent, which they lacerated in a most dreadful manner; and the serpent, in spite of all its efforts, could not induce them to let go their hold. The knight favoured by this help rises, rejoins his two mastiffs, buries his sword up to the very hilt in a place that was not defended by the scales, he then made a large wound from whence issued streams of blood. The monster, being mortally wounded, falls upon the knight, which knocks him down a second time; and the enormous weight of his body would have stifled him, if his two servants, spectators of the combat, seeing the serpent dead, had not run to the assistance of their master. They at first thought he had been dead, but found he had only swooned away. After having taken him, though with much difficulty, from beneath the serpent, they took off his helmet, and, after having for some time thrown water on his face, he at length opened his eyes. The first object and the most agreeable which could present itself to his view, was that of seeing his enemy dead, and of having succeeded in such a difficult enterprise, where so many of his brethren had fallen.

His victory and the death of the serpent were no sooner known in the city than a crowd of the inhabitants came out to meet him. The knights conducted him in triumph to the palace of the Grand Master: but in the midst of these acclamations the conqueror was surprised when Villeneuve, casting some indignant looks on him, asked him if he was ignorant of the prohibitions he had made of attacking this dangerous beast, and if he thought to violate them with impunity. This severe observer of discipline would not hear him, nor suffer himself to be turned by the prayers of the knights, but sent him immediately to prison. He then convoked a council, where he represented to them that the order could not dispense with rigorously punishing a disobedience, more prejudicial to discipline than even the life of many serpents would have been to the beasts and inhabitants of this canton: the council ordered him to be deprived of the habit of the order.—Gozon had the grief of seeing himself stripped of it, and he passed but a short space of time between his victory and his punishment, which he found more rigorous than death itself.

But the Grand Master, after he had satisfied himself with the chastisement he had inflicted for the maintenance of discipline, returned to his quondam character, naturally soft and full of goodness. He restored him his habit, and loaded him with favours. But they never equalled the sincere praises of a people who sovereignly disposes of glory, whilst princes, however powerful they may be, cannot dispose but of the honours and dignities of the state. They stuck the head of this serpent or crocodile upon one of the gates of the city, as a monument of the victory of Gozon.

Monsieur Tévenot, in the relation of his voyages, reports that it was in the Isle of Rhodes even in his time, or at least its effigy; that he had seen it there; that it was much thicker and larger than that of a horse; that the mouth extended from ear to ear; had large teeth and eyes; that the nostrils were round; and that the skin appeared to be of a greyish white, probably on account of the dust which by a length of years was attached to it.

By this occasion Gozon acquired great reputation, especially among the people of Rhodes, who looked on him as their deliverer.

FURTHER REMARKS *on* GOTHIC ARCHITECTURE. *By Mr.* BURDON.

SIR,

THE Saxon and Norman styles of architecture possess little beauty, except the latter towards its termination, and are chiefly remarkable for the simplicity of the one and the ponderous grandeur of the other: their principal features are the semicircular arch, the heavy cylindrical pillar, and the zig-zag mouldings of the Saxon: to these may be added, in the Norman, small pillars sometimes twisted, capitals enriched with foliage and flowers, spiral and other lines round the cylindrical pillar, the profuse enrichment of doorways by a variety of mouldings and grotesque figures, and arcades formed by a number of intersecting arches. The Saxon churches were in general of no very large dimensions, and were often, after the example of the Roman temples from which they were sometimes altered, circular at the end and without any side aisles. They had abundance of painted glass, and were generally without towers. The Normans first began to erect those immense edifices, some of which now remain, and of which the most complete is Durham: their towers were low and strong, like that of Winchester; and some of them were surmounted with tall wooden spires covered with lead, all of which have been either thrown down by wind or removed.

The Norman style was brought into England a little before the conquest, and prevailed till the latter end of Henry II. The origin of the pointed arch, which has caused so much trouble to antiquarians, and given birth to so many ridiculous conjectures, seems now to be completely settled, and the credit of that settlement is due to Dr. Milner, the historian of Winchester. Before Bentham's time, the same idea had struck some persons; for he says, "Some have imagined that the pointed arch might have taken its rise from those arcades we see in Norman and Saxon buildings on walls, where the wide semicircular arches form at their intersection a series of narrow and pointed arches." A similar series in the upper part of the upper north cross of Canterbury cathedral gave me, in the year 1803, the same idea; and at that time I had seen and thought very little of sacred architecture. The pleasure I have enjoyed from the discovery, and the full confirmation it has since received, have fully repaid me for the time employed in the study of our ancient English edifices; and if I should be the humble instrument of increasing the number of those who take delight in so pleasing a recreation, I shall think that my time has not been altogether wasted.

The origin of the pointed arch is placed by Dr. Milner as early as the latter end of Stephen; and he produces the church of St. Cross, as containing the first rudiment of it, in the intersecting arcade over the altar, which being pierced to form a window, gives the first pointed arch that can be found in England, though the ruins of Malmsbury abbey may seem to give it a claim to an earlier origin,

I believe, however, the foundation of that building to have been later than is generally supposed. The circular arch was by no means laid aside on the first adoption of the pointed, but continued to prevail till the middle of Richard I.

Early in the reign of Henry III. the lancet arch was fully and completely established. Its progress is accurately and judiciously traced by Dr. Milner, in a short essay on the subject, included among those published by Taylor of Holborn.

The peculiar beauties of this style of English architecture must now be briefly explained, after first premising that what should properly be called English, and has hitherto been called Gothic, may be divided into three distinct styles; viz. the early, which began about 1147, in the reign of Stephen, and continued till the commencement of Edward I. about 1276; when another style appeared, which gained its acme or highest excellence about the end of Edward III. continuing till the reign of Henry VI. and may justly be called the pure; for the style which succeeded it sacrificed grandeur and proportion to profuse ornament and minute delicacy: this style, which terminated with the art itself in the reign of Henry VIII. has acquired the name of Florid. The heavy cylindrical pillar which till the time of Henry II. supported the Norman arch, began, at that period, to be irregularly clustered, and the capitals to be enriched with flowers and foliage, in place of those rude and grotesque figures with which they were before attempted to be adorned. The low, broad, and circular headed window lessened by degrees into the tall pointed one, divided into three lights by the mullion.

The walls of this early style, being more extensively pierced with windows, and the pillars being more slender than those of the Normans, caused the introduction of those massy buttresses which are found in all our early English sacred edifices, so that though they gained much in elegance they lost nothing in solidity. The ornaments which are peculiar to this style continued to prevail, with considerable additions, till the decline of the art; and they are chiefly canopies, pinnacles, trefoils, quatrefoils, and cinquefoils; a few examples of tracery and fretwork may be found in this early style, but they are in general very sparingly laid on: indeed its peculiar beauties are simplicity and chasteness of ornament;—beauties which have stood the test of time, and will ever continue to be admired, though they must yield the palm to the style which succeeded.

The cathedral of Salisbury, begun by Bishop Poore in 1217, and finished in 1258, is the most complete specimen of the costly English architecture; it is the only one built all in the same style, and, till it was spoiled by Mr. Wyatt, was one of the handsomest in England.

The commencement of the reign of Edw. I. was the æra at which the early English architecture began first to depart from its original simplicity, and, by adopting a greater profusion of ornament, to lose its distinctive character; so that by the latter end of that reign, a new style may be said to have commenced; and of that the most beautiful specimens are the crosses erected by Edward in memory of his beloved wife Eleanor; three of those only are now in existence:—Queen's Cross, near Northampton; Waltham Cross; and one at Geddington, in Northamptonshire.

The completion of this style is due to that illustrious prelate and architect William of Wykeham. It differs little from the stile which preceded it, except in a greater profusion of ornament, and greater delicacy of workmanship, and in the windows having but one light, though divided by stone mullions of great beauty and variety. The last and most beautiful specimen of the pure style of English architecture is the chapel on the bridge of Wakefield, erected by Edward IV. in memory of his father, who was slain on Wakefield plain. During the reign of this monarch, and till that of Henry VII. few ecclesiastical buildings were erected; and even that last and most beautiful specimen of the art, King's Chapel, was suffered to stand still till the commencement of a happier reign; when Henry VII. who, though accused of meanness and parsimony, was a liberal patron of the arts, recommenced the unfinished

work of his predecessor, and nearly finished that structure which has not unjustly been called the eighth wonder of the world. And here terminates the sacred architecture of the English, after having continued above four hundred years, not all the time in equal beauty, for if a preference is to be given to any of the three styles, it is due to that which began in the time of Edward the First, and continued till that of Henry VI.; because it unites elegance of proportion with simplicity of ornament, and lies between the two extremes of the other, the first of which may be thought too simple, and the latter too profusely and minutely adorned.

The civil architecture of the English, which I earnestly desire to see adopted in our modern buildings, having arisen from a union of the sacred and military, it will be requisite to say a few words of the latter, so far as to explain the origin of that already mentioned.

The Romans built many fortresses in this country, of which not one now remains; they were in general round, and not very extensive. The Saxons repaired many of the Roman castles, and built many of their own, few of which now remain. The Danes also left not a few, of which not one is now in existence. The Normans built many of very great strength, some of which are now standing. A Norman castle was generally square, though some few are round: they mostly contained within their walls an immense mound of earth thrown up from the deep fosse or ditch by which they were always surrounded. The fortresses of the Normans did not contain much ground within their walls, though they were usually high and strong.

The truly English castle commenced in the reign of Edward the First, the model of which is supposed to be brought from the Levant and the Holy Land by that monarch; the greater part of these castles contained a variety of apartments for the use and convenience of a family, though they formed but a gloomy residence; the windows and doors were nearly the same in shape, though not in size, with those that prevailed in sacred architecture. In process of time they lost some of their most warlike features; and in the reign of James I. were completely softened down into the castellated house: about that period, too, many of the larger abbies and priories were adapted by their owners to the purposes of modern convenience; and out of the two has arisen a style of building peculiarly suited to the English gentry, as being wholly English, and uniting the greatest possible beauty and accommodation.

I remain, &c.

W. BURDON.

Hartford, near Morpeth,
Nov. 12, 1808.

CRITICISM.

"Nulli negabimus, nulli differemus justitiam."

THE CONTRAST: *including comparative Views of Britain, Spain, and France, at the present Moment. In Two Parts. Addressed to an English Nobleman. By* S. J. PRATT, *Esq.* pp. 24. 1808.

WE have read this Poem with great pleasure, and feel ourselves justified in bestowing upon it much commendation. The subject indeed is such as might warm the coldest mind; and it has dignity enough to merit all that genius can give it. But in the present moment of uncertainty, the poet can only stimulate to great enterprize and hope for glorious success; the final issue of the noble struggle in which Spain is engaged is in the hands of Him who sways alike the destinies of nations and the fate of man:

Shadows, clouds, and darkness rest upon it.

Yet the generous and the feeling mind cannot but anticipate the termination it wishes. Hope believes every thing possible, and rests self-satisfied in the delusions of its own creation: it shrinks from the admission of doubt or uncertainty, and

loves to riot in the pleasing future which it has tricked out by its own act. And surely there is not a heart in England which does not at this moment fervently hope that Spain may rise triumphant from the contest; shine with renewed glory among the nations of Europe; and teach a tyrant and the world, that a people, bravely fighting for their homes, their liberty, and their lives, are to be subdued only by extermination, and can bequeath to their subduers not a country, but a desart. May this proud feeling swell the bosom of every Spaniard; and in the hour of battle, may it give to their arms the vigour which commands success; or, if they fall, may it brighten the last moment with the reflection that they fell beneath the ruins of their country, and at an instant when life would be worthless if it could be enjoyed. But the humble page on which this is written will never meet the eye of those whom (were it necessary) the writer's pen would fire with resistless energy; yet it is pleasing to participate a common sentiment; a sentiment that animates millions; and it is honourable to express what it is honourable to feel.—We pass, however, to the line and subject of our duty.

Mr. Pratt's advertisement shall here be extracted.

"THAT part of the following Poem, addressed to the Nobleman* alluded to in the *Title*, and which relates to the long-delayed and as long-wished return of him and of his family to England, from the country which forms one of the principal CONTRASTS in that Poem, was written very soon after his arrival. The kindness with which the MSS. was received by those who saw it, induced a desire to render it more deserving that reception, by a careful revision. A tedious illness, however, and various occupations which could not yield even to the plea of indisposition, withheld for many months the power of bringing to the task the necessary degree of unembarrassed attention.

"In the mean time, those wonders —I had almost written, the miracles— in the south of Spain began to be performed, and have ever since continued in radiant progress. My very soul followed their track of glory; and almost every day has enlarged my hopes, and diminished my fears, on their heart-commanding subject. I devoted the first hours of my convalescence, and the first impulses of my enthusiasm, to this new and animating theme. On recurring to the unfinished Poem, I was struck with the possibility of running the two subjects together; or, rather, of making both more powerful by union. I am warm in the hope that the public mind will feel they assimilate; at least that they are brought very strongly to bear in way of CONTRAST; tending thereby to promote a cause, which is the echo of every voice, and the vibration of every heart; and certainly a cause the most important and sublime that has, for many centuries, "riveted the undivided attention of Europe."

We cannot, however, concur in opinion that the junction of the two parts of this poem is either judicious or natural. However meritorious the character of the Earl of Shaftesbury may be, or however exalted the virtue which adorns his life, yet they can have no right to be identified with the subject of the second part. Far be it from us to insinuate that patrician excellence should not be celebrated by the poet's pen: *when* that excellence is found, poetry can seldom be better employed than in extending its celebrity, and in stimulating to its practice. But in the present instance, the mere return of the nobleman from Spain, seems scarcely sufficient to entitle him to a union with the events now taking place in that country.

With regard to the eulogy itself which is bestowed upon his lordship's character, we can answer nothing for its verity; but, willing to give it credence, we will here extract a portion of it.—

"Escaped from these, and *his* imperial doom,
"Of half mankind the butcher and the tomb,*"
Thou com'st, my lord, when ev'ry smiling grove [Love;
Glows with the charm of Beauty and of

* Earl of Shaftesbury.

* Pope.

work of his predecessor, and nearly finished that structure which has not unjustly been called the eighth wonder of the world. And here terminates the sacred architecture of the English, after having continued above four hundred years, not all the time in equal beauty, for if a preference is to be given to any of the three styles, it is due to that which began in the time of Edward the First, and continued till that of Henry VI.; because it unites elegance of proportion with simplicity of ornament, and lies between the two extremes of the other, the first of which may be thought too simple, and the latter too profusely and minutely adorned.

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WE have read this Poem with great pleasure, and feel ourselves justified in bestowing upon it much commendation. The subject indeed is such as might warm the coldest mind; and it has dignity enough to merit all that genius can give it. But in the present moment of uncertainty, the poet can only stimulate to great enterprize and hope for glorious success; the final issue of the noble struggle in which Spain is engaged is in the hands of Him who sways alike the destinies of nations and the fate of man:

Shadows, clouds, and darkness rest upon it.

Yet the generous and the feeling mind cannot but anticipate the termination it wishes; Hope believes every thing possible, and rests self-satisfied in the delusions of its own creation: it shrinks from the admission of doubt or uncertainty, and

loves to riot in the pleasing future which it has tricked out by its own act. And surely there is not a heart in England which does not at this moment fervently hope that Spain may rise triumphant from the contest; shine with renewed glory among the nations of Europe; and teach a tyrant and the world, that a people, bravely fighting for their homes, their liberty, and their lives, are to be subdued only by extermination, and can bequeath to their subduers not a country, but a desart. May this proud feeling swell the bosom of every Spaniard; and in the hour of battle, may it give to their arms the vigour which commands success; or, if they fall, may it brighten the last moment with the reflection that they fell beneath the ruins of their country, and at an instant when life would be worthless if it could be enjoyed. But the humble page on which this is written will never meet the eye of those whom (were it necessary) the writer's pen would fire with resistless energy; yet it is pleasing to participate a common sentiment; a sentiment that animates millions; and it is honourable to express what it is honourable to feel.—We pass, however, to the line and subject of our duty.

Mr. Pratt's advertisement shall here be extracted.

"THAT part of the following Poem, addressed to the Nobleman* alluded to in the *Title*, and which relates to the long-delayed and as long-wished return of him and of his family to England, from the country which forms one of the principal CONTRASTS in that Poem, was written very soon after his arrival. The kindness with which the MSS. was received by those who saw it, induced a desire to render it more deserving that reception, by a careful revision. A tedious illness, however, and various occupations which could not yield even to the plea of indisposition, withheld for many months the power of bringing to the task the necessary degree of unembarrassed attention.

"In the mean time, those wonders —I had almost written, the miracles— in the south of Spain began to be performed, and have ever since continued in radiant progress. My very soul followed their track of glory; and almost every day has enlarged my hopes, and diminished my fears, on their heart-commanding subject. I devoted the first hours of my convalescence, and the first impulses of my enthusiasm, to this new and animating theme. On recurring to the unfinished Poem, I was struck with the possibility of running the two subjects together; or, rather, of making both more powerful by union. I am warm in the hope that the public mind will feel they assimilate; at least that they are brought very strongly to bear in way of CONTRAST; tending thereby to promote a cause, which is the echo of every voice, and the vibration of every heart; and certainly a cause the most important and sublime that has, for many centuries, "riveted the undivided attention of Europe."

We cannot, however, concur in opinion that the junction of the two parts of this poem is either judicious or natural. However meritorious the character of the Earl of Shaftesbury may be, or however exalted the virtue which adorns his life, yet they can have no right to be identified with the subject of the second part. Far be it from us to insinuate that patrician excellence should not be celebrated by the poet's pen: *when* that excellence is found, poetry can seldom be better employed than in extending its celebrity, and in stimulating to its practice. But in the present instance, the mere return of the nobleman from Spain, seems scarcely sufficient to entitle him to a union with the events now taking place in that country.

With regard to the eulogy itself which is bestowed upon his lordship's character, we can answer nothing for its verity; but, willing to give it credence, we will here extract a portion of it.—

"Escaped from these, and *his* imperial doom,
"Of half mankind the butcher and the tomb,*"
Thou com'st, my lord, when ev'ry smiling grove [Love;
Glows with the charm of Beauty and of

* Earl of Shaftesbury.

* Pope.

When Zephyr woos and wins the blooming May,
And Flora weaves for both her garlands gay;
When, on her fav'rite Season, she bestows
Her sweetest violet and her tend'rest rose;
When ev'ry well-remember'd object round
Conspires to deck thy lov'd paternal bound.

To Mem'ry precious these; to Fancy dear,
And the full heart receives them with a tear:
And these shall greet you; but not these alone,
For, ah! yet prouder blessings are your own;
A thousand voices raise th' inspiring sound,
A thousand echoes the glad notes rebound:
Each zephyr wings them thro' your fair domains
Till Winborn's farthest meads repeat the strains.

And, ah! the lov'd associates of your life,
The blooming daughter and the faithful wife,
Dear, dear companions of your foreign care,
Proud ev'ry grief as ev'ry joy to share:
Those who your sorrows soften'd, while they bore,
'Mid War's dread clamours, on a hostile shore;
Say—for you best can tell—with what delight
Will these in all your gracious acts unite;
Explore with you each recollected shade,
And view the happy being you have made;
O'er the wide circuit of your bounty roam,
And see, at ev'ry pause, some blissful home,
Survey each well-known cottage of the green,
There the gay garden, there the orchard scene,
Here, or the swain's or housewife's pride; and there,
The domes of learning, industry, and pray'r!

And, oh! the Dome where in profound repose—
Secure from foreign or domestic foes;
Secure from ruffians, diff'ring but in name,
Patriots or hirelings, their vile end the same;
For equal *he*, who, mask'd in midnight gloom,
Disturbs for *gold* the tenant of the tomb;
Or who, obedient to a tyrant's nod,
Worships his idol, or blasphemes his God;
The mob's vain idol, gibbetted or crown'd,
For what excess can mad ambition bound?
A saint, or devil, canoniz'd by turns,
As faction rages or ambition burns;
Alike, who force the chambers of the dead,
Plunder the trophied tomb or briery bed:—
Safe from all these, within the hallow'd shrine,
Repose the relics of the COOPER line.

Proud of her husband's honour, fame, and life,
Your great progenitor, the tender wife,
With fond affection, and with pious care,
The marble rais'd—to mark his virtues there.
The noble Ashley, too, whose taste refin'd,
And polish'd wisdom, spoke th' ennobled mind.
Illustrious band! whom Piety reveres,
Whom Virtue honours, and whom Love endears!

E'en views of frail mortality, my lord,
To British minds a solace can afford;
And, France! thy sacrilege, oppos'd to these,
May teach the softer forms of *grief to please*.
Beyond the grave the CONTRAST may extend,
For Britain guards the ashes of a friend.

Go, then—receive the richest, proudest store
That Rapture's tributary tide can pour!
If those, my lord, who ne'er a sorrow knew
Since first their wants and cares were known to you,
Can *poor* be call'd—your *happy poor* attend
To hail, with tears of joy, their Parent Friend!
From genial cots, your bounteous gifts, they come,
To greet your blest return to them, and home
Around, in jocund groups, exulting throng
The grave, the gay, the aged, and the young:
They come *in prayer*, their incense to impart;
Incense that heav'n best loves—*a grateful heart!*
Share, then, oh! share this transport of your plains,
The bosom jubilee of blissful swains;
Those blissful swains which still your bounty bless'd,
When thou kind patron, captive and oppress'd
Amid the clamours of th' embattled host,
Was far remov'd from Albion's peaceful coast:
Himself unseen, his almoners dispense
Th' untroubled stream of warm Benevolence.

'Tis thus that heav'n sends bounties from above,
While favour'd mortals its indulgence prove.
Thus falls its dews on drooping plant and flow'r;
Fraught with abundance, thus descends its show'r;
Thus springs the fanning breeze, thus sunbeams shine,
Soft, silent, calm—to mark a hand divine
With one uncheck'd and undiminish'd flow
The blessing's seen—*invisible the source!*"

This praise is at least elegant; and if truth point its elegance, it is dignified.

The second part of this poem is written with more vigour than the first. Mr. Pratt rises with his subject—not indeed to its full height, for who can hope to do it?—but he becomes energetic, bold, and impressive. It contains some weak lines, but it has also many good ones. The following are perhaps among the best:—

" Oh! cast once more the retrospective glance
O'er the degenerate sons of hapless France!
Behold, in hordes, from clime to clime, they pour,
Frantic to grasp immeasurable pow'r;
Fraud in their oaths, and ruin in their smile,
Rav'nous, and thick, as locusts of the Nile:
With maniac rage they impotently dare
—O, dire extreme of envy and despair—
To threat Britannia, who, from yonder main,
Contemns the menace with a proud disdain!

Whilst *one*, sublimely tow'ring o'er the rest,
The greatest, meanest, passion in his breast,
Whom, nor the awful pow'rs of godlike speech,
Nor Reason's force, nor Satire's shaft, can reach;
Nor e'en the magic of the melting lyre
One touch of cherub mercy can inspire;
But, greatly daring, still defies the dart
That strikes with terror many a harden'd heart,
Mocks human feeling, scorns Compassion's tear,
And spurns at conscience, as the coward's fear:
Of war, at once the terror and the shame,
Whilst bleeding Nature shudders at his name;
'Mid bonds of peace intent new chains to forge,
Hell's dread vicegerent, or heav'n's awful scourge.

But, ah! what visions, awful and profound,
Pregnant with happier omens, crowd around:
What kindling glory bursts upon the sight,
Fair as when chaos hail'd the birth of Light;
When the *first* sunbeam on the mass was shed,
And utter darkness from the radiance fled;
Swift as the light'ning's flash, the thunder's roll,
Th' effulgence rushes on the startled soul.

Lo! as it spreads into more perfect day,
Exulting myriads bless th' expanding ray;
Pursue th' illumin'd track their fathers trod,
Rise to new life, and feel th' inspiring God.
From heav'n, from highest heav'n, descends the flame,
To point and guide the way to gen'rous fame.
'Twas thus the pillar'd fire its beam display'd,
To gild the sacred path *that* heaven had made.

Full many a blood-stain'd year its course had run
Ere men divin'd from whence their wrongs begun:
By turns alarm'd, disturb'd, seduc'd, caress'd.
Flatter'd, cajol'd, corrupted, and oppress'd:
With specious shews of Freedom now amus'd,
And now with real Slavery abus'd:
Falshood, ambition, rapine, all their aim;
Th' assassin mask'd beneath the hero's name:
The solemn treaty, and the banquet gay,
Insidious each, a each might best betray;
The cheated *world* ensnar'd by an embrace,
To fix its axis on an upstart race;
Empire on empire hurl'd, and throne on throne,
By robbers, bent to make that world their own;
Till kingdom after kingdom swell'd their pow'r,
And privileg'd the Monsters to devour!

But, broad and general while the ruin spread,
One gen'rous nation rose, as from the dead;
E'en from its ashes, as by heav'n's command,
In fire it rose, the phœnix of the land!
Yet, ah! it was not the fierce meteor's glare,
That burns awhile, then dissipates in air;
'Twas not the madd'ning ferment of an hour,
Nor meaner struggle for a change of pow'r;
'Twas not a sordid, mercenary race,
That move to battle with a hireling's pace;
Nor the plann'd contest that from party springs,
Nor partial strife of yet inferior things;
Nor yet the multitude's unlicens'd rage,
That for vile gold on *either* side engage:
No! 't was the magnet, which all Nature draws
To one supreme and universal cause,
That touches at a thousand points the heart,
Wakes us to bliss or agonizing smart;
That rocks the cradle where our infants lie,
Throbs in each pulse, and breathes in ev'ry sigh;

That guards the dwellings where our loves reside,
The father's transports, and the matron's pride;
And in the forms of parent, child, or wife,
Endears the sweet affinities of life.
Yes, 't was the attraction which, where'er we roam,
True as the polar needle, points to HOME;
All that can bind us to this world of care,
Chief source of ev'ry joy, of ev'ry pray'r;
Nay, all that soars *beyond* this mortal span,
And lifts the nobler hopes of favour'd man——
Oh! 't was the magnet, above earth's controul,
Which to sublimer regions draws the soul;
Ascends, with force divine, the blest abode,
And, finding there its centre, points to GOD!"

Another extract and we have done:—

"Warriors, proceed! and tho' you homage pay
To deathless Heroes of Spain's dawning day;
Tho' her *first* chiefs with laurels *still* you crown,
Chiefs who your battles fought and fix'd your throne;
Who work'd thro' mountains and dread caves their way
When base Usurpers made your land their prey,
Preferring freedom and a barren soil,
Incessant peril and unwearied toil,
To smiling regions and the fertile plain,
Where Slavery dragg'd th' ignominious chain:
Tho' these, your champions and forefathers, claim
Th' unfading wreath of recollected fame,
Still *reverence yourselves*, and hold to view
The model after-times shall take from you:
To glad posterity, yourselves a guide,
May Truth diffuse that great example wide!
Your great example to mankind shall prove
You fight for Freedom, Loyalty, and Love.
Then shall the captive nations nobly rise,
And take again the track where glory lies!
AUSTRIA renew'd, her spirit still unbroke,
Th' unblemish'd Charles may rescue from her yoke;
Deluded RUSSIA may redeem her fame,
And feel the tinge of mingled rage and shame,
For just revenge may arm her hardy race,
Redeem'd from serpent Gallia's loath'd embrace;
Misguided DENMARK meet Britannia's hand,
And even degraded PRUSSIA's fetter'd band,
As from the mould'ring mansions of the dead, [head.
Haply may raise once more her shrouded
Thrice noble SWEDE! of an undaunted line,
In this vast strife our hopes, our pray'rs, are thine!
Illustrious son of an illustrious sire,
Whom honour, virtue, and the Muse inspire!
Conquest attends, enamour'd of thy name,
And none than Britain more adores thy fame!

And THOU, rever'd and sympathizing land,
Prompt to extend the ever-helping hand
Where'er Oppression lifts his iron rod,
Hostile to man, and impious to his God;
Friend to the friendless or by flood or field,
Thy vanquish'd foe's best buckler, spear, and shield:
O! native ALBION! from whose heav'n-blest store
Flows the rich tide of bounty to each shore;
By foreign rage or homebred tumults crost,
All the fierce passions in thy mercy lost:
In war, in peace, to thee the suff'rers come,
Exiles from ev'ry clime, and find a home;
Find the soft solace of thy shelt'ring arms,
And, like a cradled infant, safe from harms;
The heavy laden lay their burthens down,
While Pity's tearful smile succeeds thy frown:
Thou, Tyrant's envy, and thou, Patriot's boast,
Still give thy aid to wrong'd Iberia's coast;
Assert her cause, assist her just defence,
AND GREATLY PROVE HER SECOND PROVIDENCE!"

With this the Poem concludes; and we terminate our remarks with a full approbation of the subject, and no mean praise of the execution.

A PICTURE OF LISBON; *taken on the Spot: being a Description, moral, civil, political, physical, and religious, of that Capital, with Sketches of the Government, Character, and Manners of the Portuguese in General. By a Gentleman, many years resident at Lisbon.*—1809.

FRONTI nulla fides! This post dated work we consider merely as a compilation, *got up* (to use a significant term) *for the occasion.* While every body is talking about Lisbon, it was thought somebody might wish to read about it: a "*gentleman,*" resident in London, was employed to collect from various sources, and it was dated three months posterior to the real time of publica-

tion that it might not grow old too soon. All this is in the spirit of trade; and to all this we have not much objection in the present instance, because it is laudable and fair to meet the public curiosity, and because, from our inspection of the volume now before us, it appears to have been *compiled* with tolerable accuracy.

The work is divided into distinct heads, which embrace all those several points which it might be expected a reader would wish to be instructed upon. A few of those which are most remote from common knowledge, and most consonant to truth and precision, we will extract.

"REBUILDING OF THE CITY.

"A great part of Lisbon was overthrown by the earthquake of 1755, and a still greater part was consumed by the conflagration, which was its consequence. In an instant half of the houses and palaces of this capital, almost all the churches, and all the public edifices, disappeared.*

"The Marquis de Pombal, then first minister of state to King Joseph I. displayed a well-directed zeal and surprizing activity in repairing the damage which the city had sustained by this two-fold calamity: his fertile genius created and discovered resources in the very bosom of the desolation. This minister undertook to rebuild

* "M. Dumouriez says, concerning the state of Lisbon in the year 1766:

"Lisbon is situated in an amphitheatre on the banks of the Tagus, upon seven mountains, and a great number of smaller hills: including the suburbs, it is more than two leagues and a half in length, and one in breadth. Its geographical position is 38° 42′ 51″ lat. and 8° 26′ 15″ long.; according to some antiquarians, it was built in the year of the world 1935, 278 years after the deluge, by a grandson of Noah, named Elisa; it was afterwards rebuilt by Ulysses, who named it Ulisiponna, the name which it still retains: it was a municipal town of the Romans; it has been the seat of a Patriarch since the year 1708, and of a very opulent and respectable Chapter, all the canons of which take the title of Monseigneur, and belongs to the first families in the kingdom; the patriarch, when officiating upon solemn occasions, is habited like the pope, and the canons like the cardinals.

"This capital contains thirty-seven parishes, many chapels, thirty-two convents for monks, and eighteen for nuns. Lisbon is defended on the sea side, in the direction of Cascaes, by two ports, the artillery of which produce a cross-fire, and completely command the bar; the one is called the Fort of St. John, and the other Fort Bagio; between these two forts is the bar of Lisbon, divided into two by a ridge of stone, called Os Cachopos, which begins at about a musquet-shot's distance from Fort St. John, or St. Julien, and runs more than half a league to S.S.W.

"Lisbon contains at present 38,000 houses, and 240,000 inhabitants. The streets are full of filth, and as they are all upon a descent, and very ill paved, no other vehicles are used than chariots drawn by two mules. There is, however, a fine piece of ground on the sea-side, which forms a plain of half a league in length, and about a thousand paces in breadth. This spot is called the *Reccio*. Here the Count d'Oyeras has constructed a fine pile of buildings, uniform houses, streets perfectly straight and well paved; and it is intended further to embellish the situation with a quay, an arsenal, and a custom-house. The port of Lisbon is one of the finest in Europe, it has a channel of two leagues sheltered against every wind. Vessels of every size can enter it with the greatest facility.

"The city of Lisbon is one of the largest and most opulent capitals in Europe. The houses are uncleanly in the highest degree; gnats, bugs, vermin of every description, render the abode in them insupportable; and the slight construction of the roofs and walls is insufficient to shelter the inhabitants against the rigour of winter and the northerly winds. The streets are full of every kind of filth, very ill lighted and insecure in the night, and infested with innumerable dogs that pass the night in barking. There are computed to be upwards of 80,000 of these animals constantly in the streets.—About eight o'clock in the evening,

Lisbon. He wished to render it a city remarkable for the regularity of its edifices, the beauty of its streets, the number of its squares. He immediately set all hands to work, engaged architects, encouraged labourers, and facilitated to private individuals the means of defraying their necessary expences.

"New edifices soon arose, new squares were laid out, new streets opened: Lisbon began to assume a different aspect; it became a new city.

"The plans of the Marquis de Pombal have been prosecuted to the present day. During the space of forty years, this renovation of the city has been nearly completed. Many new streets have been opened, the old ones enlarged, the too high elevations levelled, and the too low situations raised; the too abrupt ascents and declivities have been rendered more gradual; almost all the houses that had been overthrown, or consumed, have been rebuilt, and new ones erected in places where formerly were none."

The wretchedness of the inns upon the continent has been a fruitful subject of complaint to English travellers, accustomed as they are in their own country to accommodations on the road, which a Portuguese, a Spaniard, or an Italian, might be allowed to doubt without the imputation of incredulity. The following conveys some idea of the extreme misery of these public receptacles in Lisbon:—

"A stranger has scarcely landed at Lisbon, when a score of *Gallegos* present themselves, and dispute who shall carry his luggage, which they take from him without ceremony: they traverse with rapid paces the streets, the alleys, and the squares; they climb, they ascend, they descend, and pass on without giving themselves any trouble to see whether the stranger is following them or not. They enter an inn of their own choosing, namely, that in which they are best paid for bringing a customer. The stranger follows with hastened steps: he arrives at the place of his destination, and finds himself housed and fixed for the night, without knowing where, without having had an opportunity to ask whither he was going, or intimating to what place he might wish to go.

"Often his stomach is turned at the first sight of his new lodgings.—Smoked walls, a greasy table, chairs which sink under the weight of his body, a wretched truckle-bed of a still more inauspicious aspect are the first objects that strike his attention. If he quits his cell, a dirty kitchen, with filthy utensils, a dresser never cleaned, four copper pots upon the fire, and a cook of the most squalid appearance present themselves to his view. When the hour of repast arrives, he is accommodated with a napkin that has been eight days in use, an iron fork covered with grease and rust, cracked dishes, plates with their edges worn off by long service, a soup in which water is almost the only ingredient, a ragout which operates more powerfully than agreeably upon the olfactory nerves, a sauce in which salt is the only seasoning, a dish of roast meat burnt to a stick, served up on a table as dirty as the floor upon which it stands.

"The stranger does not know where he is, he does not know where to go; he is acquainted with no one; he knows neither the streets nor any other inns; he is therefore obliged to remain where he is, till having made himself better acquainted with the town, he is able to provide himself with other accommodations.

"Lisbon has a great number of inns, among which there is not a single good one: in some, the lodgers eat at the table d'hote, at a stated price; in others they take their meals where they please, and pay according to what they have.

"Those of the former class are of different kinds, and differ in their charges. Two of these, which are the only tolerable good ones, are the *Piedmontese* and the *Calçada da estrella*. The charge is six testons, or about

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all the citizens and populace are seen at their doors reciting their rosaries in a kind of chaunt: this noise continues a full hour, during which the streets are inundated with thieves, chamber-pots, dogs, and police-officers."

Etat present du Royaume de Portugal.

three shillings each meal. The fare is pretty good, but not adequate to the price which is charged. In these inns one is lodged a little more decently than in any of the rest: the charge for lodging varies according to the apartments one occupies; the lowest is two testons per day.

"There are four or five in which the charge is four testons per meal, and two testons per day for lodging. You have here abundance to eat; but the victuals are very coarse and ordinary, and but very rarely well dressed. These inns are principally frequented by the captains of trading vessels.

"In several the charge is three testons per meal, and six or eight vintems per day for lodging. In these the fare is very bad and uncleanly, the company are of the inferior order, and the apartments are wretched, almost without any furniture, and always dirty.

"Those of the second class are very numerous; you may there have your choice of six or eight different dishes, each of which has its fixed price. Every one calls for what he chuses, and pays according to what he has. Nothing, however, of a delicate or elegant kind is to be had here; the ragouts are detestable, salt and water are almost their only sauce. Every thing is uncleanly and disgusting; so that a man must be very poor, very penurious, or very hungry, to induce him to resolve upon going to one of these places. In some of these inns, the charge for lodging is a teston per day; but the rooms are dark, bare, filthy, and disgusting; a chair, a crazy table, and a bed as dirty as the room and the kitchen, constitute almost the whole of their furniture. Almost all of these are kept by Portuguese.

"The inns kept by Portuguese are the worst, those that have foreigners for their landlords are much better.

"It is difficult to procure private furnished lodgings at Lisbon; there are scarcely forty houses in all this city which let private lodgings, notwithstanding the opulence of the strangers that are attracted hither by its court and commerce. Those which are kept by Portuguese are scarcely habitable on account of their want of cleanliness: those that are kept by English or French are far more decent in their accommodations. The ordinary rent paid for furnished lodgings is about thirty-five shillings sterling per month: some let as low as twenty-six, but these are very bad."

We think it by no means necessary to criticise the language of this performance, yet the following deserves to be extracted for its curiosity:—

"These chaises are very disagreeable vehicles. *One* is dreadfully cramped and confined in them in summer: if *one* closes the leathern curtains, *one* is smothered; if *one* opens them, *one* is scorched by the sun and covered with dust: in winter, however carefully *one* may close them, *one* is exposed to the cold, the wind, and the rain. They have here no other carriages; these are the only kind *one* sees among the nobles, among private gentlemen, and with those persons who let them out for hire."

From the frequency of this mode of expression, in other parts, we should suspect that much of the present volume has been derived by some unskilful translator from the French.

The following conveys a sad idea of the state of the police in Lisbon. It may be hoped that an amelioration in this particular will be the result of our late *glorious* success there:—

"I suppose it ten o'clock in the evening; I walk through some of the streets by the light of a flambeau, which my footman carries before me: I find a person groaning and lamenting, who has just been robbed and stripped, while a dagger was held to his throat to dispatch him in case he should make any resistance. Unable to render him any service, I return to my dwelling, reflecting upon this incident. Half an hour after, I hear a piercing cry; I run to the window; I see nothing; some plaintive moans strike my ear; I hasten into the street, and there find a man who has just been poinarded, and who is already dead. Every door, every window is shut; robbery, assassination is perpetrated; the Portuguese hear what is going forward, but they take no measures for the succour of the unfortunate persons who are attacked; they shut themselves up in their houses.

"These things are common in Lisbon; it is a city the most fit for encouraging robbery and assassination, it is a city in which these crimes are the most frequently committed, and yet none can be worse guarded: it is a truly dangerous place.

"The streets of old Lisbon, or that part of the town which resisted the shocks of the earthquake in 1755, are narrow, irregular, crooked, full of turnings, and present numerous projections and nooks.

"Those of new Lisbon, or the part which has been rebuilt since the earthquake, are, for the most part, straight and sufficiently wide; but they are frequently interrupted by open spaces of ground, which have not yet been built upon, and which are incumbered with earth, stones, and rubbish, heaped together in an irregular manner. Several of these streets are as yet only built from space to space; the houses are at distances from each other, and in some of them one side has no houses at all; empty spaces, projections, recesses are numerous; mould, rubbish, building materials, are every where in the way; the middle of the squares is often obstructed by heaps of mud, earth, gravel, and enormous masses of hewn stone.

"Both in the old and in the new part of Lisbon, most of the streets have very steep ascents and declivities, while the main streets are intersected by very numerous cross streets, situated very close to each other.

"It will readily be conceived how dangerous such a town must be in the night-time, especially as it is not lighted; how many convenient lurking places nocturnal depredators must be able to find in it, where they can lie in wait for passengers, attack them without danger to themselves, and speedily escape out of the reach of pursuit.

"It is enough to make one tremble when one considers that Lisbon has a population of three hundred thousand souls, that half of this population consists of persons of the lowest order, that a tenth part consists of persons that have no ostensible occupation, no house or home, no place to pass the night in except the streets, and sailors of all nations who leave their vessels and ramble about the streets and public-houses without restraint.

"The police nevertheless takes no pains to provide for the safety of this town; the Intendant considers it an object beneath his attention; he might indeed save the lives and the properties of many individuals; but this is a matter of no consideration to him, as he would derive no particular advantage to himself from it.

"This head of the police, however, has made an effort worthy of his genius: he has thought fit to station every night in the streets, at certain distances from each other, a number of men provided with rattles.

"The idea of employing this instrument for the security of the town is a singular one: it was suggested by the practice which prevails in cloisters of summoning monks to the duties of the Holy Week by means of it. —Did he imagine that the sacredness of the instrument, or of the use to which it is appropriated, would cause it to operate as a preservative against crimes?

"It is no part of these men's business to seize criminals, their functions are confined to making a noise with their instruments whenever any one passes them; they are also, when they see any malefactor, to give the alarm by springing their rattles, upon which the next watchmen spring theirs, and thus the alarm is transmitted from one to the other till, in a short time, it reaches the remotest parts of Lisbon.

"And what is the good that results from all this?—Noise, and nothing more.—The men with rattles remain quietly in their places; no one is appointed to seize the malefactors; and even those who transmit the alarm do not know in what street the crime has been committed. The depredators are in no wise frightened by the rattles, they know there is no person to pursue them, and in fact they are in the utmost safety.

"These watchmen are all of them labouring people, who are taken from their homes to perform this service, for which they receive no pay, who are fatigued with the labours of the preceding day, and must recruit their strength to enable them to go through those of the ensuing one. They therefore often pass the night in sleeping

under the gateways, and give themselves no concern about what may be passing in the streets.

"The Intendant has also established patroles, which are called *rondas*. This is an expedient for the promotion of public security no less singular than the former. Their appearance is terrific: they resemble gangs of robbers much more than they do patroles, destined to watch over the safety of the inhabitants.

"Twenty-four men, wrapped in cloaks, stalk solemnly through the streets by two and two, having at their head a minister de Bario, a kind of under-delegate of the police, who however often dispenses with accompanying them himself, and has his place supplied by his clerk. The leader is wrapped in his cloak as well as the rest.

"These numerous patroles may be heard to approach at a considerable distance; they do not easily alter the slowness and solemnity of their march; they consist of labourers, artificers, fathers of families, who are obliged, each in his turn, to go upon this service, and who, so far from endeavouring to stop a malefactor, are very glad to escape the blows which they might receive from them. The minister himself and his clerk are equally afraid for their skins, and expose themselves still less.

"These patroles traverse only a small number of streets, and finish their rounds at an early hour, especially when the weather is inclement, and when consequently it is the most convenient for the perpetration of nocturnal crimes. Both the minister and his clerk think it more agreeable to lie in bed than to run after robbers, whom they are afraid to meet, and accordingly these patroles never take up any of them.

"Can it then, after all that has been said, be a matter of surprise that robberies and stabbing should occur every night at Lisbon, that assassinations should be so frequent, since it hardly ever happens that a robber or an assassin is apprehended? Indeed, it is rather to be wondered at that such crimes do not occur still more frequently. However, nine persons were assassinated in one night, in the year 1794: in the winter of 1794 and 1795, passengers on foot were stopped and robbed, though accompanied by a servant with a lighted flambeau; even carriages were sometimes stopped, notwithstanding the retinue of servants with lighted flambeaux that attended them.

"The Portuguese are so habituated to these occurrences, that they pay no attention to them; but persist in maintaining that the streets of Lisbon are perfectly safe."

As a companion to the above our readers may accept the following, and bless themselves that live neither in Lisbon nor Edinburgh, where, though the nuisance is not quite so general, and means of bringing offenders to justice are more practicable, yet similar offences are very often committed.

"At nine o'clock in the evening the windows are opened, a multitude of chamber-utensils are advanced, and there falls from all quarters a deluge of pestilential matter, against which I can guard myself only by walking close against the wall.

"I escape the worst effects of this unexpected and general attack: but the next morning I go out and walk the streets in broad day-light, when suddenly I am assailed and surrounded with a vortex of filthy fetid substances, my head is covered with them, my clothes are bedaubed with them, a suffocating stench rises from every part of my body, I stand confounded and almost bereft of my senses.—Bursts of laughter break forth, the mob collect about me, they survey me with inquisitive scoffing looks from head to foot; no one attempts to succour me, to help me to dry myself, to console me; they only laugh at my misfortune. I run home to change my clothes, to wash myself, to get rid of the pestilence that hangs about me: indignation fills my soul, my heart throbs with vindictive rage; but all my projects of revenge are vain, I must swallow my chagrin and hold my tongue.

"These accidents are very frequent in Lisbon; one cannot walk the streets of this town without danger of being inundated and covered with ordure. The people throw out of their windows water clean or dirty, the washings of the kitchens, the collected filth of a whole domestic establishment, and

this they do at all times, both of the day and of the night, without giving any notice, without looking whether or not any one is passing. Not a day passes but some one walking in the street is thus drenched, bedaubed, poisoned with the fetid pestilential matters thus discharged upon him.—The Portuguese only laugh and jeer at the wretch whom this misfortune befalls. It is not sufficient that they see him wetted, bedaubed, infected, they must also hoot, taunt, and ridicule him.

"What does the police with respect to these nuisances?—Nothing. The magistracy is too prudent to oppose the good old customs of the Portuguese, to interrupt their pleasures, to curtail their means of gratifying their refined sensuality: they reject all complaints that are brought before them on this subject, but they severely punish those who presume to revenge themselves for the insult they have received. Such is their equitable impartiality: they imitate the gardener's dog, who, barking continually himself, will not suffer other dogs to do the same.

"The individual who has thus been bemired, bedaubed, poisoned, has no other resource than to institute a process before the ordinary tribunals. Writings are drawn out, informations are laid, enormous quantities of paper are bescribbled; the judges, the registrars, the advocates, the attorneys, vie with each other who shall shear the unfortunate plaintiff the closest; and after all, he never obtains a verdict. The process is lengthened out to five, six, eight years; it seems likely never to have an end, and the expences are continually accumulating. The plaintiff almost always, at length, gives up his suit in disgust, or through incapability to defray the expences with which it is attended; often after having expended more than thirty times the value of the clothes which he has had stained, spoiled, and rendered unfit for use. He cannot even recover those clothes which he had deposited in the registry; they are for ever lost to the imprudent complainant; for the registrer, who is not over-burthened with superfluous delicacy, has them washed, scoured, turned, converts them to his own use, makes his children or his domestics wear them, or sells them to the dealers in old clothes: and these he calls his perquisites."

We will conclude our extracts from this volume with the following:—

"The men and the women seem in Portugal to form two different nations. The men are diminutive, ill made, squat, swarthy, without dignity in their gait, without grace in their air: the women are well-formed, well-proportioned, well-grown; fair complexioned, animated, full of grace and attractions; they have beautiful eyes, fine skins, slender shapes, elegant insinuating manners; in short, they combine every thing that can please and attract.

"They are at the same time gentle, amiable, affectionate; they know how to render themselves interesting; they have natural good understandings, which, if cultivated, would unfold themselves very agreeably; but their education is altogether neglected; they see no company; they are left entirely to themselves, and it is to nature alone that they are indebted for those amiable affable manners and other agreeable qualities by which they are so greatly distinguished.

"Love renders them ingenious and contriving: their inventive wit, fertile in resources, never fails them in time of need. Early exercised in the art of feigning, they excel in it: their countenance is never disconcerted; dissimulation disguises itself in their features under the mask of innocent candour; an ill-timed blush never betrays their thoughts, never disturbs their pleasures; they appear to have truth upon their lips, but it rarely resides in their minds.

"They are real Proteuses: they assume whatever form they please, whatever accords with their secret interests: however, they are good, obliging, affectionate, generous, interesting friends, and sufficiently kind-hearted to consider it incumbent upon them to contribute to the happiness of many.

"Lisbon has many convents for nuns; it is not however usual to place young ladies in them as boarders, but they remain with their friends till they get married.

"They do not, however, on that account enjoy the more liberty; for

they are never suffered to go out alone, but are kept continually under the eye of their mothers. Some of them never go out at all, not even on Sundays to church, but hear mass in the oratory of their house. All intercourse with young persons of the other sex is interdicted them; these are never admitted upon a familiar footing in any family in which there are unmarried young ladies.

"This practice seems calculated to keep the young ladies out of the reach of seduction; but they find a thousand means of eluding the precautions which are taken to guard them.

"External constraint, want of employment, a warm and always premature constitution develop in them an inventive genius: there is no stratagem which they do not contrive, no expedient which they do not put in practice, always upon friendly terms with the female domestics to whom the care of them is usually entrusted, they seduce them or suffer themselves to be seduced by these mercenary and faithless keepers.

"If their mother absents herself for a moment, they immediately avail themselves of her absence. The mother sleeps after dinner; she sleeps at night: these are precious opportunities, which the young ladies do not fail to employ to the best advantage, with the ever-ready aid of their officious maids.

"They cannot communicate with their lovers by letters; most of them cannot write; but they possess a language which is very familiar to them, which the Portuguese understand with ease, but which is unintelligible to strangers. They converse in open day with their lovers from the window to the street; they speak without uttering a syllable; signs are sufficient for their purpose, and these signs are made with their fingers: thus they carry on long conversations and express every thing they wish to express. These mute conversations are sometimes very animated; they move their fingers in every possible direction with a rapidity difficult to be conceived.

"All the young ladies wish to be married: they see in the nuptial state an appearance of liberty, an exemption from the constraint to which they are subjected. Accordingly they do not easily let slip an opportunity to get a husband whenever it presents itself; be he old or young, handsome or ugly, amiable or disgusting, a foreigner or one of their own nation, a catholic or a protestant, still he is a husband, and that is sufficient for them: they therefore take him without further deliberation. Their desire for marriage is so powerful, that they do not hesitate to give up their clandestine lovers for the first comer who makes serious proposals, though generally with a mental reserve that they will indemnify themselves when they are able.

"Hence it is very easy for a gentleman to find a wife: he is almost certain of not meeting with a refusal.—Hence, however, many unhappy marriages, in which disgust follows close upon the nuptial ceremony; in which the husband, almost always a victim to the tricks, the caprices, and carelessness of his wife, curses a thousand times the union which he formed with too great facility.

"Unlucky is he who has had the indiscretion to make a promise of marriage, whether verbal or in writing, to a young woman, whether in a high or a low sphere of life; for he is soon compelled to marry her. Every thing unites against him, the relations of the young woman, the priests, the monks, the laws of the country, the tribunals of justice; and it requires a very powerful protection to evade the dilemma. The court sometimes interferes with an order commanding the rash promiser to complete an union destined to render the rest of his life miserable. He must obey: the order is issued by a minister in the name of the Queen, who knows nothing of the matter; but it is not on that account the less imperative.

"The abuse was formerly carried to an incredible height. Promises were frequently pretended to have been made, and the performance of them was demanded, without any other proof than the declaration of the woman, whatever her age might be: it was sufficient if the man had visited her. The present queen, however, limited the operation of the law to those whose extreme youth seems to render

them most liable to seduction, fixing the age of eighteen, beyond which a suit cannot be preferred on behalf of a woman to compel a man to marry her on the above-mentioned plea.

"This is a wise law; nevertheless it is evaded every day, so that it becomes almost useless. The courts of judicature adhere strictly to it, and nonsuit an action brought by a woman who has passed the age specified by law; but, will it be credited? the law becomes useless, its operation is frustrated.

"Whatever may be the age of the young woman who pretends to have been seduced, whatever manœuvres and contrivances she herself may on the contrary have used in order to seduce, there are always abundance of monks ready to take her cause in hand. And what is not this cowled race capable of doing in Portugal?

"The monks cry out against the scandal, declaim on the necessity of supporting good morals, making reparation to violated honour, vindicating seduced innocence, which sometimes is an innocence of twenty-five years well tutored and abundantly experienced; they raise the other monks, the confessors, and the nuns; these united procure the interest of some of the nobles and the ladies of the court, they gain some of the secretaries over to their party, and at length obtain from ministerial despotism an irrevocable order for the marriage. This order must be obeyed, though contrary to the tenour of the law of the state, under pain of incurring the indignation and vengeance of the minister who has issued it in the name of a queen who has heard not a word concerning the matter.

"The formalities which the church requires to be observed in Lisbon with respect to marriages appear very repulsive to strangers, and they oppose great obstacles to their becoming married.

"Impediments without number are laid in their way relative to their country, their birth, their age, their state of celibacy or widowhood, their having been previously married or not, their being catholics or protestants, &c. &c.

"Upon all these points they are so much harassed, and kept so long in suspence, that many renounce the idea of marrying; but those better acquainted with the usages of the country, know how they may speedily remove every difficulty. With the interest of the great, or by money conveyed privately into the hands of a secretary, a commissioner, or a registrer of the ecclesiastical court, they immediately obtain permission to prove by witnesses every thing they wish. Two witnesses are sufficient, and these are easily procured. These witnesses, without having ever seen or known any thing of the man who is about to marry, affirm upon their oath, that he was born on such a day, in such a year, at such a town in France, Spain, Italy, Germany; that such a one is his father; that he never was married either in his own country, or in Portugal, or any where else; that he is a true member of the Apostolic Roman Catholic Church, &c. &c.; and after this slight formality has been gone through, the banns are published, permission to marry is obtained, and the nuptial knot is tied within a few days.

"All these difficulties, however, disappear at the imperious voice of a monk; they also disappear in those forced marriages which are entered into contrary to the inclination of the bridegroom, and to which he submits merely in order to escape the tyranny of the ministers and the vengeance of the monks. In these cases the marriage is performed without delay, without ceremonies or formalities, without any enquiry respecting the birth or religion of the intended husband, without examining whether he is of the age authorized by the law, without ascertaining whether he is a bachelor, widower, or has actually a wife living: it is necessary he should marry now, whatever he may be, and all remonstrances are vain.

"The nuptial ceremonies may be performed in Lisbon in the most accommodating manner possible; they may be performed at any hour of the day or night, in a church or at a private house. If you prefer the latter, you send for the priest to come to your house, and he marries you at the bedside, so that a single step takes you from the feet of the pastor into the nuptial bed. Money does every thing

in this matter; this metal removes all difficulties.

"Many marriages take place at Lisbon between protestants and catholics; but they cannot be solemnized without having previously obtained a dispensation from the Pope; it is also necessary that the intended bride be the person of the two that is of the catholic religion, for a catholic man is not permitted to marry a protestant woman. The cause of this distinction lies in the influence which the wife is supposed to have over her husband, whereby it is hoped that she will gradually gain him over to embrace her religion. The children by such marriages are brought up in two different religions; the boys in that of the father, and the girls in that of the mother.

"A singular ceremony is observed in the solemnization of marriages between catholics and protestants. The protestant is not suffered to enter the church; but the marriage ceremony is performed at the door, the bride kneeling within the church, while the bridegroom remains without. The priest, however, takes the protestant money as readily as catholic; he refuses the heretic admission into the church, but he does not refuse the heretic's money admission into his pocket."

It will be seen from our excerpts that the present work is not without that sort of merit which will probably accomplish the object of the publisher at a time like the present.

The POETICAL WORKS *of* VINCENT BOURNE, *M. A. consisting of Originals and Translations. To which are added his Letters.* 2 vols. 8vo. 1808.

THIS republication of Bourne's poems is presented to the world without any biographical notice of the author whatsoever: but in lieu of that, the following eulogy from one of Cowper's Letters is prefixed to the first volume:—

"I love the memory of Vinny Bourne. I think him a better Latin poet than Tibullus, Propertius, Ausonius, or any of the writers in *his* way, except Ovid, and not at all inferior to *him*. I love him too, with a love of partiality, because he was usher of the fifth form at Westminster, when I passed through it. He was so good-natured, and so indolent, that I lost more than I got by him; for he made me as idle as himself. He was such a sloven, as if he had trusted to his genius as a cloak for every thing that could disgust you in his person; and indeed, in his writings he has almost made amends for all. His humour is original—he can speak of a magpie or a cat in terms so exquisitely appropriated to the character he draws, that one would suppose him animated by the spirit of the creature he describes. And with all his drollery, there is a mixture of rational, and even religious reflection, at times, and always an air of pleasantry, good-nature, and humanity, that makes him in my mind one of the most able writers in the world. It is not common to meet with an author, who can make you smile, and yet at nobody's expense; who is always entertaining, and yet always harmless, and who, though always elegant and classical to a degree not always found in the classics themselves, charms more by the simplicity and playfulness of his ideas, than by the neatness and purity of his verse; yet such was poor Vinny."

This is too scanty, for if his works were worth republishing it may be presumed the author's life was worth commemoration.

With regard to the poems themselves, they consist of translations into Latin of various English pieces, and some original Latin verses. From the praise given by Cowper, we see no reason to dissent: Bourne is usually very happy in his phrases: yet it is such felicity as cannot be difficult for a man to acquire who has been many years occupied in the tuition of the Latin tongue. We speak thus, because the principal merit of Bourne seems to lie in translation, for of his original compositions we do not feel inclined to speak very highly: and yet perhaps they have as much excellence as modern Latin poetry can have, where memory may suffice for genius and taste.

We will select as a specimen the following translation of Gay's well-known ballad, "All in the Downs," &c.:—

GULIELMUS
SUSANNÆ VALEDICENS.

I.

In statione fuit classis, fusisque per auras
Ludere vexillis et fluitare dedit;
Cum navem ascendit Susanna; O dicite, nautæ,
Nostræ ubi deliciæ sunt? ubi noster amor?
Dicite vos, animi fortes, sed dicite verum,
Agminibus vestris num Gulielmus inest?

II.

Pendulus in summi Gulielmus vertice mali
Hinc agitabatur fluctibus, inde, maris;
Protinus, ut vocem bene notam audivit, ad infra
Præmisit gemitum, nec piger ipse sequi:
Vixque manu tangens funes, et præpete labens
Descensu, alati fulguris instar, adest.

III.

Sic alto in cœlo tremulis se librat ut alis,
Si sociæ accipiat forsan alauda sonos,
Devolat extemplo; clausisque ad pectora pennis,
In charæ nidum præcipitatur avis.
Basia, quæ Susanna suo permisit amanti,
Navarcha optârit maximus esse sua.

IV.

Suave meum, et vitâ Susanna O charior ipsa,
Sunt mea, quæ vovi, sunt tibi vota rata;
Pendentem ex oculo da gemmam exosculer illam:
Gratior ut reditu sit, Gulielmus abit.
Quo velit, inclinet ventus; te verget ad unam
Cor meum, ut ad boream nautica vergit acus.

V.

Terrâ degentes vitam, tua pectora fida
Tentabunt dubio solicitare metu;
In quovis portu, sed noli O! credere, dicent,
Nauta, quod accendat mobile pectus, habet.
Quin O! quin credas; quodcunque invisero littus,
Tu mihi, tu præsens ignis et ardor eris.

VI.

Sive Indus gemmarum, eboris seu fertilis Afer,
Seu mihi visendus dives odoris Arabs:
Esse domi cunctas tecum reputabo relictas,
Quas ostentet Arabs, Afer, et Indus, opes.
Quodcunque egregium, pulchrum, vel dulce videbo,
Occurret quiddam, quod memorabo, tui.

VII.

Nec, mea lux, doleas; patriæ si causa requirat,
Ut procul amplexu poscar ad arma tuo;
Qui tibi, bellorum qui fulmine tutus ab omni,
Post aliquot menses restituendus ero.
Ne dulces istos contristet fletus ocellos,
Mille avertendo tela, cavebit Amor.

VIII.

Solvere naucleri jussit vox ferrea navem,
Vela tumescentes explicuere sinus:
Dixit uterque, vale; et lacrymis simul oscula miscens,
Addidit hæc gemitus, ille recline caput.
Invita et tarde ad terram Susanna recedit,
Et niveâ repetit, vive, valeque, manu.

From our author's original compositions we extract the following:—

SUICIDA.

Musca meam volitat circum importuna lucernam,
Alasque amburit jam prope jamque suas.
Sæpe repello manu venientem, et, ineptula musca,
Quæ, te, inquam, impellit tanta libido mori?
Illa tamen redit, et, quanquam servare laboro,
Instat, et in flammas exitiumque ruit.
Exiguam tibi nolo animam, quam projicis, ultra
Servare; et si sis certa perire, peri.

In the second volume there are two letters from the author, which we will extract. The first is written in a pleasing strain of morality, and reminds us sometimes of the moral disquisitions of Addison; and it also leaves a doubt whether Bourne was not qualified to have left higher memorials of his mind behind him:—

"*A Letter from the Author to a Young Lady.*

"I am just come from indulging a very pleasing melancholy in a country church-yard, and paying a respectful visit to the dead, of which I am one day to increase the number. As the solemnity and awfulness of the place does instantly affect the beholder, the solitude and silence of it does equally dispose him to attention and meditation; so that we no where find a more useful and improving retirement. Every monument has its instruction, and every hillock has its lesson of mortality.

"I have, by this means, in a short space of time read the history of the whole village; and could tell the names of its principal families, for the

last thirty or forty years: I might perhaps go a little higher; but here, by the injury of time and weather, the register begins to be interrupted, and the letters are generally so defaced, that if an inscription can be made out, it is not without much difficulty and conjecture.

"It is not however without great compassion I see the kind endeavour of the survivor, to preserve the memory of a departed friend, so soon frustrated and disappointed. To continue the remembrance of the deceased, though by a mound of earth, a turf of grass, or a rail of wood, is an instance of affection and humanity, equal to the most costly monuments of brass and marble, in every thing but expense and duration: and yet how perishable are even those! how fruitless is the expense, and how short the duration!

"The church-yard I look on as the rendezvous of the whole parish, whither people of all ages and conditions resort. It is the common dormitory, where, after the labours of life are over, they all lie down and repose themselves together in the dust. The little cares and concerns they had when living, are here entirely forgotten; nor comes there hither any uneasiness or enmity, to disquiet or interrupt their rest. The jealousies and fears, the discontents and suspicions, the animosities and misunderstandings which embitter men one against another, are all determined; here end all resentments, and contentions.

"We have this satisfaction withal in death, that it is a state of perfect equality. The rich and the poor, the young and the aged, the wise and the foolish, all lie down together, and are blended in the dust. Here it is that no one is greater or less than another; for rottenness admits of no distinction, and corruption has no superiority. The fairest shall be a stench, and the most beautiful shall be loathsome. Rejoice, thou then that art despised; and be comforted, thou that art lightly esteemed; for the time cometh, when the haughtiest shall be made low, and the meanness of the great be as thine; the despitefulness of the proud, and the loftiness of the scornful, shall be humbled together, and the foot of the beggar shall trample on them.

"I will allow that the pomp of a great man may adorn his funeral, and flattery may attend it with coronets, pedigrees, and banners: whatever is beyond, is nuisance only and abhorrence. The sepulchre too may be painted without, but within is full of filthiness and uncleanness; and the corpse may be wrapt in velvet and fine linen, yet in velvet and fine linen it shall rot: the leaden coffin and the arched vault may separate it from vulgar dust; but even here shall the worm find it, nor shall his hunger be satisfied till he strip it to the bones. In the mean while, the laboured epitaph is mocking it with titles, and belying it with praises: the passenger must be staid, to lament its loss; and the reader is called upon to weep, that a person illustriously descended should be so like the rest of his fellow creatures—as to die.

"The procession may be long, and set off with all the finery that pride can invent, or money can purchase; in so much that women shall stand amazed, and children shall hold up their hands with astonishment: yet all this midnight shew, which has raised the curiosity of multitudes, and with purposed delays has increased it into impatience, can go no further with him than to his grave; here must all his states leave him, and the honours are his no longer.

"Having thus amused myself in contemplating the vanity of human greatness; what is it, said I, that can thus make us startle, and shrink at the thoughts of death? The mighty and the rich of the world may tremble, but what is the sting of death to those, whose life has been altogether misery? or what power has the grave over the unhappy? is it not rather a refuge from violence and oppression, and a retreat from insolence and contempt? is it not a protection to the defenceless, and a security to him who had no place to flee unto? Surely in death there is safety, and in the grave there is peace; this wipes off the sweat of the poor labouring man, and takes the load from the bended back of the weary traveller: this dries up the tears of the disconsolate, and maketh the heart of the sorrowful to forget its

throbbing; it is this eases the agonies of the diseased, and giveth a medicine to the hopeless incurable: this discharges the naked and hungry insolvent; and releases him from his confinement, who must not otherwise have come thence, till he had paid the uttermost farthing: it is this that rescues the slave from his heavy taskmaster, and frees the prisoner from the cruelties of him that cannot pity. This silences the clamours of the defamer, and hushes the virulence of the whisperer. The infirmities of age, and the unwearinesses of youth, the blemishes of the deformed, the phrenzies of the lunatic, and the weaknesses of the ideot, are here all buried together; and who shall see them? Let the men of gaiety and laughter be terrified with the scenes of their departure, because their pleasure is no more; but let the sons of wretchedness and affliction smile and be comforted, for their deliverance draweth nigh, and their pain ceaseth.

"With these and many other reflections, which the compass of a letter cannot contain, I left the chambers of the dead. What first occurred to me after this solitary walk, I have communicated to you: at present perhaps you may think them little worthy your regard; or look on them at best as the product of a sickly and distempered brain. A lecture of mortality, to a maiden in the prime of her health and beauty, you may suppose can come only from a gloomy and disturbed mind, to fortify and prepare the soul against the day when the face of the fairest shall gather blackness, the heart of the strongest shall fail, and the mirth of the most frolicksome shall depart from him. The prospect, I believe, may be unwelcome; but unseasonable it cannot be, while youth is subject to diseases, and while beauty is deceitful. I desire you to accept of this night piece, drawn by an artless hand; and when that hand shall be mouldering in dust, to peruse the picture, and then be assured that though it be artless—it is true.

"It must be the frequent perusal of gravestones and monuments, and the many walks I have taken in a church-yard, that have given me so great a distaste for life; the usual sight of mortality, corruption, and nakedness, must inevitably lead one to a serious reflection on the vanity of all worldly greatness. The very pride of a man, considered in this view, is his reproach, and his haughtiness becomes his shame.

"From this representation of human meanness and frailty, may be drawn excellent lessons of humility to the ambitious, and very comfortable instructions to the dejected and low-spirited.

"Amidst the various interruptions and diversons of life, which take up by far the best and most valuable part of it: there is one thought still, ever and anon, arising in the mind; which is, what shall the end of these things be! This is a thought that will not be wholly stifled and suppressed: for the answer is ready, peremptory, and convincing—The end is death.

"If death then be, as it undeniably is, a cessation from vanity, for such is almost every thing we call pleasure; what courage and constancy, what manliness and resolution, does it not require, to be at once stripped of all those dear enjoyments which engage and destroy so considerable a part of our lives.

"There lives not that man of gaiety, who would not be startled with the thought of being snatched away from his delights; yet what is more frequent!

"A prisoner, who has deluded himself with the expectation of a reprieve, would be extremely shocked to be called away from the midst of his mirth to execution."

The following is at once rational, pious, and affecting:—

*A Letter from the Author, to his Wife, a few weeks before his death.**

"Being warned by the hand of God that my dissolution draweth nigh, I thank the divine goodness for giving

* This letter, though rather of a private nature, is published as a testimony of the author's goodness of heart; and the reader is further informed, that from the conscientious motives therein mentioned, the author was induced to refuse some very valuable ecclesiastical preferment offered him in the most liberal manner by a late noble duke.

me this timely notice, and not cutting me off suddenly in the midst of my sins: that he has granted me leisure, and a due sense of my follies and corruptions, and thereby enabled me to make my reconciliation with him, before that I am no more seen. I esteem it as a great instance of his mercy, that he has not afflicted me with any delirium, or disease that would have deprived me of my memory or senses; but has visited me with a distemper, which, however otherwise grievous, has given me time and opportunity to look back into my past life, and with seriousness and attention to consider my latter end.

"Upon recollection, I find the offences of my youth and the transgressions of my riper years are so many, that, were not the mercy of God as infinite as his justice, I might despair of pardon. But, through the merits and intercession of a crucified Saviour, I humbly hope forgiveness. As the Almighty has himself declared that he delighteth not in the death of a sinner; I beseech him that his extensive compassion may reach even unto me: and in dutiful confidence thereof, I submit myself to his holy will, with resignation, constancy, and cheerfulness.

"For that part of my behaviour that relates to my fellow-creature man; if that should happen to be less exceptionable; if I have not willingly and deliberately injured my neighbour, by calumny, oppression, or extortion, not unto me, but unto God be the praise. I hope it may in some measure compensate for my many other misdeeds, and so far procure the favour and candour of all those who are so sensible of their own failings as to overlook and forget mine.

"There is one thing which I have often heard myself charged with; and that is my neglect of entering into holy orders, and a due preparation for that sacred office. Though I think myself in strictness answerable to none but God and my own conscience; yet, for the satisfaction of the person that is dearest to me, I own and declare, that the importance of so great a charge, joined with a mistrust of my own sufficiency, made me fearful of undertaking it: if I have not in that capacity assisted in the salvation of souls, I have not been the means of losing any: if I have not brought reputation to the function by any merit of mine, I have the comfort of this reflection, I have given no scandal to it, by my meanness and unworthiness. It has been my sincere desire, though not my happiness, to be as useful in my little sphere of life as possible: my own inclinations would have led me to a more likely way of being serviceable, if I might have pursued them; however, as the method of education I have been brought up in was, I am satisfied, very kindly intended, I have nothing to find fault with, but a wrong choice, and the not knowing those disabilities I have since been truly conscious of: those difficulties I have endeavoured to get over; but found them insuperable. It has been the knowledge of those discouragements, that has given me the greatest uneasiness I have ever met with: that has been the chief subject of my sleeping as well as my waking thoughts, a fear of reproach and contempt.

"To the question, what I now am? I answer, an unhappy composition of Weakness, Folly, and Sin; but what I shall be hereafter, is that which startles and perplexes me. Here I am lost in amazement and dread! The most pleasing and the dearest engagements of this world, as having nothing in them solid, sincere, or lasting, I could readily forego: but the looking-for of that unknown state, into which I am to enter when I put off this body of frailty and corruption, is confounding and terrible. The prospect into futurity is all darkness and uncertainty; nor can the nearest relation or friend, who is gone before me, repass the gulph that is fixed between us, to give me the least notice or intimation of it. It is this thought that forbids me, polluted as I now am, though ever so much wearied with life, to wish for my dissolution; this reminds me, that, though the body be sleeping and mouldering in the grave, the soul dieth not, nor yet slumbereth: the place and condition of unbodied spirits, who of all mankind knoweth! What thought can conceive that which the eye never saw, nor the

ear heard of! Who shall inform me of that state, from whence there is no return?

"Surely there is a reward for the righteous; the souls of the faithful after they are delivered from the burden of the flesh, are undoubtedly in joy and felicity; but then where shall the ungodly and the sinner appear? where shall I, who have spent many years in idleness and vanity, and have no merit of my own to plead for me! where shall I, who have not treasured up one good work to bespeak the favour of the Almighty; and have only the sufferings of Jesus Christ, and those very sufferings often slighted, trampled on, and rejected by me, to offer in my behalf?

"But oh! may the goodness of God, if there be still mercy left for me, while it is yet called to-day, before the night cometh on, so assist me with his grace in working out my salvation, that neither the desire of life, nor the dread of death, may withdraw my thoughts from him! but that, in this my day, I may consider the things which make for my peace, before they are hid from my eyes. In humble confidence thereof, and in full assurance of his most gracious mercy to all returning sinners, I will endeavour to fortify and prepare myself against the terrors of death."

POEMS, *by the Rev.* GEORGE CRABBE, LL.B. *Third edition.* 1 vol. 8vo. 1808.

IT is not often that the labours of a reviewer are of that pleasing nature so as to make him contented with himself and his author. Called upon, as he most generally is, to expose the absurdities of false taste, the errors of ignorance, the unabashed boldness of impudence, and the pretensions of dullness, he is necessarily driven to harshness of language and severity of sentiment. It is a delightful repose to him when he happens to meet with a work whose merits are so numerous and conspicuous, and whose errors so few and unimportant, that he has little else to do than to resign his mind into his author's hands, and placidly to receive instruction and delight. Such has been the case in perusing the poems of Mr. Crabbe, and we hasten, with unfeigned pleasure, to communicate to our readers a portion of the pleasure we have felt.

The name of our author is familiar to every reader, though he has buried himself in voluntary oblivion for so many years. In our juvenile days we remember to have read, in *Selections* and *Beauties*, the "*Parish* Workhouse," the "Village Apothecary," &c. and to have read them with delight; and riper years have only sanctioned with our judgment what was before the approbation of our feeling.

The first poem in the present volume, "The Village," was read in MS. and approved of by Dr. Johnson: his words were, in a letter to Sir Joshua Reynolds, "it is original, vigorous, and elegant." To this praise, thus expressed, no reader will object.

We hope, however, that if pastoral writers have drawn too placid and happy a picture of rural innocence and manners, Mr. Crabbe has, on the other hand, sketched too dark and gloomy a one. It is pleasing to think that man, assembled into small societies, will be less depraved than where he mingles with fortuitous characters, and finds vice spreading by contagion like the rapid gangrene: it is pleasing to think, that where nature reigns in fields and vallies, the tenants of those fields will be less corrupt than the inhabitant of towns, who breathes an infected moral atmosphere from his birth. But Mr. Crabbe tell us no.—He paints village manners as approximating in their general character to the universal manners of men: and he draws scenes of vice and misery, which fancy had hitherto banished from the cottage.

"Yes, thus the Muses sing of happy Swains,
Because the Muses never knew their pains:
They boast their Peasants' pipes: but Peasants now
Resign their pipes and plod behind the plough;
And few amid the Rural-tribe have time,
To number syllables and play with rhyme;
Save honest DUCK, what son of Verse could share
The Poet's rapture and the Peasant's care?

Or the great labours of the Field degrade,
With the new peril of a poorer trade?

From this chief cause these idle praises spring,
That themes so easy, few forbear to sing;
For no deep thought the trifling subjects ask,
To sing of Shepherds is an easy task;
The happy youth assumes the common strain,
A Nymph his mistress and himself a Swain;
With no sad scenes he clouds his tuneful prayer,
But all, to look like her, is painted fair.

I grant indeed that Fields and Flocks have charms,
For him that gazes or for him that farms;
But when amid such pleasing scenes I trace
The poor laborious natives of the place,
And see the mid-day sun, with fervid ray,
On their bare heads and dewy temples play;
While some, with feebler heads and fainter hearts,
Deplore their fortune, yet sustain their parts;
Then shall I dare these real ills to hide,
In tinsel trappings of poetic pride?

No; cast by Fortune on a frowning coast,
Which neither Groves nor happy Valleys boast;
Where other cares than those the Muse relates,
And other shepherds dwell with other mates;
By such examples taught, I paint the Cot,
As Truth will paint it and as Bards will not:
For you, ye Poor, of letter'd scorn complain,
To you the smoothest song is smooth in vain;
O'ercome by labour and bow'd down by time,
Feel you the barren flattery of a Rhyme?
Can Poets sooth you, when you pine for bread,
By winding myrtles round your ruin'd shed?
Can their light tales your weighty griefs o'erpower,
Or glad with airy mirth the toilsome hour?"

While enumerating those whom poetry had found at the plough, or in the labours of husbandry, he might have added the name of *Burns*, and *perhaps* that of *Bloomfield*, who, considered merely as an unlettered songster, merits some praise.

Mr. Crabbe's manner frequently reminds us of Cowper, particularly when he is half ironical, half sarcastic. He has not indeed the vigour of Cowper, but he has his humour and his playfulness.

The following truth is feelingly and forcibly expressed. Addressing the rich and proud, who prate about the humble content and wholesome simplicity of the peasant's fare, the poet exclaims,—

Oh trifle not with woes you cannot feel,
Nor mock the misery of a stinted meal;
Homely, not wholesome, plain, not plenteous, such
As you who praise would never deign to touch.

Mr. Crabbe excels in felicitous similes. The following is very happy. An old man, complaining of his length of years and necessity of toiling, says,

"Why do I live, when I desire to be
"At once from life and life's long labour free?
"Like leaves in spring, the young are blown away,
"Without the sorrows of a slow decay;
"I, like yon wither'd leaf, remain behind,
"Nipt by the frost and shivering in the wind;
"There it abides till younger buds come on,
"As I, now all my fellow swains are gone;
"Then, from the rising generation thrust,
"It falls, like me, unnotic'd to the dust."

The first book of the *Village* ends with a highly wrought picture, which we will extract:—

Thus groan the Old, till, by disease oppress,
They taste a final woe, and then they rest.
Their's is yon House that holds the Parish Poor,
Whose walls of mud scarce bear the broken door;
There, where the putrid vapours flagging play,
And the dull wheel hums doleful through the day,—
There Children dwell who know no Parents' care,
Parents, who know no Children's love, dwell there;
Heart-broken Matrons on their joyless bed,
Forsaken Wives and Mothers never wed;
Dejected Widows with unheeded tears,
And crippled Age with more than childhood-fears;
The Lame, the Blind, and, far the happiest they!
The moping Idiot and the Madman gay.
Here too the Sick their final doom receive,
Here brought amid the scenes of grief, to grieve,
Where the loud groans from some sad chamber flow,
Mixt with the clamours of the crowd below;

Here sorrowing, they each kindred sorrow scan,
And the cold charities of man to man:
Whose laws indeed for ruin'd Age provide,
And strong compulsion plucks the scrap from pride;
But still that scrap is bought with many a sigh,
And pride imbitters what it can't deny.

Say ye, opprest by some fantastic woes,
Some jarring nerve that baffles your repose;
Who press the downy couch, while slaves advance
With timid eye, to read the distant glance;
Who with sad prayers the weary Doctor tease,
To name the nameless ever-new disease;
Who with mock patience dire complaints endure,
Which real pain and that alone can cure;
How would ye bear in real pain to lie,
Despis'd, neglected, left alone to die?
How would ye bear to draw your latest breath,
Where all that's wretched pave the way for death?

Such is that room which one rude beam divides,
And naked rafters from the sloping sides;
Where the vile bands that bind the thatch are seen,
And lath and mud are all that lie between;
Save one dull pane, that, coarsely patch'd, gives way
To the rude tempest, yet excludes the day:
Here, on a matted flock, with dust o'erspread,
The dropping wretch reclines his languid head;
For him no hand the cordial cup applies,
Or wipes the tear that stagnates in his eyes:
No friends with soft discourse his pain beguile,
Or promise hope till sickness wears a smile.

But soon a loud and hasty summons calls,
Shakes the thin roof, and echoes round the walls;
Anon, a Figure enters, quaintly neat,
All pride and business, bustle and conceit;
With looks unalter'd by these scenes of woe,
With speed that, entering, speaks his haste to go;
He bids the gazing throng around him fly,
And carries Fate and Physic in his eye;
A potent Quack, long vers'd in human ills,
Who first insults the victim whom he kills;
Whose murd'rous hand a drowsy Bench protect,
And whose most tender mercy is neglect.

Paid by the Parish for attendance here,
He wears contempt upon his sapient sneer;
In haste he seeks the bed where Misery lies,
Impatience mark'd in his averted eyes;
And, some habitual queries hurried o'er,
Without reply, he rushes on the door;
His drooping Patient, long inur'd to pain,
And long unheeded, knows remonstrance vain;
He ceases now the feeble help to crave
Of Man; and silent sinks into the grave.

But ere his death some pious doubts arise,
Some simple fears which "bold bad" men despise;
Fain would he ask the Parish Priest to prove
His title certain to the Joys above;
For this he sends the murmuring Nurse, who calls
The holy Stranger to these dismal walls;
And doth not he, the pious man, appear,
He, "passing rich with forty pounds a year?"
Ah! no, a Shepherd of a different stock,
And far unlike him, feeds this little Flock;
A jovial youth, who thinks his Sunday's task,
As much as God or Man can fairly ask;
The rest he gives to Loves and Labours light,
To Fields the morning and to Feasts the night;
None better skill'd the noisy pack to guide,
To urge their chace, to cheer them or to chide;
A Sportsman keen, he shoots through half the day,
And skill'd at Whist, devotes the night to play;
Then, while such honours bloom around his head,
Shall he sit sadly by the Sick Man's bed,
To raise the hope he feels not, or with zeal
To combat fears that e'en the pious feel?

Now once again the gloomy scene explore,
Less gloomy now; the bitter hour is o'er,
The Man of many Sorrows sighs no more.
Up yonder hill, behold how sadly slow
The Bier moves winding from the vale below;
There lie the happy Dead from trouble free,
And the glad Parish pays the frugal fee:
No more, O Death! thy victim starts to hear
Churchwarden stern, or kingly Overseer;
No more the Farmer claims his humble bow,
Thou art his lord, the best of tyrants thou!

Now to the Church behold the mourners come,
Sedately torpid and devoutly dumb;
The Village Children now their games suspend,
To see the Bier that bears their ancient Friend;
For he was one in all their idle sport,
And like a Monarch rul'd their little Court;

The pliant bow he form'd, the flying ball,
The bat, the wicket, were his labours all:
Him now they follow to his grave, and stand
Silent and sad, and gazing, hand in hand;
While bending low, their eager eyes explore
The mingled relicks of the Parish Poor:
The bell tolls late, the moping owl flies round,
Fear marks the flight and magnifies the sound;
The busy Priest, detain'd by weightier care,
Defers his duty till the day of prayer;
And waiting long, the crowd retire distrest,
To think a Poor Man's bones should lie unblest."

We pass over some verbal inaccuracies in the above, because we shall notice them and some others in another part of our criticism. The passage itself is conspicuous for vigour, truth, and feeling.

The second book of the Village falls far below the first; and the hyperbolical praise of Lord Robert Manners, of whom it can only be said that he died in the 24th year of his age, fighting for his country, carries its own censure with it, for who now remembers him? And yet, to read the following lines, who would not suppose that he had filled the world with his name like a Nelson or a Bonaparte?

"So THOU, when every virtue, every grace,
Rose in thy soul, or shone within thy face;
When, though the Son of GRANBY, Thou wert known
Less by thy Father's glory than thy own;
When Honour lov'd and gave Thee every charm,
Fire to thy eye and vigour to thy arm;
Then from our lofty hopes and longing eyes,
Fate and thy Virtues call'd Thee to the Skies;
Yet still we wonder at thy tow'ring fame,
And losing Thee, still dwell upon thy Name.

Oh! ever honour'd, ever valued, say,
What Verse can praise Thee, or what Work repay?
Yet Verse (in all we can) thy worth repays,
Nor trusts the tardy zeal of future days:—
Honours for Thee thy Country shall prepare,
Thee in their hearts, the Good, the Brave shall bear;
To deeds like thine shall noblest Chiefs aspire,
The Muse shall mourn Thee, and the World admire.

In future times, when smit with Glory's charms,
The untry'd youth first quits a Father's arms;—
"Oh! be like him," the weeping Sire shall say;
"Like MANNERS walk, who walk'd in Honour's way;
"In Danger foremost, yet in Death sedate,
"Oh! be like him in all things, but his fate!"

Would all this exuberance of praise have been bestowed, had a young midshipman, the son of some obscure tradesman, died as bravely?—No. But for a *Lord* to perish so early it was quite another thing! Poetry is debased to prostitution when she gives to title what ought to be given to truth. The praise in the above lines is meanly hyperbolical; and we are surprised the author should retain it in 1808 when he finds that all those honours which he prophesied for his hero have been wisely withheld by his country.

We will make one extract more from this second part:—

"And hark! the riots of the Green begin,
That sprang at first from yonder noisy Inn;
What time the weekly pay was vanish'd all,
And the slow Hostess scor'd the threat'ning wall;
What time they ask'd their friendly feast to close,
A final cup, and that will make them foes;
When blows ensue that break the arm of Toil,
And rustic battle ends the boobies' broil.

Save when to yonder Hall they bend their way;
Where the grave Justice ends the grievous fray;
He who recites, to keep the Poor in awe,
The Law's vast volume—for he knows the Law—
To him with anger or with shame repair
The injur'd Peasant and deluded Fair.

Lo! at his throne the silent Nymph appears,
Frail by her shape, but modest in her tears;
And while she stands abash'd, with conscious eye,
Some favourite Female of her Judge glides by:
Who views with scornful glance the strumpet's fate,
And thanks the stars that made her Keeper great:
Near her the Swain, about to bear for life
One certain evil, doubts 'twixt War and Wife;
But, while the faultering Damsel takes her oath,
Consents to wed, and so secures them both.

Yet why, you ask, these humble crimes relate,
Why make the Poor as guilty as the Great?
To shew the Great, those mightier sons of Pride,
How near in vice the lowest are allied;
Such are their natures and their passions such,
But these disguise too little, those too much:
So shall the man of Power and Pleasure be
In his own Slave as vile a wretch as he;
In his luxurious Lord the Servant find
His own low pleasures and degenerate mind:
And each in all the kindred vices trace,
Of a poor, blind, bewilder'd, erring Race;
Who, a short time in varied fortune past,
Die, and are equal in the dust at last.

And you, ye Poor, who still lament your fate,
Forbear to envy those you call the Great;
And know, amid those blessings they possess,
They are, like you, the victims of distress;
While Sloth with many a pang torments her slave,
Fear waits on Guilt, and Danger shakes the brave."

[*To be continued.*]

ORIGINAL POETRY.

ON RICHES.

BOAST not to me Peruvian Ore,
Or Coromandel's glowing shore,
Where richer gems are found;
The bliss of these is specious show,
So Nature thought, when deep below
She hid them underground.

Tho' polish'd fine, by toils of art,
Say, can the brilliant blaze impart
The vivid glare of health?
Or bid, when life no longer charms,
The bosom beat to joys alarms:
Then tell me—what is Wealth?

Oh say! when o'er the couch we bend,
Where droops some dear departing friend,
Can wealth his flight delay?
Or when the spark of hope is fled,
Despair still hovering near its dead—
Can wealth revive the clay?

What Nature asks indeed is small,
A little compass circles all
The wants that gold supplies:
But trace the wants of mind in man,
'Tis then, you'll find the boundless plan
Extends to distant skies.

One only substitute below,
And ah! how few the blessing know
To be belov'd and love;
For since 'tis love that gives delight
In regions where, 'midst purer light,
Superior beings move.

Mile End. M. M.

To ANNA.

ON Anna's cheeks the lovely bloom
To beauty lent a ray;
But deadly "COLD" now fix'd their doom,
And drove each *rose* away!

Since either cheek no longer glows,
Two *lillies* now appear,
And, in the absence of the rose,
Place *angel whiteness* there.

Thus Nature feels for Anna's sake,
And sees her loss with pain;
Gives the *pale lily* to each cheek,
Her beauty to retain.

Oh happy Girl! since Nature's hand
O'er thee her favours strew,—
The *lillies* rise, at her command,
Where blush'd *the rosy hue.*

Majestic as the silver moon,
With *paleness in her look*,—
Thus Anna still in Beauty shone
When Bloom her cheek forsook.

Like the pale orb, the lillies end
Their transitory reign;
For Nature bids the *sun ascend*,
And *roses bloom again.*

ANNA'S FRIEND.

SONNET TO MORNING.

DEEP lowing murmurs wake the jocund day,
In paly fire quick gleams the spiral light;
The orient kindling sheds a silver ray,
And half unveils the landscape to the sight.

Night's shadows swiftly pass; the rosy Morn
Blushing ascends from yon white fleecy bed;
The dew-drop, sparkling, trembles on the thorn,
The fragrant flower unfolds its beaut'ous head!

All Nature smiles! the cheerful song of praise
Floats on the gale—wild warbled thro' the grove:
Man! silent, grateful adoration pays,
Creation teems with life, and health, and love.

Blest Inspiration! seeks the holy hour,—
Pensive the Poet soars, and owns her sacred pow'r.

Prince's Place, Vauxhall-Road, 2d Nov. 1808. C. H. T.

SONNET TO EVENING.

HAIL, placid Eve! as faintly to the sight
Thee I discern in yon dim western sky,
That beams around thy sober soften'd light,
And tells to Nature thy mild reign is nigh.

Come heav'nly Guest! that lov'st the silent hour!
Sister of Eve, meek Twilight! thee I woo:
Come, and o'er anguish shed Lethean pow'r,
Chac'd spectr'd Care, each bitter thought subdue.

With balmy slumbers weary eye-lids close;
Hush'd is the scene, Creation owns thy sway:
Exhausted Nature sinks to soft repose,
The sweet refreshment from the toils of day.
See at thy shrine, still Eve! a suppliant bend,
And oh! thy Empire to *this heart* extend.

Prince's Place, Vauxhall-Road, 2d Nov. 1808. C. H. T.

TO THE MOON.

O THOU! who climb'st the steep of night,
Why 'neath thy paly beams
Roam I alone in weeds bedight,
Secluded from the world's delight,
Wrapt in illusive dreams?

Why does my ear transported dwell
On sounds from secret lyres?
Say, why within yon dewy cell
Clasp I at eve my plaintive shell,
And sweep its warbling wires?

Can such romantic scenes impart
A joy to Memory dear?
Can they ameliorate the smart
That preys within my canker'd heart,
Or chase Misfortune's tear?

Ay! they can soothe the doting mind—
Can still the lab'ring breast—
And yield th' Enthusiast's soul refin'd,
What language never yet defin'd,
Nor music yet exprest!

Hence, lonely haunts I e'er revere,
Illumin'd by thy light;
Hence, visionary strains are dear
That vibrate in the welkin clear,
When thou adorn'st the night.

Yes! gentle Moon! I love to roam
Beneath thy silvery beams,
Those flowery walks, whose rich perfume,
Surrounds my Blackshaw's holy tomb,
That near the willow gleams.

For unmolested there I stray,
Deep-musing on thy fate:
There far from noise resume the lay—
There watch the placid beams decay—
While Contemplation points the way
To Heaven's imperial gate.

Grafton-street, Oct. 1808. J. G.

ODE TO THE SWALLOW,

On its Departure.

FAREWEL, fond guest! from Albion's clime
Why wing'st thou now thy dubious way
To where, in heav'n's blue vault sublime,
Augmenting suns prolong the day?

No more in Albion's lucid skies
To sport beneath the solar beam;
No more in air to fall and rise,
Or sweep, with rapid wings, the stream.

Say, do the chilling gales that blow,
Heralds of Winter's reign, alarm thee?
Some ill forebode and bid thee go
Where winds nor snows have pow'r to harm thee?

Or has some envious blast destroy'd
(Of such a deed 'tis pain to think)
The nest which all thy care employ'd,
High built beneath the chimney's brink?

And so depriv'd of every charm
Thy bosom owns in Albion's air,
In grief thou fliest to climes more warm,
In hopes to find protection there!

If such thy plight, this tender breast
Compassion's purest pang shall know,
Of deeper sorrows unpossess'd,
It feels for e'en a Swallow's woe!

But if vain fears thy wings excite,
Prompt thee to quit the vocal vale,
And o'er the main to wing thy flight,
Regardful of the warning gale;

Let me intreat thee still to stay
On Albion's shore, nor heed the wind
That bleakly blows, and seems to say—
"The tyrant, Winter, lags behind."

For through the pathless realms of air
What friendly pow'r shall guide thy wing!
Who, when long toils thy strength impair,
Shall see thee sport, or hear thee sing?

And as those weary wings subside,
Who shall support thy drooping form?
Who pluck thy pinions from the tide,
And snatch the dart from death's strong arm?

No tree blooms on the boundless main!
No cottage-chimney there is found!
No shelter from the wind and rain,
When heav'n's loud tumult roars around!

If on some bark thy hopes rely,
When heav'n is gloom'd with wrathful clouds,
The pilot may thy pray'r deny,
And chase thee ruthless from the shouds.

Then stay in Albion's clime with me,
Here sing the gloomy tide away
Beneath my roof, from dangers free,
And warm'd by comfort's genial ray.

The sole reward of thee I'll crave,
When Winter's gloom shall be forgot,
To hear thy well pois'd wings to wave,
And circle round my rural cot

Then while I view thee, with fond eye,
Both wisk and sing around the dome,
I'll to thy grateful song reply—
Seek here again thy Winter's Home!

Tilshead, Wiltshire WM TUCKER.
Downs, Nov. 1.

THE BEGGAR-WOMAN'S PETITION.

WITH hunger faint, worn down by age and grief,
A wretched Woman trembles at your door;
Oh! give for once some morsel of relief,
And Heav'n, approving, will increase your store.

These rags will scarce my nakedness conceal,
Or shield me from the pinching pains of cold;
These trickling tears declare the pangs I feel,
These wrinkles prove I'm miserably old.

Starving with want, to yonder lofty gate
I took my weary, solitary way;
With humble accents told my wretched fate;
With all the fervency of grief did pray.

Unhappy me! no pity could I find,
Not one small bit my hunger to allay;
Not one kind look to ease my troubled mind;
The gate was shut, and I was forc'd away.

Ah! little think the thoughtless, busy throng
How fickle Fortune turns her giddy wheel;
Her smiles to-day with you may glide along,
Her frowns to-morrow you like me may feel.

I once with youth and happiness was blest,
Unknown alike to age, and want, and care:
But now, alas! this poor afflicted breast
O'erflows with grief, and sinks beneath despair!

Weak, palsied age o'ertakes the bloom of youth,
And health has bidden me a long adieu:
Still more severe the melancholy truth—
No friend I have, save Charity and you.

On those in Poverty's cold region bred,
Sorrows like these may some affliction bring;
But yet on me, who happier days have led,
They harder press, and wound with deeper sting.

Riches, indeed, may various joys impart,
From hunger's gnawing pains may set us free;
Yet never more delight the feeling heart,
Than when bestow'd to feed a wretch like me.

What tho' by Fortune you have favour'd been,
E'en tho' she still may on your prospects shine;
The scene may change — misfortunes unforeseen
May plunge you into misery deep as mine.

Believe me, then, while yet you have the pow'r,
'Tis but a morsel that I humbly crave:
This aching heart once distant thought the hour
Itself should beg the boon it freely gave.

The ways of Heav'n what mortal shall dispute;
Perhaps my woes proceeded from design;
Perhaps they are meant to call from you the fruit
Of faith, of love, and charity divine.

I then, tho' poor, neglected, and forlorn,
Immortal blessings to your soul may give;
And while your morsel feeds me till the morn,
My poverty may make you ever live.

These fault'ring words are not the dismal tale
Of one who would on charity impose:
They flow, alas! (to Heav'n I dare appeal)
From real grief — unutterable woes.

Give then, oh! give, some portion of relief,
And Heav'n hereafter will the gift reward:
As pious Christians, be it your belief—
"Who gives to me, will lend unto the Lord."

HUMANUS.

SONNET.

ALONG these paths, where erst at evening hour,
My love and I sojourn'd from every foe,
And gave our souls to soft Affection's power,
I'm left to wander with remorseless woe:
Oft 'neath the covert of yon fragrant bower,
We sat alone and heard the streamlet flow;
There oft we shelter'd from the passing shower,
Pleas'd with the beauties of the glowing bow:
Then frenzied Rapture flam'd this troubled breast,
Love joyful led the laughing hours along:
Then hoary Time, with dappled flow'rets drest,
Smil'd 'midst the skies, nor thought his journey long!
But sullen Death, wrapp'd up in comely guise,
Breath'd on my Darling's lips, and film'd her radiant eyes!

Grafton-street, Oct. 1808. J. G.

THE NEW PATENTS.

Mr. JOHN WATSON'S, *of Bloomsbury, for certain Improvements in the art of Soap-making, by which the article is in several respects ameliorated.*

AFTER the soap has been formed or made in the usual manner, by boiling fat or oil with soap lees, or the solution of a considerably pure alkaline salt, and separated by the addition of common culinary salt, it is not put into the forms in order that it may become indurated for sale, but is diffused in a large quantity of pure water, with or without the assistance of heat, as may for the sake of expedition be preferred. The said soap is separated by the addition of common culinary salt; and repeated a greater number of times if necessary; the principal intention of the said process being to render the soap more perfectly neutral, by separating any uncombined alkali which may have subsisted in the first making, and also to throw up any uncombined oil, in case the boiling should not have been carried to the precise point which is needful for the formation of good soap. The same process is made use of for purifying and perfectly neutralizing such soaps as have been already made and completed in the common way; in order to which, it is convenient that the solid soap should be rasped, or scraped, or dried and pulverized, or otherwise divided by mechanical means, for the purpose of expediting the diffusion and solution, or suspension of the same in the fluid. A soap of uncommon beauty, closeness, and uniformity of texture is manufactured by the use and application of alcohol, or ardent spirit, as follows:—Pure soap is made, or soap already made, purified, by using the processes described; or, in case the soap intended is sufficiently pure, it is taken without any farther preparation, and subdivided into shavings, or small portions; a mixture is made of about one part, by weight, of the spirit, and two parts, or thereabouts, of the pure soap, but these proportions admit of considerable variations; it is caused to unite by moderate boiling, and in this state is poured into moulds, to be divided into lengths, or squares, or cakes, for sale; and the said lengths, squares, &c. are exposed in a fit place, or apartment, kept at a proper temperature for drying, or evaporating the solvent or spirit, or a considerable portion thereof, in order that the density and consistence of the said soap may increase, and its parts become so intimately applied to each other, as to produce a beautiful degree of transparency. In some cases a portion of sugar, or saccharine matter is added to the mixture, when a less degree of firmness is required; and as occasion may require, such well known materials are added, as may be needful, to give any particular odour, or scent, or colour, as may be thought or found most agreeable to the purchaser.

Mr. JOSEPH WILLMORE'S, *and Mr.* JOHN TONK'S, *of Birmingham, for a new Method and Process in the manufacturing of Nails.*

A NAIL-ROD is taken, of a size suitable to that of the nail intended to be manufactured, and applied to a common screw-press, mounted with proper cutters, and which cut off from the end of the rod two pieces at once, obliquely across in one place, and directly across in another. Two studs, or stops, are set up, which are attached to the press, and are adjustable by screws or other means, the stud being adjustable or moveable in the direction of the rod, for the purpose of ascertaining the length of the nail, and both being adjustable in the cross direction of the rod, so that the rod being gently pressed, the obliquity of the cut, according to the kind of nail to be made, is thereby determined, as well as the length of the nail; and the length of the two pieces may either be nearly equal or unequal, by means of the said adjustments, as will be evident on due consideration. This may be called the first operation.

The second operation is to anneal the pieces so cut off, if the iron should not be sufficiently malleable, which is done in the usual and well known manner.

The third operation is that of heading, which, for clasp-head nails, consists of two parts, one for gathering,

and the other for forming the head of the nail. The first part of this operation is performed by putting a piece cut off the rod of iron, as before described, into a pair of clams, leaving as much of the thick end projecting above the clams as is sufficient to form the head. These clams have steel bits let into them, with sharp edges, which press only against the two opposite sides of the piece, and which have the effect of two chissels, when the punch of the press is brought down upon the piece with considerable force, and raise or gather up the iron on each side, towards forming the head. The second part of this operation is to put the piece thus prepared into another pair of clams, having bits formed to correspond to the under side of the head; and the punch, having the impression of the upper side of the head engraved or sunk into it, is brought to press strongly upon the head in the clams, and thereby the clasp-head is properly formed. For nails intended to have rose heads, or any other kind of heads, except clasp-heads, the first part of this operation is not absolutely necessary, though it is thought advisable to be done, but the bits, which for clasp-nails must have sharp edges, must, for other kind of nails, have blunt edges, to prevent the under cutting. For the second part of this operation, the piece is put either into a pair of clams, or into the tool commonly called a bore, and then pressed with punches, properly engraved, or sunk, according to the kind of head wanted. By the first operation the piece cut off the rod of iron is formed something like a mortise-chissel; the present, or fourth operation, is to point it, which is done by putting the piece into a bed of steel, in which is cut a nick, or groove, having parallel sides, but the bottom rising towards the end where the point of the nail is to be formed; the punch, and the end which presses upon the point of the nail, is made to project farther than the other part, so as to meet the corresponding part of the bed, when the punch is brought upon the nail. The groove or nick in the bed should be just wide enough to receive the piece easily, but prevent it from twisting, when the impression is made. The piece is put twice into the nick, once with the chissel end lying horizontal, and next turned a quarter round to press the chissel edge into a pointed form. If the nails, by the strong pressure which is necessary in this operation should become too hard to clench, in such case they must be annealed in the ordinary way, which may be called the fifth operation.

The 3d, 4th, and 5th operations, above described, are applied to nails, or pieces cut off from sheet or rolled iron in the ordinary way; but as they in consequence of the fifth operation, which is necessary to give them the quality of clenching, are apt to be too soft to dry well, a sixth operation is applied:—viz. quenching them, when red hot, in water or other proper fluid, which gives them stiffness enough to drive without destroying the quality of clenching.

TRANSACTIONS OF LEARNED & ECONOMICAL SOCIETIES.

ROYAL SOCIETY.

On the Decomposition of the Alkalis.

MR. DAVY has had the pleasure of learning that a happy experiment, made upon his principles by the French chemists, has now put it into our power to procure potassium in considerable quantities. In the process alluded to, the great precaution necessary is, that the pot-ash should be as dry as possible. The metal obtained is rather heavier than that procured by electricity, and seems to contain a little iron, but it is proper for all analytical purposes.

It will indubitably appear that the French chemists have not only repeated Mr. Davy's experiments on pot-ash and soda, but also confirmed the accuracy of his researches by obtaining similar results by a different process. The following are the documents lately come to hand, to which we allude:—

M. M. Gay and Thenard have succeeded in deoxidating pot-ash by means of iron. The event is announced in *Correspondence sur l'Ecole Imperiale Polytecnique*, No. 10, in the following terms:

"A letter from London, dated 23d November, 1807, announced that Mr. Davy had succeeded, by means of a strong galvanic pile, in decomposing the two alkalis of pot-ash and soda; and that Mr. Davy had read, to the Royal Society of London, a memoir, in which he concluded that these two alkalis were metallic oxides.

"On the 6th of December, 1807, Messrs. Gay and Thenard repeated at the laboratory of the Polytecnic school the experiments of Mr. Davy, and actually obtained at the negative pole of a pile, with large plates, the two new metals, the existence of which had not been even suspected previously to Mr. Davy's experiments.

"The above two chemists, however, continued the enquiry in a new point of view; they proposed to themselves the discovery of a substance sufficiently oxidizable to take off the oxygen from the alkalis, which had been ascertained to be metallic oxides, and their experiments were followed with the greatest success.

"On the 7th of March, 1808, Messrs. Gay and Thenard informed the Institute of France, that upon treating pot-ash with iron, in the fire of a reverberating furnace, the iron deoxidated the pot-ash and made it pass to the metallic state."

"*On the Apparatus best adapted for deoxidating Pot-ash by Iron. By M. Hachette:*

"The gentlemen pages to the emperor being desirous of seeing the new metal obtained from pot-ash, I repeated, at their chemical laboratory, the experiment of Messrs. Gay and Thenard, in presence of the governor to the pages, M. d'Assigny.

"The apparatus is equally simple with that for the decomposition of water by means of iron, and every thing proceeds in the same way as in this last experiment. We put into a gun-barrel a quantity of iron filings, sufficient to fill that part of it which was inserted in the furnace: caustic pot-ash was introduced into one of its ends not inserted in the furnace, and the extremity was luted; a tube of safety was adapted to the other extremity of the gun-barrel, and a strong heat was then applied.

"The furnace I used upon the occasion, was 25 centimetres in diameter, with double blast bellows. While the furnace was strongly heated, I cooled with ice that part of the gun-barrel which contained the pot-ash; after continuing a strong heat for an hour, I melted the pot-ash by means of a small portable furnace of sheet iron; the gun-barrel being a little inclined towards the tubes of safety, the fused pot-ash came in contact with the iron: in an instant the hydrogen of its water of crystallization was disengaged by the extremity of the tube of safety, which was inserted under water.

"This disengagement of hydrogen is a certain mark of the success of the experiment. When it slackens, from the liquid pot-ash having cooled the iron, we may remove the small furnace placed under the pot-ash, which keeps it liquid, and restore to the iron the temperature necessary for receiving new liquid pot-ash.

"This last effect is, as we see, completely similar to what takes place in the decomposition of water; for if we pour too much water on the red-hot iron, the metal is cooled, and the water passes off in vapour, without being decomposed.

"Before fusing the pot-ash, in order to bring it over the iron, I placed in ice that part of the gun-barrel to which the tube of safety is adapted, and which serves as a refrigerant.

"In about half an hour from the moment at which the pot-ash is fused, the disengagement of hydrogen ceases, and the operation is concluded.

"When the furnace is quite cold, the safety tube is taken away, and the extremity of the gun-barrel is closed by a plug. In order to extract the metal, the gun-barrel is cut at the commencement of the part which has served for a refrigerant and the metal *(potassium)* presents itself in the form of small brilliant laminæ, adhering to the sides of the gun-barrel; the greatest quantity is found close to the refrigerant; another portion is not condensed, until it is very close to the plug of the safety-tube; this last portion adheres very slightly to the gun-barrel, and the least effort is sufficient to detach it: it is even partly

oxidized by air admitted during the cooling of the furnace; and when the whole is received over into naptha, the oxidized part is detached in laminæ, and exposes to view a white and brilliant metallic surface.

"As to the portion of pot-ash condensed nearer the furnace, it must be detached by means of a sharp chissel, and in the largest pieces we can possibly break off; for if it be in small molecules, it inflames in the air, even at a very low temperature. When it cannot be detached in large pieces, it must be kept in a gas deprived of oxygen, or in naptha; it was by plunging it in oil, that I extracted it from the gun-barrel.

"We also find in the gun-barrel portions of amalgamated iron and potassium; they adhere very strongly to the part of the gun-barrel which occupies the middle of the furnace, they become green in the air, and are easily decomposed: the pot-ash returns in a very short time to its first state.

"In order to obtain the potassium conveniently, and on a large scale, we must procure a gun-barrel of a large diameter, which must be heated throughout a great part of its length, and with a tube at its extremity, in which liquid pot-ash is kept. This tube must be disposed in such a manner, that we may be able to let fall whatever quantity of oxide of liquid pot-ash we please; and we should volatilize it before putting it in contact with the iron; we should place another gun-barrel, in two pieces, at the extremity of the former; the barrel composed of two pieces would serve as a refrigerant, and could be opened in order to collect the metal."

SOCIETY OF ARTS.

Account of a floating light, calculated to save the lives of persons who have the misfortune to fall overboard in the night from any ship. Invented by Mr. Wm. Shipley.

MR. SHIPLEY's floating light consists of a hollow vessel of tinned iron plate made in the form of a boat, 27 inches long, 13 broad in the middle, and 12 deep; from the gunwale of this boat a handle projects on each side, intended for the man who has fallen into the water to lay hold of, and thus support himself; the buoyancy of the boat being amply sufficient to keep a man from sinking. A frame work and gimbals are affixed above the middle part of the deck of the boat, for the reception of a swinging lanthorn, which is to contain a lamp, and which, by means of the gimbals, will always adjust itself to a position nearly vertical. It is recommended that this float be placed every night under the care of the officers on watch: that its lamp be frequently trimmed, and supplied with fresh oil, and its wick moistened with oil of turpentine, in order that it may take fire with the least touch of a lamp or candle. When a man falls into the water the lamp is immediately lighted, and the float which carries it is to be let down into the water by a small cord attached to an iron reel; the remainder of the cord is then made fast to the reel, and both thrown into the sea, in order that the weight of the reel may cause the cord to hang vertically, and thus be in no danger of entangling the legs of the unfortunate man. The light will direct him to the float, and as soon as he has reached it, (for it is supposed he can swim) he is to take hold of the handles, and may move it very fast which way he pleases, only by striking his legs in the same manner he does when he swims. The ship on tacking about is directed by the light to the float; and having come near it, the man is rescued from the watery element by the following process:—a lanthorn with a rope-ladder is to be let down by a cord from the ship, till a cross bar below the lanthorn (but not at the bottom of the ladder) touches the water, which the mariners in the ship may see by means of the light from the bottom of the lanthorn; and thus the man in the water may lay hold of the cross bar, and fix his feet on one of the steps of the rope-ladder, when he may lay hold of the iron handle of the float with one hand, and hang it on a hook projecting from the ladder above the cross-bar; which being done, the man and float may be both safely raised into the ship.

NATIONAL INSTITUTE OF FRANCE.

On the Signals of the Antients. Read by M. Mongez.

[*Concluded from p.* 343.]

CÆSAR, in his Commentaries, speaking of the Romans who had been massacred at Genabum (Orleans) says, "When any event of importance, and which concerns the general interests of the nation, happens amongst the Gauls, they communicate the intelligence of it by loud cries across the fields. These cries are heard by others, who, in like manner, repeat them to their neighbours. This was done on the present occasion; for before the end of the first watch, the inhabitants of the borders of Averni (Auvergne) had been made acquainted with what had been transacted at Genabum (Orleans) at sun rise, though the interval be about 160,000 paces (23 myriametres, 555, or 49 leagues of 2,500 toises)."

Some experiments being made in the *Place des Invalides* the results were, that in calm weather, or at a distance from hills or houses, which cause an echo, or in a plain, one or more words cannot be distinctly heard, though loudly vociferated, at a greater distance than 280 French feet. It may however be extended to about 300 feet by persons with strong voices, who are habituated to this kind of exercise. The same result does not happen with respect to inarticulate sounds, or the cries or exclamations used by bargemen, sailors, officers giving the word of command, who pronounce only the last syllable distinctly, &c. These exclamations may be understood at much greater distance; and certain travellers inform us, that the American savages inform their companions of their danger by means of cries, which are understood at the distance of half a league.

Supposing then, first, that these cries of the Gauls were intelligible at the distance of about 50 toises; secondly, that the persons employed in the correspondence had been stationed in a direct line from Genabum (Orleans) to Gergovia, distant from each other about 53 leagues, it would appear that 2630 men, or 50 for each league, would have been required. If so considerable a number had been employed in transmitting the intelligence, we must suppose that they were stationed before hand for that particular purpose, or what is still more improbable, that they had been engaged from the beginning of the war. The narrative of Cæsar, then, does not appear to be accurate; but it may be brought nearer to probability, by supposing, that they were signals, the nature of which had been carefully concealed from the Roman General, and which, deceived by the popular rumours, he had been induced to believe to be only certain cries. These beacons might have been placed near the scite of the town of Bourges, at Toul-Sainte-Croix, and Puy de Dome. Each of these distances is less than that from the promontory of Lilybœum to Cape Bon.

It is a mistake to suppose that the ancients used instruments for the purpose of increasing the strength and loudness of the voice; and the word *clamour*, in this passage of Cæsar, expressly does away every idea of it. The speaking-trumpet of the moderns has not been invented two hundred years. Would the ancients have so often praised particular men on account of the extraordinary strength of their voices, if by such an instrument they had been able to quadruplicate the strength and extent of the human voice? Would Homer have several times mentioned Stentor, if a speaking-trumpet could have enabled Agamemnon to give his orders in such a manner, as to be distinctly heard and understood by his whole army?

Cleomenes, the Astronomer, says, "Xerxes stationed men at various places from Susa to Athens, for the purpose of speedily conveying intelligence to Persia, of the event of his warlike operations against the Athenians. By this means news arrived in Persia from Greece, in the space of one night and one day." On the maps of Danville, the distance in a direct line, from Athens to Susa, is about 480 leagues. But as this correspondence is not said to have been carried on by means of carrier-pigeons, and the Egean sea would have interrupted the vocal transmission, we must add to the distance the extent of road between Athens and the Hellespont. The real distance thus becomes

520 leagues; and for such a mode of correspondence as is mentioned by Cleomenes, no less than 26,000 men would have been required; and it is quite incredible that so great a number should have been so employed.

What Diodorus Siculus relates of Eumenes, is still more marvellous. He says, that being encamped on the banks of the Tigris, and wishing to be joined by 10,000 archers, from the most remote parts of the Persian empire, he employed for that purpose the vocal correspondence established in that country; and that by this means his orders were transmitted in the course of a single day, to provinces at the distance of 30 days journey. It is necessary to remark here, that Diodorus expressly says, that for this business they chose such persons as had the strongest voices; from which it may be concluded that they did not use any kind of speaking-trumpet. A day's journey in Asia is usually reckoned to be about 5 myriametres: the 30 days journey would accordingly be equal to 150 myriametres, (or about 308 leagues); and 15,408 men would have been required.

Is it probable that Xerxes should have employed in a single line of correspondence 26,000, Eumenes, 15,000, and the Gauls 3,000 men? Is it not more natural to suppose, that this vocal correspondence was a false report, circulated by the respective governments for the purposes of drawing off the attention of the enemy from the signals, by means of which the correspondence was actually carried on? Diodorus himself authorizes this conjecture; for in the same book where the passage relative to Eumenes is found, he says of Antigonus, another of Alexander's Generals, that "he stationed throughout all Asia fire beacons and messengers, that his orders might be promptly communicated and executed." The real means, then, employed, for the quick transmission of intelligence, were various kinds of signals and couriers.

Thus Herodotus, whose veracity is acknowledged by all, does not attribute any other to the Persians; neither does the author of the "Treatise de Mundo," which is found in the collection of the works ascribed to Aristotle. The latter says expressly "the kings of Persia had stationed in the country of Asia, subject to their sway, couriers on horseback, centinels, and fire beacons, that they might have intelligence sent them in one day of any commotions that happened in Asia, from the confines of the empire, to Susa and Ecbatana."

It is true that these means, being confined in number and position, could convey only the substance of the news; but couriers soon after brought the details, and in this manner the correspondence by means of our modern telegraphs is still conducted.

VARIETIES, LITERARY AND PHILOSOPHICAL;

With Notices respecting Men of Letters, Artists, and Works in Hand, &c. &c.

THREE volumes of Essays on the Art of War and on Modern Military Tactics, is preparing for the press, by the editor of Letters of a General Officer to his Son on entering the Army, under the title of the Military Mentor.

Dr. Carey intends publishing a Familiar English Grammar, intended as an easy introduction to the more difficult grammars, and formed to facilitate the business of English prosody and versification.

Mr. J. Murdoch, known as the author of several elementary works on the French language, intends to publish by subscription a Dictionary of Distinctions, consisting of three alphabets, containing:—1st, words the same in sound, but of different spelling and signification, with which are classed others that have any similarity of sound; 2d, words that vary in pronunciation and meaning, as accentuated or connected; 3d, the changes in sound and sense produced by the addition of the letter *e*. The shades of difference are pointed out and noted according to the plan of Mr. Walker's dictionary.

The prospectus of a new work, by Mr. A. Walker, Lecturer on Physio-

logy, &c. has been issued, under the title of "The Archives of Universal Science," to be published quarterly. Its grand object will be to give in detail all those subjects which other journals embrace, with some that they omit, &c. &c.

Mr. Cumberland has consented to place his name at the head of a new Review, the professed object of which is to rescue literature from the tyranny and knavery of anonymous criticism. The writers in anonymous reviews are charged with having impudently imposed upon the public confidence so far as to threaten the total confusion of all right and wrong, and with having practiced tricks little superior to those of advertising money-lenders.

Mr. Robert Kerr Porter, since his return from Russia in consequence of the war, has been engaged in preparing for publication, a collection of drawings, representing the costume and manners of Russia and Sweden, and a journal of his travels into remote parts of the Russian empire.

The Rev. Mr. Daniel, author of Rural Sports, intends to publish, in one volume quarto, a History of the Horse, containing directions relative to the breeding, rearing, training, &c. the race-horse, the hunter, the hackney, the carriage, and the cart-horse, for the different uses of the turf, the field, &c. with anecdotes appertaining to each class, with the method of treating the disorders of horses.

A work on *Capital Punishments* is in considerable forwardness, which will contain, amongst other articles, extracts from the writings of Judge Blackstone, Dr. Johnson, Beccaria, Sir Thomas More, Motesquieu, and Dr. Paley, on this very important subject.

ARTS, SCIENCES, &c.

There is at present, in London, a man in the situation of porter to a nobleman, who has successfully attempted to copy several paintings of the most eminent masters, and whose labours have been so highly approved of by some of the most distinguished lovers of the arts, that his copies have obtained a place in several of the most splendid collections of modern paintings.—A *Belisarius* of this new artist, copied from one of the last productions of Opie, was lately disposed of for 25 guineas; it was put up by lottery at a guinea a piece to 25 subscribers; amongst whom were some of the most distinguished patrons of the arts; it fell to the lot of Mr. Longman of Paternoster-row, and is now in his possession. Other pieces copied by the same hand from paintings of celebrity have obtained places in the cabinets of the Rev. Dr. Todd, Mr. M'Donald, of Spring Gardens (son to the Lord Chief Baron), Mr. Thomas Hope, Lord Yarborough, and the Marquis of Stafford.

Vegetable Tallow.—At Gratz, in Silesia, a dissertation has lately been published to recommend the institution of a new candle manufactory. The author states, that the blossoms of the *populus nigra*, or black poplar, yield by pressure, an oil, or resin, which consolidates in the usual temperature of the atmosphere, and which, when made into candles, is found to give a light cheaper than tallow, and more brilliant than that of wax. The only inconvenience, and this the author hopes by chemical bleaching to overcome, is, that these new tapers have a tawny colour, duller than that of bees wax, or of resin soap.

Mr. Freylino has extracted a large quantity of saccharine matter from the black mulberry-tree, which may be obtained in a state of syrup, or concrete sugar. The syrup may be had by extracting the juice, clarifying it with the whites of eggs, and afterwards evaporating it to a proper consistence.

An improved mode of making White Lead.—Take any quantity of lead ashes and dissolve them by the action of a gentle heat in a sufficient quantity of diluted nitric acid. Pour off the solution, and precipitate it by dissolved chalk. The precipitate washed and dried, gives the purest and most beautiful ceruse which can possibly be seen.

An experiment, to ascertain whether by soiling or grazing the greatest increase of weight could be obtained, attracted particular notice at the last Workington Agricultural Meeting. Two west highland cows had been selected; the one soiled was aged, and had gained from the 14th of May to

the 3d of October, 16 stone; the other was four years old, and had gained 9 stone 9½ pounds. Six other small islanders, put up to feed on the 29th of June, had on an average increased 8 stone, or one pound and a half per day.—This experiment is highly important to the farmer, and cannot fail of pointing out the advantage of soiling.

To restore the lustre of glasses which are tarnished, by age or accident.—Strew on them powdered fuller's earth, carefully cleared from sand, &c. and rub them with a linen cloth.

The following recipes are now in circulation on the continent, for the destruction of caterpillars, ants, and other insects:—Take about two pounds weight of black soap, the same quantity of flower of sulphur, two pounds weight of truffles, and 15 gallons of water; the whole must be well incorporated by the aid of a gentle warmth. Insects on which this water is sprinkled die immediately.—Query, is this liquor effectual in destroying that noisome vermin, the bug? If so, its composition cannot be made too extensively known; as we do not perceive that it is likely to damage bedfurniture, &c.

Mr. Hall, of the City Road, having purchased several of the natural curiosities that belonged to Sir Ashton Lever's Museum, his exhibition now consists of several hundred stuffed birds, beasts, insects, and reptiles, in the highest state of preservation. In one case, a pair of goldfinches are exhibited, billing and cooing,—a bullfinch singing, "Life let us cherish,"—a starling singing the Marquis of Granby's march,—and a thrush his wild notes, besides a canary bird, &c.

America.

Travels in Upper and Lower Canada, written by Mr. E. A. Kendal, now in the press, abroad, will be published in England at the same time it appears in America.

An important publication is also in the press at New York, viz.—"The Natural, Civil, and Political History of Chili," translated from the Italian of the Abbé Molina, with notes from the Spanish and French versions, and a copious Appendix, consisting of a translation into English heroic verse, of the most striking and interesting passages in the celebrated Spanish epic poem, "The Araucana," by Don Alonzo Ercilla. It will form two 8vo. volumes, illustrated with a map of the country. This work has obtained high reputation. The author, a native of Chili, and for a long time resident in that country, is eminently distinguished as a writer and a natural philosopher. Whether considered in relation to its natural productions, or its civil and military transactions, Chili affords an interesting subject for the historian. Blessed with a most salubrious and delightful climate, with a soil wonderfully fertile, and adapted to the productions of almost every country, rich in mines of gold and silver; it offers to the naturalist a wide field of curious research. To the moral philosopher it also furnishes a subject still more interesting from the character of its original inhabitants, the brave and hardy Araucanians. Their gallant and successful resistance to the best disciplined troops of Spain, then in the meridian of her military glory, and their firm support of their national independence, exhibit a picture novel, highly impressive, and strongly contrasted with that of the other American nations. This work will also be reprinted in England.

East Indies.

It being a matter of the highest importance to obtain the genuine cochineal insect alive from South America, the government of Madras has offered a reward of 5000 star pagodas or 2000*l.* to any British captain who shall bring it to the Indies in good condition. The following description of the species of insect, for which this reward will be paid, and of the mode recommended to be pursued for the accomplishment of this object, is published for general information. There is a distinction in trade of four kinds; viz. Mestique, Compreschane, Tetruschaée, and Sylvester, of which the first is accounted the best, and the last the worst. The three first derive their names from the situation of their produce; the last is found wild, and though perhaps superior to the spurious insect procured in the East Indies,

is not considered as a desideratum. If either of the other three kinds above specified could be procured, it is suggested that the live insect may be preserved on the plant, during the voyage to Madras; but as the success of this experiment on a sea voyage must be precarious, every other practicable mode that could be devised, should be attempted for the purpose. The following is understood to be the mode practised by the Spaniards for preserving the insect, while propagating its species, or depositing its eggs. The insects destined for this purpose are taken at a proper time of the growth, put into a box well closed, and lined with coarse cloth; in this confinement, they deposit their eggs, and die. The box is kept close shut till the time of placing the eggs on the nopal. The animalculæ are so minute as to be scarcely perceptible. They are put on the tree in May or June, and in two months attain to the size of a dog-tick. The mode of preserving the insect on the plant should however also be attempted, especially as there is reason to doubt, whether that on which the Spanish coccus feeds be the same with the nopal andersoniana.

France.

A Translation of the Rev. J. Gordon's History of Ireland has lately been published at Paris in 3 volumes octavo.

M. Gregoire, the *ci-devant* Bishop of Blois, has published a work, entitled *De la Litterature des Negres*, in which the intellectual faculties of the Blacks, with their moral qualities, and their literature, are examined. Notices are annexed respecting such negroes as have distinguished themselves in literature, or in the arts and sciences.

M. Auarie, an apothecary at Valence, has lately made a number of chemical experiments on the saccharine matter contained in the stalk of the Indian corn; but as the expense exceeds the profit, the results have not answered his expectation. The saccharine matter thus extracted constantly retains the system of treacle, and cannot be chrystallized by any known process; but the gummy extract may be used as an attenuant in medicine, in consequence of its saponacious quality. A priest of Vicenza has also invented a useful instrument for ascertaining the quantity of saccharine matter in unfermented wine, and shewing how to extract it. The instrument is called an *Eucometer*, and the Academy of Sciences at Naples have vouched for its answering the purpose intended.

At a late general meeting of the Society for encouraging National Industry, at which M. Chaptal presided, a prize of 3000 francs for a loom for weaving all kinds of gold and silver stuffs was awarded to M. Jacequard, an artist of Lyons, to whom the emperor has also granted a premium of 50 francs for each of these looms with which he may supply manufactories. A prize of 600 francs was adjudged for improvements in combs for wool, and another of 500 for an improved method of constructing brick, tile, and lime-kilns. The society voted its thanks to M. Gille, type-founder and printer at Paris for stimulating the endeavours of several engravers on wood; to M. Reynouard, printer and bookseller, and M. Peyrard, professor of astronomy and mathematics at the Bonaparte Lyceum, for having seconded the views of the society by placing wood-cuts in his editions of *Morceaux Choisis de Buffon*, and in his translation of the works of *Archimedes*. Prizes for the improvement of stroke-engraving; for a bureau to be made of wood of trees, indigenous or naturalized in France; for various pieces of machinery, &c. were proposed for the next year.

The canal to form the junction between the Atlantic and Mediterranean seas, begun nearly 40 years ago, is now resumed with great vigour. New funds have been allotted since 1807 for the completion of the whole. This canal will facilitate the conveyance of goods from *ci-devant* Bourgogne to the southern provinces, and from thence into the interior. Hay, iron, corn, and hemp, will avoid the great circuit they now make by the canals of Charloix and Auxerre, in order to reach Paris, by the navigable parts of the Seine.

A table is now shewn in the gardens of Versailles, formed from the single plank of a vine, two feet and a half in diameter.

Germany.

A child, three years old, son of one of the members of the city council of Brunn, having lately died of the small-pox taken in the natural way, the Imperial Police ordered it to be buried in the most private manner without the city, and its grave to be dug considerably deeper than ordinary. The parents were universally blamed and even despised by some of the citizens for neglecting to have the child inoculated with the vaccine matter.

A work has lately made its appearance at Leipsig, entitled, "Remarks on the reigning Powers—of the rise, progress, and fall of German nations, in 1808: with a view of the German empire, together with the principal occurrences in the war between France and Prussia."

MEMOIRS OF REMARKABLE PERSONS.

An Account of SENOR LIONETTO, *commonly called the Incombustible Spaniard. Translated from the Italian of Louis Sementi, Chief Professor of Chemistry in the Royal University of Naples.*

THE Doctor sets out with an observation that it is extraordinary after so many exhibitions at Paris, &c. that in examining all the phœnomena which Lionetto has offered to the public, his proposal to enter an oven, with a piece of raw mutton in one hand and an egg in the other, has not been noticed. The Doctor then assures us that Lionetto never did nor ever will enter an oven, if the oven has no particular construction which alters its nature and effects. The action of a very high temperature may be endured some time by some persons, but there is an essential difference between a place amply heated, where the air has access and a close oven where it has not.

The writer then observes "the arrival of a man calling himself incombustible, who treated hot iron in various manners, drank boiling oil, and handled liquid lead, &c. was scarcely announced, when this interesting phenomenon engaged him so much, that he left no means untried by which he might be enabled to form an opinion of it. First, it was indispensably necessary to ascertain the fact, by assisting assiduously at the experiments which Senor Lionetto, otherwise called the *Incombustible Man*, presented to the public." He observes "I approached as near to him as possible, that I might observe minutely whatever was most particular in his experiments—of which the following is an account:—

"Senor Lionetto commenced the proof of his incombustibility by putting over his head a thin plate of red hot iron, which, at least in appearance, did not alter his hair; the iron had scarcely come in contact with it, when a considerable quantity of dense white vapour was seen to arise. A second plate of red hot iron was likewise passed over the whole extent of his arm and leg. With another red hot iron he struck his heel and the point of the foot repeatedly; in this experiment the contact of the fire was longer than in any of the preceding. From the sole of his foot so much vapour was disengaged, that being very near the experiments, my eyes and nose were sensibly affected. He also put between his teeth a heated iron, which, although not red hot, was still capable of burning.

"It was announced that he had drank half a glass of boiling oil; but in fact I found that he had never drank such a dose, and that he had performed what was called drinking twice, by introducing a little into his mouth, not more than the third part of a spoonful at a time. It was likewise said that he had washed his hands and face in boiling lead; but he now practised such an experiment only in rapidly bathing the extremities of his fingers in liquid lead, and also carrying a very small portion of it on his tongue. He afterwards passed a piece of red hot iron over his tongue, without shewing the least painful sensation. His tongue, which I was able distinctly to observe in this often-repeated experiment, was covered with a crust similar to that seen on the tongues of persons in fevers; that is to say, was covered with a kind of

paste, of a dirty grey colour. He exposed his feet again to the flame of burning oil, but kept it at a certain distance. In short, he threw sulphuric, nitric, and muriatic acids on inflamed charcoal, and immediately exposed his face over the vapours which arose from those acids, keeping a small part of it in that situation.

"The experiment with which Senor Lionetto is accustomed to terminate his exhibition, is that of passing through the skin of his arm a thick gold pin, which he does without feeling the least pain. In this proof of his *insensibility*, I observed that the pin entered his skin with difficulty, requiring such a force as if it had to perforate dressed leather. Now although at first view this fact seemed to have no relation with the others practised by means of fire, yet it appeared to me to throw some light on the examination of the phenomenon relating to the pretended incombustibility."

The Doctor then proceeds to relate a series of experiments, which account for the more difficult operations executed by Lionetto. On one part of my body, says he, after trying all the known means proper for benumbing the cutaneous nerves, and clothing the skin with a substance which was a non-conductor of caloric, I repeated the frictions so often with dilute sulphureous acid, that I was finally able to pass a plate of red hot iron over the part without any injury. An accidental combination afterwards induced him to undertake a new series of experiments. Rubbing hard soap upon his tongue, he observed formed a crust; a paste made of this, triturated in a mortar, and water saturated with acidulous sulphat of alumine and potash, being agitated or boiled, was afterwards spread as a composition on his tongue, which succeeded completely. In fact to enable him to bear the action of the fire, he found it necessary, after bathing his tongue with sulphureous acid, to rub it frequently with a piece of hard soap. This preparation succeeded still better, in consequence of his covering his tongue with a stratum of fine powdered sugar, after bathing it with the acid.

Persons who wish to make similar experiments he says, should commence by rubbing themselves with dilute sulphureous acid, or with saturated solution of alum. The more numerous the frictions, the more insensible the skin will become, and also the more proper to sustain the action of fire.

Ann Moor, *of Tutbury, in Staffordshire.*

TO rectify and improve the accounts of this singular person, which have appeared in the newspapers and in our last magazine, (see page 376,) Mr. Robert Taylor, member of the Royal College of Surgeons, London, and resident at Lane End, Staffordshire, has published a scientific representation of her case. She is a woman, he observes, "in whom nature appears to have established a mere circulating recumbent life, without the usual essential of nutritious juices." To prevent any imposition on her part, all the persons formerly about her have been removed, and she has been taken to the house of a most decided objector to her veracity, and two persons in turn have watched her day and night. Ann Moor, it seems, has been declining in health a long time, and thinks she had not been an hour free from pain in her left side for nine years, previously to her first attack of anorexy, which she imputes to her washing out the linen of a person affected with scrofulous ulcers; in consequence of which she lost all desire of food, and gave up her work on the 4th of November, 1806. From thence till the March following her sustenance never exceeded the ratio of three ounces per day; her strongest drink being tea, but without milk or cream. Whatever she took recalled to her imagination the same strong smell of corruption which at first disordered her, and the slimy matter which she frequently vomited up from the mere recurrence of the idea, seemed to have the same appearance and scent as that which occurred to her at first.

In March 1807, she had strong fits, which naturally left the cramp in her stomach; to remedy which she drank boiling hot gruel, which though it scalded her lips, had no disagreeable effect on her stomach. Any thing of

an inferior heat gave her a sense of cold, and caused rigors. She first took to her bed for a constancy on the 14th of April, 1807. On the 20th of May following she attempted to swallow a bit of biscuit, which was immediately rejected with dreadful vomiting and blood. In the latter end of June she took the last substance she ever swallowed, being a few black currants. Her last evacuation (e recto) was by diarhœa, on the 3d of August, since which she has also fallen off in the quantity of fluids, sometimes omitting taking any, for two days together. Her common tea has been once varied for onion tea. Her strength she allows to have decreased, but her spirits and mental energy never have, though she is frequently taking cold from the slightest causes. Nor is her head ever free from pain: her voice is strong, and holds out the full female exercise of that faculty.

She has now even left off taking the smallest quantity of water, and finds every good effect from cleansing her mouth occasionally with a moistened rag. She has no menses: her urine, averaged at about a pint in two days, is very offensive and of a high colour. But the greatest phenomenon is her extreme emaciation. Her circumference measured round the loins is twenty-inches and a half; across the chest, twenty-eight and a half; and across the hips, thirty inches. There is scarcely the trace of any viscus to be felt in the abdomen; the bladder, uterus, and its appendages, are sunk beneath the arch of the pubes, and every thing else (that might be) is drawn up under the ribs, so that it cannot be perceived. From the lowest rib, the integuments descending to the *ossa filli*, form an empty cord-like folding; and at the umbilicus the *flaccid parietes abdominis* may be readily rubbed over the lumbar vertebræ, and no kind of substance felt to intervene. The grand trunk of the aorta may be traced by the finger from the place most immediately under the ensiform process of the sternum, where the loose integument is drawn down upon it, nearly to its bifurcation. It may be drawn from its situation over the spine; and thus, by holding the skin across it with my thumb and finger, I have been able to make it apparent to the by-standers.

Notwithstanding, since this woman's removal from her home, she thinks she is better and stronger than she was six months ago. She sleeps well and enjoys a remarkably serene and happy mind. Her muscular power is such that she can conveniently raise and support herself in bed. And, notwithstanding it was the 14th month of her abstinence, her health otherwise has increased. Her pulse, it is remarked, has also kept the standard of health with daily exacerbations. Mr. Robert Taylor observes, in the conclusion of his account of her, "It is now the sixteenth day that she has been under the strictest scrutiny, and the thirteenth that she has abstained from all fluids. She is now better in health than when the examination was instituted."

STATE OF PUBLIC AFFAIRS.

THE convention of Cintra has roused the attention of every thinking man in this nation. The comparison between the English and French armies is too striking not to be frequently made. It is not, that there is a want of bravery in the English soldier, for that has been frequently put to the test; but there is evidently something wrong in the system, which permits such indifferent officers to be at the head of our armies. The convention of Cintra is understood sufficiently by the whole nation. If we attach credit to the gazette accounts, our soldiers behaved as well as men could do, and the fault of that disgraceful act must lie with the commanders, or the ministry, or with both. A court of enquiry has been instituted. What is meant by this court of enquiry, we are to learn: it is an anomaly in our constitution. It is contrived, one would think, to prevent justice being done, and we may thank God, that there is no such in the navy, or that safeguard of our country would soon be destroyed. It is a court without power. It cannot administer an oath, it cannot compel witnesses; every body must see its inefficiency. A court martial on the generals would

at once decide who were the guilty men in Portugal, and to what extent their guilt reached. If the guilt attached to men on this side of the water, the way to punish them is open by impeachment; and, if they are too powerful to be attacked by the legal modes of our constitution, we must lament the fate of our country.

But the enquiry has performed one good office. It has given Sir Hew Dalrymple an opportunity of speaking his sentiments, and he has come forward in a manner to do him honour. He has declared his readiness to give every possible information to the court: he does not wish to withhold a single circumstance, and he placed a fact in a proper point of view, which had been very much misrepresented, and on the misrepresentation very atrocious and wicked attempts had been made to cast the whole odium of the transaction upon him. He mentioned, that whatever might be the merits or the demerits of the convention, Sir Arthur Wellesley participated in them. He was the chief agent in the conference with Kellerman: much was deferred to him from his local knowledge, and he signed the convention by his own free will and consent. It had been intimated in the public papers, that his act was the act of compulsion in obedience to military discipline; but he was under no restraint whatever, and acted completely for himself.

This brought forward Sir Arthur Wellesley who denied that he had given, either by himself or others, the least countenance to the insinuations on this subject in the public papers: and he allowed that he had signed the convention of his own free will and consent. It will be recollected, that on the first news of the convention many of our papers were lavish of their praises on Sir Arthur Wellesley, stating that he had protested against the convention, and the greater their encomiums on this gentleman, the more violent was their abuse of Sir H. Dalrymple. It does not appear that when Sir Arthur came to England, he took one step to set the public right on this article: till the court met, the fact, to say the least of it, was doubtful. Sir Arthur has received the countenance of the court and the ministry; Sir Hew Dalrymple stands or falls by himself. Who the men were, that took such endeavours to bias the public judgment, it would become Sir Arthur Wellesley to discover; till we know them, the degree of credit to be given to his words will remain doubtful.

We were not in the least surprised at a curious attempt to keep the public blind to the proceedings of this curious court. The gentleman, who introduced the papers, made a request, that nothing might be published, under the pretext, that it would be injurious to the cause of justice. We object to the principle of concealment; not only in this court, but in all legally-constituted courts. Publicity is the most effectual method to promote the cause of truth and justice. The editors of the newspapers have not thought fit to grant this gentleman's request, and in this they meet with our entire approbation. As to the opinion of the court upon the subject we neither know nor desire to know it. The editors of the newspapers are not at all amenable to it.

Another circumstance occurred worthy of notice. The letter of Sir Arthur Wellesley to the bishop of Oporto was not produced. We see no reason for keeping it back. It is an important document: and, if it is the same as represented in the public papers, it throws great light upon Sir Arthur's conduct. That any disposition to keep back such a paper should appear, bears a bad aspect. If it was by the desire of Sir Arthur Wellesley, he has proved himself inferior to Sir Hew Dalrymple in the outset of this business. Sir Hew has offered nobly every assistance to the enquiry. He was no friend, we think, to Sir Arthur, who could suggest the keeping back of the letter to the bishop. But we leave this curious court to itself, and turn to the consideration of more important proceedings of the constituted courts of England.

One of these was called by the Sheriff of London for the county of Middlesex, and the freeholders assembled voted an address to the King, and some resolutions which do them great credit. Several animated speeches were made on this occasion, particularly one by Mr. Byng, the repre-

sentative, who stood up manfully for the grand principle of petitioning, as maintained by the constitution, settled at the revolution, and which ascertains to the people their right in clear and decisive terms, and which cannot be violated by any one without incurring the penalties of high treason.

The addresss was firm, dignified, and loyal, lamenting the disgraces, fixed on his majesty's armies, and praying that a parliament might be called to make due enquiry into the ignominy of the Convention at Cintra. A resolution was also passed, that the sheriffs should publish their correspondence with the secretary of state on the subject of presenting the address, and this was done from information, that several petitions and addresses had been kept in the secretary's office, and never presented to the king. If the fact is true, and we have every reason to believe it so, we cannot too much commend this meeting for the resolution they passed; and the fact may appear to deserve enquiry as much as the Convention of Cintra: for, if the officer of the crown who stands between the crown and the people, can of his own accord deliver or keep back petitions, he makes a fundamental article of our constitution invalid. In fact it appears to be a sufficient ground for the impeachment of any secretary of state, if any such has been, who has committed this atrocious crime: and no distance of time should screen him from the punishment he so richly deserves. In consequence of the resolution the sheriff published the letter they received from the secretary of state, which declared positively that the petition had been presented.

Several other places voted petitions, and in general the answer to the city of London was reprobated with just indignation. Indeed nothing could be more injudicious than that answer, and it was not likely, that it would be passed by without notice. When it was read in the court of common council, one sentiment only prevailed upon it, and very strong and pointed resolutions were drawn up, entered in their books, and ordered to be printed. These proceedings do the city honour, and may teach courtiers proper behaviour. The right of petitioning is equally for the interest of sovereign and subject: and we need only look to despotic thrones, to see on what an uncertain seat he is placed, who hears every thing by his courtiers only, and to whom the people have no access. Where this is the case, the assassination of the prince is frequent. He hears the murmur when it is too late, and he laments in his last moments, that he had lived in ignorance of his people's complaints. That man is a traitor equally to the king, and to the country, who prevents the petitions of the people from reaching the ears of his sovereign.

The Convention at Cintra will form an important æra in the history of England. In Portugal also it will ever be remembered. With whatever joy the departure of the French may have been seen, the conduct of the English since their arrival has by no means given general satisfaction. The want of communication between our commanders with any of the civil or military officers of Portugal on the Convention, has been viewed with a very ungracious eye; the interference in that Convention, with what belongs to the civil government of Portugal, could not but give dissatisfaction; the appointment of the regency and the management of the police by our army occasioned great disquietude. In fact our appointment of the regency is said to be resisted, and in the north of Portugal they mean to adhere to the Junta of Oporto. The real state of the case is, that we entered the kingdom of Portugal as auxiliaries, not as conquerors; that in driving out the enemy, we did not acquire the right of conquest, and that when the enemy were driven out, the rights of the Queen of Portugal were restored to their full force, just as they were before she quitted Portugal.

Whatever may have been the disquietude, it is to be hoped, that it will now naturally subside. Sir John Moore has marched with a large body of troops into Spain, to try his strength with general Junot, who was in that country long before him. This army takes the road by Salamanca, and it expects to meet the army under general Baird, which was landed on the shores of Biscay. By one of those cir-

cumstances, which seems to attend every thing that has connection with the management of our land forces, General Baird's army was kept for a long time on board the transports, till a messenger could be sent to the supreme Junta, to announce their arrival, and obtain permission for their landing. On being landed they took the road towards Burgos; and, if a junction is effected between them and Moore's army, the strength of the English will be very considerable on the right wing of the French; and with proper generalship on the part of the combined armies, the movements of Bonaparte may be considerably impeded.

The campaign is probably by this time begun, and the French emperor's designs have been shown. It will be very interesting. He has hitherto fought with armies, he must now, if the accounts of Spain are true, fight with an armed population. The conduct of the French up to this time seems to have been as prudent as that of the English and Spaniards seems to have been unaccountable. The French giving way to the rage of insurrection, concentrating their strength in the north of Spain, to the north of the Ebro, have contented themselves with a defensive position, and waited tranquilly for those reinforcements, which would enable them to pursue decisive measures. Six months have elapsed in this manner. In this time the English, having the command of the sea, and being able to land troops wherever they pleased, have not availed themselves of their strength to any purpose, but have wasted it on the coast of Portugal, with no other effect than to give France a great body of troops to co-operate in the invasion of Spain. Common sense, one would have thought, would have pointed out Biscay as the landing place for all the strength, that England could afford. There they had the opportunity of forcing the French to action: and, if the latter detached sufficient forces from Vittoria to attack the English, the remaining body would have been swallowed up by the population of Spain.

But every thing seems to have been done exactly in the manner that the French Emperor could have wished. Inactivity has prevailed in the combined armies, till the moment, that he put himself at the head of his own troops. Whilst he was employed in feasts and conferences with the Russian Emperor in Germany, the affairs of Spain were by no means neglected: reinforcements were marching in every direction to the assistance of his brother, and at the moment of their arrival, it was evident, that they would have at their head their beloved and experienced commander. Swift as lightning, he traversed the country from Erfurth to Paris, and from Paris to Vittoria. By this time he has arranged his troops and every thing around him is in action. He is not accustomed to the delays which attend the operations of an English army.

Not knowing the strength of either the French or the combined armies, we can form but a very imperfect idea at present of the campaign. The main body of the French is somewhere near Vittoria, to the north of the Ebro: Bilboa is, it appears on the right, Barcelona on the left, but it is nearest to Bilboa. The opposing armies are on its left: Blake's near Bilboa. The English armies near Burgos, and various Spanish armies, the strength of which is not known, on the remainder of the lines towards Barcelona. It may be one of Bonaparte's first plans to prevent the junction of the two English armies; and, if he succeeds in this measure, the advantage on his side will be very great. We have to observe, that on his part the direction of every movement depends on and is known to himself alone: on the other side it does not appear, at present, that the bodies acting against him are other than detached armies, whose exertions will want that vigour which results from unity of council and design.

The Supreme Junta maintains its authority, and seems by a proclamation to have lamented the want of energy and activity in its troops. It seems to have seen the loss of time, and the imprudence of permitting reinforcements to pass the Pyrenees.—The task it has undertaken is a great and glorious one; but, if not supported by the whole energy of the nation, the arts of the invader may still pre-

vail. He does not fight only with steel; and the abuses of the old government were so great, that he may easily point out to the Spaniards a variety of reforms which the Supreme Junta has neglected to suggest, or to give any reason to believe that they will be introduced. The contest is assuredly the grandest since the French revolution; and it will show whether the wicked and miserable government, under which Spain has groaned for the two last centuries, has or not had the effect of paralysing its strength, and how far it is possible after long degradation to bring back the human mind to its wonted energies.

Whatever we may think of the moral qualities of Bonaparte, we cannot but admire his activity, and energy, and spirit. We left him last month feasting with the Russian Emperor in the heart of Germany, devising without doubt some great plans, in which he would find a ready coadjutor. These will be developed in due time, and in the mean time it is ascertained that the two Emperors met and parted with the greatest cordiality.—The affairs of Sweden were adjusted probably at this conference, and Finland guaranteed to Russia. The state of the Ottoman empire would come under discussion, and the two potent Emperors would find no great difficulty in carving out their respective portions. But the most important effect of the conference was probably the paralysing of Austria. Much has been said of its hostile intentions, yet its ambassador was present at the conferences, and it does not appear that the least motion has been made on the part of Austria to embarrass the plans of the French, or to take advantage of the departure of their Emperor from his kingdom.

Austria may be waiting the effect of this new war. If Bonaparte is beaten it may expect to make a figure again in the affairs of Germany; if he succeeds, her policy is to be quiet. The English politicians expect, that all Europe is to be filled with our animosity against the French Emperor; but they do not recollect the obligations many nations are under to him for destroying the feudal governments and petty tyrannies under which they groaned. The court of Austria may be as angry as it pleases, but it must smother its anger till it has learned to govern wisely, and to secure the affections of its people.

Bonaparte remained but a short time in Paris in his transit through France. It was time enough for him to receive the addresses of thanks of the legislative body, for the grand exposé he had made to them of the resources of his country and his future designs. In this exposé all the circumstances which a good government should promote are detailed with great skill: if they have been executed as well as described, their sovereign deserves the thanks of his country for his exertions. Very few sovereigns can claim such merit, but perhaps their high birth is to screen them from performing the duties of royalty. The legislative body may vote what he pleases, yet it is certain that this appeal to public opinion must curb in a great measure the rigour of despotism. If he rules by military prowess, he certainly does not shew his power merely by the burden of taxes. The melioration of the country and the introduction of good laws occupy the attention of both the legislative and executive body, and we do not hear that he finds it necessary to secure a majority in his senate, by paying its members in military or civil appointments.

Sweden is completely foiled in this last campaign with Russia, and Finland is now torn, probably for ever, from his crown. Some bloody battles have been fought in that country, and the result has been to the disadvantage of Sweden. The Russian fleet is also sailed from Port Baltic, and is ready for operations in the Gulph of Bothnia, as long as the season will permit. Our fleet must leave the Baltic for the winter, and the Swedish fleet can hardly cope with that of Russia. Thus the Russians may pour in what troops they please into Finland, and the King of Sweden will find it difficult to send reinforcements. He may now relate to his states the brave feats he has performed since the beginning of the French revolution, and at what expense he has earned the title of King of Chivalry.

Of Denmark we know little. It is completely under French influence,

and makes a number of English prizes. Holland is employed in making laws in commerce, which are hourly broken. The Italian states remain quiet. We hear little of the Pope. The French have captured the island of Capri, and made prisoners of many of our soldiers. The King of Naples is looking towards Sicily, and will soon make an attempt upon that island.

The Ottoman empire seems to be sensible of its approaching fate, and its Vizir is determined to meet it with spirit and resolution He is calling forth the whole strength of the empire to counteract its destiny. The Grand Signor has a nominal authority, the Grand Vizir is every thing. He acts without controul, with great severity, and is introducing those reforms which his predecessors attempted in vain. The necessities of the times will assist him, but he must find it a difficult task to introduce European tactics. Constantinople, it is however said, has not for a long time enjoyed so great tranquillity. An attack from Russia is evidently feared, and they are so situated, that they know not who are their friends or their foes. Their best security is to consider all as infidels, and to rely on their own resources.

The Brazils seem to be consolidating very fast their government, and great plans are on foot for carrying on a great trade with this country. The revolution in Portugal will not induce the Prince, at least for some time, to return. The English are now permitted to trade in the Plata, and the Spaniards throughout South America receive us as friends. They cannot as yet tell whom they must obey, and the conflict seems likely to end in their independence. This will introduce new changes in the political world, and future times will determine whether the follies of the mother country will pervade the new system. In North America the embargo continues; and the subjects of the United States, who are not engaged on the seas, are subduing the earth in the best way, by bringing vast tracts into cultivation.

Since we began this report, the letter of the Lord Mayor has informed the public that a requisition had been presented to him to call a common-hall to consider of the propriety of an address to the crown on the subject of the Convention of Cintra. To this requisition his lordship has been pleased to answer, that as the king has appointed a Court of Inquiry, he deems the object of the requisition to be unnecessary. This answer is not likely to satisfy the livery of London. The present Court of Inquiry may not be of a nature agreeable to their wishes; and in fact, if the object of the requisitionists was merely to have an enquiry of this nature, the Lord Mayor might think with propriety that the object was obtained without farther trouble. But the requisitionists might have looked forward to a parliamentary enquiry, and then their address to the king would have been to call his parliament without delay. This latter measure is in fact the only thing to satisfy the country. The ministers as well as the generals must be put upon their trial. The livery, men who signed the requisition are to deliberate on the farther steps to be taken on this occasion, and they will end probably in the calling of a common-hall, in which the answer of the King and the answer of the Lord Mayor will be fully discussed.

We regret to say, that on the moment of delivering this to the printer, the intelligence from Spain was melancholy, the situation of our armies critical, and the advance of Bonaparte's main army very threatening.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"P. M. W." in reply to *Sophos*, came too late for insertion in the current number.

"A. Z" is informed that his doubts respecting the authenticity of the tale of *Julia* may be satisfied by referring to p. 87 of our Magazine for July.

"An Enquirer" respecting the verdict of juries has been received.

We must beg leave to decline the verses of "Mary M." *on hearing marriage decried*. Is she single?

"A Reader of the Universal Magazine" gravely informs us, that if we insert such pieces as those of *Sophos*, we must expect "a decrease in the number of our subscribers." !!

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☞ *As this Department will be of great Importance to* AUTHORS *and* BOOKSELLERS, *as well as to Literature in general, it is requested that* NOTICES *of Works may be forwarded as early as possible (free of Postage), which will be regularly inserted.*

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APOLLONIAN CRITIC.

"SEMPER FIDELIS."

The Forest of Hermanstadt, a Melo Drama, in two acts, performed with unicersal applause at the King's Theatre, Haymarket. Translated from the French, by Thomas Dibdin, Esq. The Action by Mr. Farley. Composed by Mr. Jouve. 6s.

THERE is a want of originality and variety in this composition, which renders it a mere trifle; in short, it is a production (in our estimation) not at all creditable to the talents of Mr. Jouve. We dislike very much the key-note (in most of his airs) being used as a fundamental bass; it is more calculated to produce *a sameness*, than to assist the performers, in a variety of action which must necessarily occur in the incidents of a melo drama. We lament very much also that foreigners are so frequently employed by our theatrical managers to compose music for pieces, the story of which being related in a language they do not understand, must suffer greatly by the mistaken ideas of the composer; whose ingenuity can only substitute *pretty*, though *unmeaning airs*, for those which ought to be both effective and scientific, as well as judiciously arranged.

H.

Six Serenades, with Variations for the Piano Forte, and an Accompaniment

for the Violin. Composed by Dr. John Clarke of Cambridge, and dedicated to his friend François Cramer, Esq. 8s.

WE are happy to find that the more we see of this author's works the more reason we have for being pleased with them.

In the composition before us, there is a species of unaffected simplicity blended with science, that is rarely to be met with in the compositions of our modern English composers. The melodies are replete with an originality and sweetness that is highly creditable to the taste of the author: the variations are well imagined, and the passages are laid out in a masterly manner for the hand of the performer on the piano forte. The violin accompaniment also is very judiciously arranged, and well calculated to display the powers of that instrument as well as the abilities of a finished performer thereon, and that Dr. Clarke is one, we have no doubt from the knowledge that he has evinced in this arrangement. The fourth variation in the first serenade produces a novel and pleasing effect, it is performed by *striking the strings of the violin with the back of the bow*, during which time the piano forte is "*tacet*." In short the whole of the work exhibits an admirable specimen of taste and science, and is well worthy of the attention of performers on both instruments.

H.

The celebrated Air "Adown, adown, adown in the Valley," composed by Mr. Sanderson, arranged as a Rondo for the piano forte, by T. H. Butler, author of Lewie Gordon. 2s.

THIS pleasing air of Mr. Sanderson's, which Mr. Butler has arranged as a rondo, is so well known, and generally admired, that it needs no commendation from us. Mr. Butler, as a rondo writer, has long been a favourite with the public; but we think that "Adown, adown in the Valley," will still add to his reputation; for it is really a skilful little performance.

J.

*** We have to apologize for the brevity of the Apollonian Critic this month;—but unavoidable circumstances have occasioned it.

THEATRICAL RECORDER.

KING'S THEATRE.

THURSDAY, Nov. 10.—This evening was performed a new melo-dramatic opera, called *The Exile*. The following are the principal characters:—

Count Ulrick	Mr. Pope
Count Calmar	Mr. Incledon
The Governor	Mr. Munden
Baron Alltradoff	Mr. Liston
Servitz	Mr. Fawcett
Daran	Mr. Young
Patriarch	Mr. Cresswell
Rinski	Mr. Murray
Yermach	Mr. Chapman
Welzien	Mr. Jefferies
Empress Elizabeth	Mrs. St. Leger
Catharine	Mrs. Dickons
Alexina	Mrs. H. Johnston
Sedona	Mrs. Gibbs
Anna	Mrs. Liston

Sketch of the Fable.—Count Ulrick, a nobleman of distinction, after acquiring great reputation in the Russian army, is nevertheless banished to Siberia, through the base influence of Prince Lowenstern over the Empress Catharine. He is thither followed by Sedona, his wife, and his daughter Alexina. Romanoff, the nephew of the Governor of Tobolskow, frequently visiting the wretched family at their retreat in the neighbourhood, a mutual attachment takes place between him and Alexina, which his uncle suspecting, in order to prevent his future visits, and to compel him to marry the niece of Prince Lowenstern, banishes him beyond the frontiers, and endeavours to force Alexina into a marriage with Welzien.—Romanoff assumes the name of Daran, goes to St. Petersburgh, and, in the disguise of an Indian, gets into the service of Baron Alltradoff, a nephew of Prince Lowenstern, a pert, vain coxcomb, and in that capacity accompanies him to Tobolskow, whither the Baron is journeying to claim the hand of Catherine, the governor's niece, whose affections he in vain attempts to win

by his skill in music and dancing, her heart being already devoted to Count Calmar, by whom she is beloved with equal ardour. Romanoff, aware of the ruin preparing for Count Ulrick, to conceal his benevolent design, assumes a ferocious aspect, and expresses a deadly hate to the Exile and his family, by which means he completely blinds the governor as to his intentions, and, jointly with Welzien, (the enraged and rejected suitor of Alexina) is entrusted with the execution of the empress's orders; in pursuance of which Ulrick is dragged from his retreat and imprisoned in Tobolskow, and they are sent in pursuit of Alexina, who has set out, accompanied by Yermach, a faithful domestic, on the desperate undertaking of travelling to St. Petersburgh, to solicit her father's pardon. In this undertaking Daran completely frustrates the vindictive designs of Welzien, and Alexina reaches the neighbourhood of Moscow in safety. The rejoicings of the inhabitants of that city announce the grateful tidings of the succession of Elizabeth to the throne of Russia, and of her approaching coronation. Alexina hastens thither, rushes into the presence of her new sovereign; and, notwithstanding the influence of the Patriarch, (a near relation of Prince Lowenstern) she procures, through the means of the disguised Romanoff, the pardon she solicited, and immediately departs for Siberia, without waiting for the deed of pardon to be completed; by which means she is again subjected to all the bitterness of sorrow, and, in order to save herself and family from immediate destruction, is compelled to marry the supposed Daran.—The governor at length receives the royal mandate from court for the liberation of Count Ulrick, and by it he becomes acquainted with the villainy and disgrace of Prince Lowenstern, which reconciles him to the union of his daughter with Count Calmar, to whose protection she had fled, after escaping from her uncle's house by the ingenuity of Servitz. Romanoff, not Daran, claims Alexina for his bride, and the Exile is restored to his former honours.

In this pretty piece, which does not exhibit much novelty, either of situation or character, the actors distinguished themselves in such a manner as to give it considerable effect; and it was announced for repetition by Mr. Young, amidst the loudest applauses. To be fashionable, however, it was not without its allusions to the present state of Spain.

The Covent Garden Company, which were to have removed on Monday the 28th, continue another week at the King's Theatre, as the Little Theatre cannot be got ready in proper time.

DRURY-LANE.

Nov. 9.—This evening a new drama was performed, called *The Siege of St. Quintin; or, Spanish Heroism.*—In this new piece, and which is attributed to Mr. Hook, the author has dexterously seized many of the circumstances in the history of the Siege of St. Quintin, and applied them with great felicity to the scene that is now passing in Spain. In the mouth of Count Egmont, a Spanish commander, he puts a most forcible description of the savage atrocities perpetrated by the French, and of the courage, the intrepidity, the perseverance, and the wisdom, by which the unprincipled invasion of the enemy is resisted, discomfited, and confounded. The more pointed passages were seized with avidity, and hailed with the most enthusiastic applause. The interest of the piece turns almost exclusively on the fortunes and sufferings of Count Egmont and his countess, Adriana, who fall into the hands of De Courcy, the governor of the castle, by whom they are immured in separate prisons; Egmont, in a cold subterraneous cave, the entrance into which is covered over with a ponderous iron-grating. De Courcy is enamoured of the charms of Adriana; and, among the other dark shades of his character, endeavours to win her affections from her husband, and fix them on himself. His stratagems are, however, frustrated by the ingenuity and presence of mind of Adriana, who gains to her interest her keepers, Bertrand and Rosa de Valmont, from whom she contrives to procure the key to the door of Egmont's prison, extricates him from his confinement, and shuts up De Courcy in his stead.

Egmont, by the help of his son, who is also a prisoner, obtains the password, and thus deludes the guards, and returns to his commander in chief, Emanuel Philip, with whom he concerts, and afterwards executes, the attack and expulsion of the enemy, in which enterprise he is nobly seconded by an Irish officer, Sir Leinster Kildare.

The following are the principal characters:—

Spaniards.

Emanuel Philip (Duke of Savoy) .....Mr. Putnam.
Count Egmont (the General).....Mr. Elliston.
Theodore (his Son) ..Master Wallack.
Everard (the Minstrel) Mr. Braham.
Bertrand.....Mr. De Camp.
Alvarez .....Mr. Ray.
Miguel .....Mr. Millar.
Adriana (Egmont's Wife).....Mrs. H. Siddons.

English.

Sir Leinster Kildare ..Mr. Johnstone.
Captain .....Mr. Maddocks.
Jack .....Mr. Penley.

French.

De Courcy (Governor of the castle).....Mr. Raymond.
Laroche .....Mr. Smith.
Rosa De Valmont ....Miss Ray.
Margaret .....Miss Tidswell.

The piece abounds in glowing sentiments of patriotism, and in energetic descriptions of the acts of injustice, oppression, and cruelty, exercised against the generous Spaniards by their ferocious enemy. Here is its chief merit as a composition. There is much ingenuity in the contrivance by which Egmont is liberated from his dungeon; but some of the incidents want probability. In the delineation of the characters there is not much novelty or niceness.—Egmont is a bold and generous Spaniard; De Courcy a stern tyrannical Frenchman; Sir Leinster Kildare, a courageous warm-hearted Irishman; Adriana, a constant and affectionate wife. Such characters, no doubt, are every day to be met with; but brought together under the circumstances in which they are placed in this piece, they could not fail of exciting a powerful interest.

Egmont and Sir Leinster Kildare had most able representatives in Elliston and Johnstone. Nothing could be more tenderly affecting than Mrs. H. Siddons's Adriana. Braham is introduced as a military minstrel, animating the Spaniards to battle; he had two airs, and they were given with his usual taste, and were received with the accustomed applause.

The part of the vocal performance which excited the greatest applause was a beautiful duet between Masters Durousset and Huckle, (pupils of Mr. Corri, the composer) which was rapturously encored. The Overture and Music are composed by Mr. Hook, and do much credit to his taste and science. The scenery is all new and of uncommon beauty. The dresses and decorations are appropriate and magnificent.

From the beginning almost to the end the piece was listened to with the deepest attention, and interrupted only by frequent bursts of applause. When it was given out for a second representation, some attempts were made at censure, but they were soon overpowered by cries of *bravo* and a tumult of approbation.

Wednesday, November 23.—The Comedy of the *The Chances* was performed at this theatre this evening. Elliston's *Don John* is an admirable piece of acting: it was light, gay, and airy; the raillery and mirth were those of a gentleman. There was no approach to the rampancy of a city buck. His performance was entirely unmixed with any alloy of vulgarity. *Don John* is the model in which the *Rangers*, the *Archers*, and all the swaggering rakes of modern comedy have invariably been cast. But the Spanish cavalier is infinitely superior to this bastard brood. There is in the character of *Don John* the splendid, chivalrous gaiety of the Spanish gentleman; that gaiety which prevailed in Spain, when Spain was the court of the world and the mirror of European manners. Elliston most admirably hit the points of this character; and it gives us pleasure to proclaim his unrivalled excellence in performing it. Whatever can be said

of Elliston's *Don John*, may be repeated of Mrs. Jordan's *Constantia*. The part is short, and did not afford sufficient scope for her powers; but the few scenes in which she had an opportunity to exhibit her talents, were given in that chaste style of comic colouring which distinguishes her in every part she delineates.

A kind of Ballet Dance, of little or no value, has been performed, with neither praise nor blame, at this theatre.

ADDITIONS TO, AND CORRECTIONS IN, FORMER OBITUARIES.

LADY DACRE, (p. 270.) For a considerable time after the death of her Ladyship's second husband, Trevor Charles Roper, Esq. she wholly secluded herself from society, and when she again made her appearance she wore the hat and used the walking cane of her deceased lord. A habit of the colour of his clothes, and made after the same fashion about the waistcoat, formed her general dress. The boots, spurs, and gloves of Lord Dacre were placed every morning in the hall, by the servant who had attended him in his life time. A portrait of his lordship hung in the dining parlour, and a plate, with a knife and fork, was placed at table, as if for him.

The period of the year in which Lord Dacre expired, was always held sacred by her, and because the meadows were then being mowed, and his lordship, the day previous to his death, had sat at the window to observe the hay-makers, the meadows were every year afterwards mowed on the same day; the chair in which his lordship sat was placed by the side of the window, and as she placed herself beside it, she seemed to converse with the spirit of her departed spouse. In all this there was no derangement of intellect: in most things a strong masculine perception and extensive prudence were the characteristics of her ladyship. She was benevolent to the poor, but economically so; and though not sparing of her beneficence, she knew the great secret of doing much good at a small expense. She walked about the village of Lee in all weathers, frequently entered the cottage of the sick, chatted with the aged, and encouraged the industrious. The respect and affection for her memory, which was shewn at her funeral on Tuesday the 20th of September, was very great: the churchyard and the lanes leading thereto, were crowded by numbers of all ranks, and the poor bewailed their loss with tears and lamentations. Her ladyship's age was no more than 54, but her appearance and her masculine attire, made her to be thought full ten years older. She was rather short and bulky in her person. Her features were small and pleasing, but being embrowned by her manner of living, possessed a forbidden harshness to a casual observer. Condescension, cheerfulness, and benevolence, were indeed soon perceived by those who conversed with her, and she seemed to take an interest in the affairs of others, that endeared her to many.

HISTORICAL CHRONICLE.

DOMESTIC OCCURRENCES.

London.

ON Thursday, October the 27th, the Court of Common Council met to receive his Majesty's Answer to the Address of the City (p. 367) on the subject of the Convention in Portugal.—The report of the proceedings of the last day, and his Majesty's answer being read:—

Mr. Waithman, in a speech of some length, said, that it was constitutional to consider the Address as that of his Majesty's advisers, and therefore any observations on it could not be disrespectful to his Majesty himself. He declared that the right of petitioning the throne was claimed and insisted upon at the revolution, and that persons exercising that valuable right should be free from reprehension and reproof. For twenty years there had

been no petition for the redress of public grievances, but no occasion had been lost for offering congratulation. Yet to this one petition for redress they received an answer in the most repulsive style. It was, to put it into plain English, nothing more than this:—"Gentlemen, I am perfectly convinced of your loyalty and attachment to me, you have told me that so very often, that it was unnecessary to tell me over again what I knew before. As to your advice, I could very well dispense with it." An answer such as this was undoubtedly insulting to the City of London, the first corporation in the empire. If ever there was an occasion which made it necessary for the City to exercise its right of approaching his Majesty with their petitions, it was upon that occasion, where not only the honour of this country, but the interests of their allies for whom the British nation felt so strongly, had been completely sacrificed. In the exercise of that right and duty, they had received an answer from his Majesty's ministers, which was more repulsive, and more in the language of reproof, than any ministers had ever advised a British King to use to his City of London. Mr. W. concluded by moving as follows:—

Resolved, That his Majesty's Answer be entered on the journals. That at the same time this Court cannot forbear declaring it as their opinion, that the Address and Petition presented to his Majesty by this Court on Wednesday the 12th inst. was conceived in the most dutiful and respectful terms; that it is the undoubted right of the subject to petition, and that this right ought at all times to be freely exercised in all matters of public grievance, without obstruction or reproof.

That they are, therefore, at a loss to know by what construction of their said Petition, however strained or perverted, his Majesty's advisers could attribute to them any intention or desire "to pronounce judgment, without previous investigation."

That they are equally at a loss to know why his Majesty's advisers should have deemed it necessary to remind them, "that it was inconsistent with the principles of British justice;" unless to throw an unmerited odium on this Corporation, and raise a barrier between them and the Crown, on all occasions where their object is free and constitutional Inquiry.

That had this Court refrained from expressing to his Majesty their feelings at the humiliating termination of the campaign in Portugal, they must have ceased to feel—to think—to act as Britons, and have shewn themselves unsusceptible of that patriotism so essentially necessary for the preservation of their liberties—the maintenance of their national honour—and the independence and security of his Majesty's crown and dominions.

They cannot, therefore, sufficiently express their concern, that they should, by any suggestions, have met with obstruction and reprehension in the exercise of this undoubted and invaluable right.

That they particularly regret that his Majesty should have been advised to express a hope "that recent occurrences would have convinced them that his Majesty is at all times ready to institute inquiries on occasions in which the character of the country, or the honour of his Majesty's arms is concerned; and that the interposition of the City of London could not be necessary for inducing his Majesty to direct due enquiry into a transaction which had disappointed the hopes and expectations of the nation."

Because it appears, that during the eventful period of the last fifteen years, various enterprizes and expeditions have been undertaken, "in which the character of the country, and the honour of his Majesty's arms, were concerned," which have grievously failed, and "disappointed the hopes and expectations of the nation," and into which "due enquiry" has not been made. That in one of the recent occurrences to which his Majesty's Answer refers, it is not known, even at the present moment, by whose advice the Commander in Chief was appointed, or on what account such commander was selected.

During all these calamitous events, and wasteful profusion of blood and treasure, the public burthens have been patiently borne, and his Majesty has not been called upon by "the interposition of the City of London" (if their humble supplication must be

termed) to institute inquiries into these failures; although it appears to them that such "interposition" might have been highly necessary and beneficial to the country, and, by promoting "due inquiry," precluded the necessity of their late application.

That during these unhappy reverses, and while his Majesty's subjects submitted to so many privations, the most shameful and scandalous abuses and peculations have prevailed, into which due inquiry has not been made, so as to bring to justice such great public delinquents.

That whoever advised his Majesty to put so unfavourable and unwarrantable a construction on their late Petition, has abused the confidence of his Sovereign, and is equally an enemy to his Majesty, and the just rights of his people.

That they do not attribute guilt to any one, much less do they pronounce judgment without previous investigation. They ask for investigation, prompt and rigid investigation, and the punishment of guilt wherever it may be found.

Mr. Waithman's resolutions were seconded by Mr. Quin, in a speech of considerable length, and carried by a very great majority.

Marriages and Deaths in and near London.

Married.] At Mary-le-Bone, the Right Hon. Lord George Beresford, to Miss Harriet Schutz.

At St. George's, Hanover-square, Sir George Bowyer, Bart. to Miss Douglas, eldest daughter of the late Sir Andrew Snape Douglas.

At St. John's, Hackney, Samuel De Zoete, Esq. of Mincing-lane, to Miss Emily Paine, of Hackney.

Died.] On the 3d of November, at his house in Essex-street, between the hours of six and seven in the evening, in the 89th year of his age, The Rev. Theophilus Lindsey, formerly Vicar of Catterick, in Yorkshire. This living he resigned in the year 1773, from a conviction that the service of the Church of England, as far as it involves the doctrine of the Trinity, is repugnant to the precepts of our Saviour and his Apostles, and particularly to the great commands of God, solemnly promulgated to the Jews, and urged with the strongest emphasis by our Saviour—Thou shalt have no other Gods but me. In consequence of this conviction, and the ineffectual attempts to obtain redress for the clergy in the subscription to the 39 Articles, having resigned his living, and quitted Yorkshire, he came to London; and in the year 1774, encouraged by the application of several persons of high respectability, who were earnest in the same cause, he opened a room in Essex-House for the worship of the only true God, in which he performed divine service, according to the Liturgy of the Church of England, reformed by the celebrated Dr. Clarke, with some variations, adapted to his own more improved views of the subject. Four years afterwards he preached a sermon on the opening of the chapel in Essex-House, which has since that time been dedicated to Unitarian worship. Here his services as a minister were most acceptable to a numerous congregation; and whatever disapprobation his opinions might excite among the uninformed of different denominations, even they could not but esteem a character of such benevolence, honesty, and integrity. The attachment of those, who were most intimately acquainted with his virtues, was unbounded; for seldom is to be found a man who has fixed so deeply in his heart the grand characteristics of the Christian religion—Love to God and love to man. He lamented the divisions amongst Christians, owing to the unreasonable adherence of many to tradition, merely of human or political authority, in opposition to the language of Revelation. The whole tenor of his preaching was Benevolence and the easy yoke of Christ—ardour in the study of the Scriptures—humility in the sight of God—and the rejection of that false piety, which lays undue stress on external circumstances.

In these useful labours he was engaged to the 70th year of his age, when he resigned his pastoral office, dedicating the remainder of his life to the great objects of promoting scriptural truth, in which service he continued occasionally to employ his pen. No man was a more sincere friend to civil and religious liberty; no one

more attached to those principles which placed the Brunswick family upon the throne. To these principles he never failed, when a proper opportunity offered, of bearing his testimony with consistent firmness and characteristic mildness; for mildness, benevolence, and humility, founded on piety and entire resignation to the will of God, and combined with habitual cheerfulness, were the striking features in his character. During the latter part of his life, the infirmities of age gradually pressed upon him; but he bore them all without a murmur;—and his favourite maxim, on which he dwelt emphatically almost in his last moments, and when utterance became difficult, was—What God wills is best.

Thus far we have copied the account given in the Morning Chronicle; and the justice of it will be acknowledged by all who had any connection with this ever-to-be-revered minister. The reform, which he proposed, and which he executed in a great degree, is of the highest importance, as will be seen by a comparison between the Prayer Book used in Essex-street Chapel, and the Prayer Book of the religion by law established. In the latter is much to confound the pious Christian; as for example, the absurdities in the Athanasian Creed, and its wickedness and uncharitableness in denying salvation to all who do not believe such nonsense; the second, third, and fourth addresses in the litany; and the strange invocation to the Supreme Being to hear us by the circumcision of Christ. Other circumstances might be pointed out; and the reformation of the prayer-book is much to be desired by all, who pay at least the same attention to their addresses to the Supreme Being that they would do to an earthly superior. From all these points, and many others, foreign to the Christian religion, Mr. Lindsey's liturgy is free; and the use of it in our churches would tend to remove many religious differences now on foot which ought not to agitate the Christian world.

On the 11th, the remains of this revered pastor were conveyed to Bunhill-fields, where he was buried agreeably to his own request, privately.—A hearse, and one mourning coach, formed the whole of the procession. Several of the congregation in Essex-street, and other friends of the deceased, were at the burial-ground, to pay this tribute of affection and respect to his memory. On the Sunday following a funeral sermon was preached in Essex-street Chapel, to an overflowing congregation; and on the Sunday after was a funeral sermon at Hackney; both of which we understand will be printed. Several sermons also have been printed in different parts of England, as at Birmingham, Hull, Portsmouth, Exeter, Chester, &c. Such a tribute was due to this excellent reformer. Luther and Calvin mixed politics with their reforms: Mr. Lindsey's was not contaminated with such a mixture. He appealed to the Scriptures only, and made every individual Christian the sole judge in this important cause. And assuredly it is of far greater consequence for a man to examine, whether his faith is agreeable to the words of Christ, than to make it conformable with the dictates of Luther and Calvin, the assembly's catechism, or the thirty-nine articles.

At Stoke Newington, the Rev. Mr. Barbauld, who formerly kept the celebrated academy at Palgrave, in Norfolk, and husband of the lady so highly distinguished for her numerous productions for the improvement of education, both religious and moral, equally devoid of superstition and fanaticism.

In the rules of the King's Bench Prison, Henry Edwin Allen Caulfield, Esq. once "the gayest of the gay," and celebrated in the *Beau Monde* for his personal and elegant accomplishments. He was the son of a Major Caulfield, in the North of Ireland, a relative of the house of Charlemont. At a very early age he obtained a commission in the Guards, but having acquired much celebrity as an amateur tragedian, he exchanged the sash and gorget for the buskin, and appeared as *Hamlet* at Covent-Garden Theatre, with some success. Being unfortunately implicated in a *crim. con.* which from heavy damages involved him in pecuniary embarrassment, Capt. Caulfield gradually declined in appearance, and grew so

dejected as to bring on a consumption, which terminated in his premature decease. Among his other accomplishments, he was esteemed the best skaiter that ever exhibited on the Serpentine river.

GALLANT ACTIONS.

Admiralty Office, Oct. 25, 1808.

His Majesty's ship Seahorse, off Skyro, July 6, 1808.

My Lord,—I have the honour to inform your lordship, that yesterday evening we observed two Turkish men of war and a galley coming round the east end of the island of Scopolo, towards which we immediately made sail. On coming near enough to make out that they were both single-decked ships, I determined to bring them to action, having every confidence in the officers and crew of this ship. The action began at half past nine, the Turks going a little off the wind under easy sail, and continually endeavouring to run us on board; indeed I early saw that their chief attention was directed to this object, and as the largest ship appeared of great force and full of men, I kept this ship in a position not to be boarded. At ten o'clock, observing a good opportunity of more particularly attacking the small ship to advantage, we dropped alongside of her, and after a quarter of an hour's hot fire, at half pistol shot dsstance, her fire having totally ceased, we left her in a state of the greatest distress and confusion, with her sails mostly down, and just before we had left her, she had partially blown up forward. By this time the large frigate, which, from having fallen a little to leeward, had not been able to assist her consort, had again got pretty close up, and the action between us soon recommenced: still so obstinate was the resistance of the Turks, that it was not till a quarter past one we rendered her a motionless wreck. As they now would neither answer nor fire, I conceived it most prudent, knowing the character of the people, to wait for daylight, to send on board her. At daylight, observing her colours upon the stump of the mizen-mast, we poured a broadside into her stern, when she struck, and I had the pleasure to take possession of the Badere Zaffer, a very fine frigate, of the largest dimensions, carrying fifty-two long brass guns, twenty-four pounders, on the main-deck, except two, which are forty-two pounders, and twelve-pounders on the quarter-deck and forecastle; she had a complement of five hundred men, and was commanded by captain Scanderli Kichuc Alli, who, I am informed, was only prevented by his own people from blowing her up. Her loss in killed and wounded is prodigious, one hundred and sixty-five killed, and one hundred and ninety-five wounded; our's comparatively small, five killed, and ten wounded. Our mizen-mast fell soon after the action, which is the greatest injury we have sustained. The other ship was named the Alis Fezan, carrying twenty-four thirteen pounders, and two mortars, commanded by Captain Daraga di Alli, with a complement of two hundred and thirty men. I understand they took most of the men out of the galley before the action, and sent her away.

Having now, my Lord, given you the details of this affair, there only remains the pleasant office of recommending to you the officers and ship's company, who, during a tedious night action, where much depended upon working the sails as well as the guns, behaved in a manner to command my utmost gratitude. The disparity of force, with the loss in the enemy's ships, will prove the greatness of their exertions, to which I shall add, that thirty men were absent from the ship. Mr. Downie, the first lieutenant, is an officer of merit, ability, and experience; and I beg strongly to recommend him to your lordships protection for promotion. Mr. Lester, master's mate, who has passed, is also very deserving of promotion. Thomas Hully, gunner's mate, and an excellent man, acted as Gunner; and from his conduct, is very deserving of such a situation.

I am now proceeding with the prize for any port I can get first into among the islands, as it is with difficulty we can keep her above water.

I have the honour to be, &c.

(Signed) John Stewart.

The Right Hon Lord Collingwood,
Commander-in-Chief, &c. &c. &c.

Literal copy of a letter from a seaman on board the Africa, giving an account of the action between that ship and the Danish gun boats:

"*His Majesty's ship Africa, off Copenhagen, Oct.* 20, 1808.

"MY DEAR FRIEND,—" I offer sincere thanks to Almighty God, for his infinite mercy in preserving my life this day, during a very severe action with the Danish gun boats. We sailed from Carlscrona, in Sweden, about a week since, with a convoy under our protection of near 200 sail of merchantmen, for Malino. Our convoy got into the wished-for port, all, I believe, except one taken, and three on shore, which were burnt by our people, to prevent their falling into the hands of the Danes.

"The Africa kept between the convoy and the Danes, to cover and protect them. About one o'clock this day it was quite calm. We saw the Danish gun boats rowing towards us to the number of 32 boats, perhaps you do not know, but for your information I tell you, when a large ship is becalmed, she is quite unmanageable, a mere log on the water, which was our case. The Danes with their oars took the opportunity to come on our quarters and bows, where they knew we were weakest, and endeavoured to rake us. About half past two o'clock they came within gun-shot of us, and we opened a brisk fire on them, from as many of our guns as we could bring to bear on them. They continued advancing, and stationed themselves some on the quarter, and some on the bows.

"These boats have in a calm much superiority over a ship: by means of their oars, they can pull round a ship in any direction, and being small, comparatively only like a speck on the water, they are no mark to aim at like a large ship. They amounted, in all, as far as we can learn, to about 1920 men, 128 guns, 32's and 42's, with swivels. To do them justice, they shewed much courage, in coming near us, for our shot went far over them.

"I was stationed on the lower gun-deck, to hand powder from the magazine; and I confess I shuddered to see the poor sailors knocked down in our ship, as I could sometimes, through a slit in a thick flannel screen, which was hung round the hatchway on which I stood, to prevent any fire from the flashes of the guns communicating to the powder as it was handed up to the people above us, immediately over the magazine. I confess my weakness; my standing over the powder room, the shots pouring in, in every direction, together with shells, I thought the magazine would be blown up. I endeavoured to bear up against my fears, and succeeded.

"Their grape-shot could only be likened to showers of stones or dust thrown into the ship by shovels. The skreen round me was soon knocked away entirely, by splinters. A cartridge of powder, of 4lbs. which I held up over my head to the man above me, blew up, the lid of the cartridge-box being off, without hurting me, except a slight stroke on the eye. I cannot think how I escaped, but by an over-ruling providence, from destruction. Several large shots came through the ship's side, close to me. Two iron staunchions, six or seven inches in diameter, were shot through and broken to pieces. The man over me to whom I handed the powder, was wounded in both arms, and in the breast.

"At half past seven, those that remained of the enemy began to pull away from us. I am informed by our people who were on deck, they supposed the Danes suffered extremely by our fire, as they saw several boats sink, and they were picking up the people out of the water. Some had not more than five men left in them. The darkness of the night finished the business.

"At the conclusion we find that we have eight men killed outright, and in wounded many badly. The total is 61.

Our colours were twice shot away. The enemy supposing we had struck, huzzaed and pulled nearer; we huzzaed and pelted away at them; they drew back.

"We expect the masts to fall if we should have much wind, before we can reach port; in short, we have many shots between wind and water, and some such large pieces knocked out of the side, that I could almost creep through, and we are a mere

wreck. Our boats are shot all to pieces, an arm-chest on the poop blown to pieces by their shells: but thank God we beat them off. We suppose their loss in men must be three times greater than ours, considering their numbers, and from what those on our decks saw. Those now in the ship, and who were in Lord Nelson's last action at Trafalgar, say, this surpassed it for hard fighting.

"The enemy shewed great courage. We have three Officers wounded, and the sergeant-major of marines badly. Captain Barrett is unhurt, except in his feelings for his men who have suffered. He walked the deck all the time during the action, as cool and composed as if nothing was doing, encouraging his men. He has given both his cabins to the wounded, and the officers have given them their cots.

"We are going to Carlscrona to refit. The worst is, we have nothing but empty honour for this, and hard knocks—no prize money.

"I am writing this on Saturday night. I drink all your healths and happiness in a glass of grog. This is a brave ship's company, somewhat under 400 men, and too much cannot be said in their praise.

"If the day-light had continued two hours longer, and the enemy persevered, with a little more judgment, they had killed two-thirds of us, or sunk the ship, for she will, with our captain, never strike her flag while she swims.

"I suppose we shall come to England, as our ship is above 20 years old, and quite done up. This evening (Saturday), about ten o'clock, we fell in with our commander in chief, Sir J. Saumarez, in the Victory. Capt. Barrett went on board to him, and got orders to go to Carlscrona to repair his damages.

"Sunday.—I have been on shore with some linen: on returning to the ship, I was surprised on viewing the ship's stern and sides. In the stern there is not a square foot without a shot striking, or a hole: there are 70 holes in it.

"We have got some carpenters from the ships here, and they are busy in repairing the damages, in order, as we suppose, to enable us to proceed to England, where I hope soon to see you all. In the mean time, I hope that God may bless and protect you."

Copy of a Letter from Capt. Seymour to Lord Gambier:—

Amethyst, Hamoaze, Nov. 15, 1808.

My Lord,—I have the most sincere pleasure in acquainting you, that his majesty's ship the Amethyst, under my command, captured the 10th inst. at night, the French frigate La Thetis of 44 guns, and a crew of 380 men, who had served years together, and 106 soldiers, from L'Orient for Martinique. Being close to the N. W. point of Groa, she was seen a quarter before seven P. M. and immediately chased; and a close action began before ten o'clock, which continued with little intermission till 20 minutes after midnight. Having fallen on board for a short time, after ten, and from quarter past eleven, when she intentionally laid us on board, till she surrendered (about an hour). She lay fast alongside, the fluke of our best bower anchor having entered her foremast main deck port, and she was, after great slaughter, boarded and taken possession of, and some prisoners received from her, before we disengaged the ships. Shortly after, a ship of war was seen closing fast under a press of sail, which proved to be the Triumph, which immediately gave us the most effectual assistance that the anxious and feeling mind of such an officer as Sir T. Hardy could suggest. At half past one the Shannon joined, received prisoners from, and took La Thetis in tow. She is wholly dismasted, dreadfully shattered, and had her commander (Pinsun, Captaine de Vaisseau) and 135 men killed; 102 wounded, amongst whom are all her officers except three. Amethyst has lost 19 killed, and 51 wounded, amongst the former is Lieut. B. Kendall, a most promising young Officer, of the Royal Marines, who suffered greatly; and that invaluable officer Lieutenant Samuel John Payne, dangerously wounded; the mizen mast shot away, and the ship much damaged and leaky.—No language can convey an adequate idea of the cool and determined bravery shewn by every officer and man of this ship:

and their truly noble behaviour has laid me under the greatest obligation. The assistance I received from my gallant friend the first lieutenant, Mr. G. Blennerhasset, an officer of great merit and ability, is beyond all encomium. Lieutenants Hill and Crouch, and Mr. Fair, the master (whose admirable exertions, particularly at the close of the action, when the enemy was on fire, the boarders employed, and the ship had suddenly made two feet water, surmounted all difficulties), are happily preserved to add lustre to his majesty's service. In justice to Monsieur Dede, the surviving commander of La Thetis, I must observe he acted with singular firmness, and was the only Frenchman on the quarter-deck when we boarded her.

I have the honour to be, &c.

(Signed) MICHAEL SEYMOUR.

N. B. Dimensions of La Thetis:—Length, 162 feet; breadth, 41 feet, 6 inches; 28 18-pounders (24 pounds English) on the main-deck; 12 36-pounders (42 pounds English) on the quarter-deck; 4 8-pounders on the forecastle.—1000 barrels of flour on board, beside known stores.—Inclosed is a return of killed and wounded:

Killed, Mr. B. Kendall, 2d. Lieut. Marines; 10 seamen and 8 Marines.

Wounded, Mr. S. J. Payne, 1st. Lieut. Marines, dangerously; Mr. R. Gibbons, Master's Mate, mortally; Mr. L. Miles, midshipman, severely; 48 seamen and marines, many of them dangerously.—Total 19 killed, 51 wounded.

PROVINCIAL OCCURRENCES.

BERKSHIRE.

DIED.] Suddenly, at Stubbings House, near Maidenhead, the Right Honourable Guy Carleton, Lord Dorchester, Knight of the Bath, a General in the Army, Colonel of the 4th or Queen's own Dragoons, Governor of Fort Charlemont in Ireland, and Governor-General and Commander in Chief in Canada. His lordship is succeeded in his title and estate by his youngest son. By his lordship's death a Red Ribband of the Order of the Bath is become vacant.

At Bothamstead, Mrs. Lodge, late of Newbury. Her religion was "pure and undefiled," the chief employment of her life was the imitation of him, who "went about doing good," and none, who either knew her worth or partook of her bounty—unless the insensible and ungrateful—but will deeply lament her death and their own loss.

Deep this truth impress'd my mind—
Through all his works abroad,
The heart benevolent and kind
The most resembles God.

CHESHIRE.

There was a General Ordination at Chester last September, when the following extraordinary circumstance occurred. A young man, on that occasion, was ordained Deacon, who had served an apprenticeship to a mason; and, only within the last *three* years, had attended St. Bees School, two days in each week; working at his trade the other four. Of his attainments in the necessary branches of classical and theological learning, some idea may be formed from his having passed the examination for holy orders at Chester, with singular approbation.

The beautiful building called the Commercial News Rooms, recently erected and just opened at Chester, does honour to the founder, to the architect, and to that venerable city. The little expense and inconvenience which the subscribers have incurred in the erection of this structure, produces a confident hope of greater and more general improvements in Chester. In this laudable object the corporation are taking the lead, in the erection of a new bridge over the river.

CORNWALL.

Died.] Aged 73, at Ruan Lanyhorne, the Rev. J. Whitaker. Mr. W. was born at Manchester in 1735, and went early to Oxford. In 1771, he published his History of Manchester; and in 1772, his *Genuine History of the Britons Asserted* appeared in an octavo volume. In 1773, Mr. W. was

morning preacher at Berkeley chapel, where an unpleasant dispute gave occasion to the "Case between Mr. W. and Mr. Hughes, relative to the morning preachership of Berkeley chapel." About 1778, he succeeded, as Fellow of Corpus Christi College, to the rectory of Ruan Lanyhorne, one of the most valuable livings in the gift of that college. He published his *Mary Queen of Scots* in 1787. Next followed, *The Course of Hannibal over the Alps*—his *Antient Cathedral of Cornwall*—the *Supplement to Mr. Polwhele's Antiquities*—his *London*, and his *Oxford*—his *Origin of Arianism, &c.* Mr. W. was the author of the Critique on Gibbon in the English Review, and many other valuable articles. He also assisted in the British Critic, and the Anti-Jacobin Review, and contributed some fine pieces of poetry to the *Cornwall and Devon Poets*. He married a Miss Tregenna, of an ancient Cornish family, and has left her a widow with two amiable daughters. In 1783, he published a Volume of Sermons upon Death, Judgment, Heaven, and Hell.

CUMBERLAND.

That singular natural curiosity, the floating island, which has emerged from the bottom of Derwent water, only three times in the course of about thirty years, has recently appeared upon the surface. At first it was of a dark brown colour, but soon became covered with verdure. It contains about an acre of ground, and is quite stationary. By thrusting a pole, in several places, to the depth of three yards, the water rushed up; consequently it is of that thickness, and unconnected with the bottom. That it is also entirely unconnected with the shore, is evident, as boats have sailed entirely around it, and sounded the water with long poles, without finding the bottom.

Parliament is to be applied to, for making a new road between Cockermouth and Wigton. The greatest deviation from the present line will be between the former place and Bothel; and a considerable one between that place and Wigton. By forming this intended line, no less than nine very inconvenient hills will be avoided, the whole road will be nearly level, and the distance will be shortened, at least three miles.

Died.] In the City of Carlisle, Mr. Chisholm, architect, aged 28. Mr. Chisholm was a native of Aberdeen, in North Britain, in the university of which he received the elements of physical and moral science, on which his professional studies were grounded. The activity of his mind was shewn in the great progress which he made in architecture, engineering, and those parts of natural philosophy connected with them. But while he was studious to advance himself in his profession, he did not neglect those ornamental studies which qualify a man to take a part in elegant and polite conversation. His taste was improved by reading the best poets of ancient and modern times; and he had formed a style of writing which evinced a brilliant fancy, and a poetical imagination. Mr. Chisholm, till a short period previous to his death, enjoyed good health, and was ever active in promoting and superintending the works on which he was employed. From the union of moral excellence and ingenuity in his profession, from the amœnity of his manners, and from the justness of his observations, he had conciliated universal esteem, admiration, and respect. It is supposed that the deceased died in consequence of the bursting of an artery at the heart.

HAMPSHIRE.

The long projected plan of completing the inland navigation between the metropolis and the ports of Portsmouth and Southampton, by means of a junction of the Basingstoke canal with the river Itchen, at Winchester, is now proceeding with every probability of success. The line (which is the same that was projected in 1796) commences at the Basingstoke wharf, so that the whole of that canal will now be navigable, and there will be ten miles less to form the junction, than there would be by Alton and Farnham; besides that, the hill to be tunnelled through is little more than a third-part as wide as Ripley hill.

HERTFORDSHIRE.

Bridgewater-house.—The first stone of this intended magnificent pile of building was laid lately by James Wyatt, Esq. the surveyor-general. The front will exceed 350 feet in length, the whole will be of stone: the architecture will be *a la grec*. It

will be three stories high, and six state apartments on each of the principal stories complete the outline. The floors will be of oak, and arranged after the *Mosaic* taste. The late Duke of Bridgewater, who long had it in contemplation to build a family mansion on the spot, had collected together immense quantities of stone, which have been long lying in heaps in the neighbourhood. There are likewise three hundred waggon loads of fir timber ready, which were purchased by the present Earl of Bridgewater, (the projector of these great improvements) at five pounds per load, a short time since; this wood is now sixteen guineas. The sheet lead provided for this great undertaking is incalculable; it was bought on terms equally reasonable. It is added, that Bridgewater-house will equal, if not excel, in splendour, any of the country seats of our nobility and gentry in the kingdom. It will take seven years to perfect this magnificent structure.

NORFOLK.

Norwich has lately experienced an almost total stagnation in the supply of corn, from the conduct of the merchants, who have combined, (contrary to the custom of the market), and entered into the following resolutions:—

"That in consequence of the extensive credit given in the disposal of corn, by the merchants, and in a much greater degree by the manufacturers, it is but reasonable to expect some credit from the growers.

"That they will not purchase corn upon any other terms than one month's credit, to be calculated from the day of its delivery.

"That if payment is requested at any time previously to the expiration of the month, they will deduct one penny in the pound discount."

The corn growers, not choosing to comply with these terms, have entered into a subscription to defray the expence of an application to the Court of King's Bench, and of such other expences as may be necessarily incurred in resisting such combination.

This business accordingly came before the Court, on Friday, November the 25th, when Mr. Garrow called the attention of the Court to a circumstance, important at all times, but more particularly so at the present moment, when the high price of corn was so severely felt by the public. The fact to which he alluded, was a combination among certain corn dealers, of most mischievous tendency, and his application to the Court was for a Rule to shew cause why a criminal information should not be filed against them for such combination. The parties against whom he moved, were, Messrs. Palsgrave, Dawson, Crisp, Brown, Rich, Hawes, and others, whose names were inserted in the three lists he should deliver in to the Court. The affidavit upon which he moved, set forth, that a custom, time immemorial, had obtained in the Corn Market of the City of Norwich, of selling corn by sample for *ready-money*, or for bank notes equivalent to cash. The payment to be made on the delivery of the bulk, or at the next market day.—The affidavit then stated, that, on the 22d of October last, there appeared in the Norfolk Mercury, a Resolution of the Corn-dealers to the following effect —

"Resolved, that, from and after this day, we will not purchase corn, on any other terms than *a month's credit*, to be calculated from the day of delivery."

The learned Counsel here observed, that he did not mean to dispute the right of individuals to sell or purchase corn on what terms they pleased, but he would contend, that Corn-dealers had no right to enter into a combination which had for its object great public mischief, and general inconvenience, inasmuch as it carried the supply, ordinarily brought to the market in question, elsewhere, and by imposing terms of credit upon the growers, induced them to enhance the price of their corn, to cover that credit. But there were other resolutions the Corn-dealers in question had come to; one was, if they were compelled to pay ready money, that they should insist upon *one penny* in the pound sterling, as discount, which would be tantamount to the month's credit; and another, that the dealers should meet at a given hour, on the market day, and do no business after two o'clock. Thus changing the whole course and practice of a market organised for the sale of an article of such vital importance to the country. These resolutions were signed by the parties against

whom he had moved, and who had carried those resolutions into effect, by refusing to fulfil their contracts, but under the conditions stated. The mischievous effects of this combination, he said, had been felt already, and the importance of this motion, he trusted, would be felt by the Court.

Lord Ellenborough asked Mr. Garrow, in what way he proposed to state the public mischief, which, he said, ought to be suppressed, provided the Court granted a Rule to shew cause? He should imagine it must be by alledging that the practice alluded to had the effect of enhancing the price of corn, insomuch as the growers must require a larger price for their produce, if they were obliged to give a month's credit. In other words, that by the Resolutions entered into by the Corn-dealers, terms were imposed upon the sellers of corn, which had the effect of enhancing the price of that essential article of life.

Mr. Garrow said, his lordship had a correct idea of the mischief complained of, and it was impossible to calculate the further mischiefs that were likely to arise, if the Court did not interfere to put down the combination. The effect already produced was, that of driving the growers to other markets, and, consequently, the supply for the Norwich market was diminished, and the price enhanced. He would repeat that persons had a right to buy and sell individually, by the best terms they could make; but a body of individuals had no right to do that collectively, the effect of which was prejudicial to the community at large.

Lord Ellenborough.—As individuals they may buy and sell upon the terms they agree for. Nobody will question that right; but combining to impose terms upon the grower, such as described, is calculated to enhance the price of grain in the market, or of lessening the supply in that market, which is another cause for an increased price.—Take a Rule to shew cause, it will be the means of more amply discussing the subject, or of putting an end to the practice altogether.—Rule to shew cause granted.

An application is intended to be made to parliament, in the next session, for an act for erecting a bridge over the river Wensum, at or near Carrow Abbey, and for making roads for connecting the same with the Trowse and Thorpe turnpike roads.

The Coursing Meeting at Swaffham was this year more than usually well attended, and afforded excellent sport to a very genteel and numerous company.—There were no less than 204 persons at the ball; among whom were many of the most distinguished ladies for beauty and fashion in the county: and all seemed highly gratified with their evening's entertainment.

A most dreadful Accident!—As a waggon, belonging to Mr. Sparke, of Westfield, was going to Norwich, it was overtaken within about half a mile of the toll-gate on the Dereham road, by two other teams, when the driver of the first waggon was forced to draw close to the side of the road, and unfortunately it happened where there was a large hollow, or gravel pit, quite open; and being dark, from some cause the horses took fright, and turning suddenly round, the wheels locked, and the axletree was broken, upon which the waggon, laden with forty coombs of barley, (on the top of which were riding a poor woman of the name of Sapy, with her daughter, and a brother of the driver) were all precipitated to the bottom of the pit, and the barley and waggon falling upon them, it was some time before they could be sufficiently removed to discover the unfortunate sufferers; when, shocking to relate, the mother and daughter were taken out lifeless, the former of whom far advanced in pregnancy—and both had scarcely a bone of any consequence unbroken. The poor boy was rescued, after a dreadful suspense, with very little injury, owing to part of the waggon falling in such a way as to protect him from being crushed by the barley. The husband of the unfortunate woman is a very industrious labouring man, and lives at East Tuddenham; he is left to lament his loss with eight small children; the daughter, who lost her life with her mother, was the eldest, sixteen years of age. They were taken up by the driver on the road, with a quantity of potatoes, which they were taking to Norwich, to dispose of, to-

wards supporting their numerous and unfortunate family. The bodies were removed to the public house at Stonehills, where the Coroner's inquest sat on them.—Verdict, *Accidental death.*

Died.] Suddenly, a man of the name of Bryan, in St. Peter's, per Mountergate; he was getting his breakfast, when a pain seized his wrist, which proceeded to his shoulder, and from thence to the lower part of his body, which occasioned his immediate death. His son, about twelve years of age, distracted at the loss of his parent, was instantly taken with convulsion fits, and remained in that state till the next evening, when he expired, leaving behind them a frantic widow and mother, to lament their departure. They were both interred in one grave.

NOTTINGHAMSHIRE.

Died.] At North Collingham, John Pym, Esq. who was lineally descended from the famous republican Pym, who distinguished himself so much in the Civil Wars, and died in 1644. His only son having died abroad, this branch of the male line becomes extinct.

OXFORDSHIRE.

A plan has been adoped at Oxford for affording literary men and booksellers an opportunity of completing imperfect sets of valuable books: lists of such, with their prices, have from time to time been published; of which the following are a specimen:—

Books wanted.

1. Coverdale's Precious Pearle, 12mo. black letter, 1550, wanted at 2l. 2s.
2. La Tour Tenebreuse, by Madame L'Heritier de Villanden, printed in 1705, at—7s. 6d.
3. Keep's Monumenta Westmonasteriensia, 8vo. 1682.—2s. 6d.
4. Smollett's History of England, 8vo. vol. 9.—8s. 6d.
5. Encyclopædia Britannica, 4to. vols. 16, 17, 18.
6. Smith's Thucydides, 8vo. vol. 1.—4s.
7. Monthly Review, from the commencement to the year 1774.
8. Mountford's Plays, 8vo. 1720, vol. 2. —3s. 6d.
9. Old Ballads (Collection of) 8vo. 1727, vols. 2, 3.—15s.
10. Tacitus, Delph. 4to. Paris, 1682, &c. vols. 1, 2.—1l. 10s.
11. Ciceronis Opera, Schrevelii, 4to. Amst. 1661, vol. 1.—10s.
12. Livius, Delph. 4to. Paris, 1682, vol. 2.—7s.
13. Arnald on the Apocrypha, 1748, &c. parts 1 and 2, sewed.—1l. 10s.

N.B. The four last to be sold, or the other volumes to be purchased at the same rate.

SOMERSETSHIRE.

Died.] Sir Henry Paulet St. John Mildmay, Bart. in the 44th year of his age. His complaint was a diseased liver, with which he had been afflicted for many years, and endured the suffering of a long illness with manly firmness and patient resignation. Sir Henry was a Member of Parliament for the extensive and respectable county of Hants. Sir Henry generally resided at Dagmersfield Park, near Odiham, and lived in a style truly magnificent. His hospitality, like his manners, was liberal and open; and from his general condescension to his inferiors, and his munificent donations to the poor, is sincerely lamented. Sir Henry has left a wife and fifteen children. He is succeeded in his title and estate, computed at the annual value of 25,000*l.* by his eldest son, now Sir Henry Mildmay, a young gentleman of 22 years of age.

STAFFORDSHIRE.

The proprietors of the potteries in this county have resolved to erect, at Burslem, a monument or statue to the memory of the late Josiah Wedgewood, Esq. by voluntary subscription. The Etruria workmen have collected 70*l.* as a just tribute of their respect to that great and worthy character. The proprietors have it also tn agitation to establish a newspaper, to be called "The Pottery Gazette."

SUFFOLK.

At a public dinner, a short time since at Ipswich, the gentlemen present subscribed 2500*l.* for the erection of an Assembly Room, Hotel, &c. which subscription they intend to continue to an amount adequate to the purpose of erecting a handsome building.

On the 21st of Sept. last, at the sale of Mr. John Thurston's farming stock

at Little Stonham, the dairy, consisting of twenty-one cows, produced 270*l.* 11s. 6d.—two 2-year old heifers, 36*l.* 6d.; and his team of six geldings and mares, one of them with a foal at foot, 254*l.* 1s. 6d.

Died.] After a short illness, the Rev. Sir Henry Pix Heyman, Bart. formerly Fellow of Emanuel college, and late incumbent of the united vicarage of Fressingfield and rectory of Withersdale, it this county. This valuable piece of preferment is in the gift of the master of that society. Sir Henry proceeded B.A. 1784, M.A. 1787, B.D. 1794.

SURRY.

The new Methodist meeting-house at Epsom was lately entered in rather a singular manner. The good people at the head of the concern had, it seems, placed up a subscription box, for the purpose of private benevolence, and the making of proselytes. Some fellow, who, doubtless, thought the money collected ought to be circulated in a different manner, got into the chapel, by means of a ladder, through one of the windows, and carried off the contents of the box, leaving behind him the ladder and following note, addressed to the treasurer, in an excellent clerk-like hand-writing:—"Sir,—It is universally admitted that 'an exchange is no robbery,' neither can an article bought or sold be so deemed:—you will therefore have the goodness to consider the *cash received* merely as the *purchase* of the *ladder*, or in *exchange* for it!

Your's, &c. JACOB."

WARWICKSHIRE.

Died.] In the 78th year of his age, John Freeth, of Birmingham, a facetious bard of nature, forty-three years proprietor of Freeth's Coffee-house in that town. He was the author of many popular and patriotic ballads during the American and present war. The muse of Freeth, like that of the kind hearted and philanthropic Meyler of Bath, was always in full song in the cause of humanity or benevolence.

YORKSHIRE.

Col. Thornton has been induced to part with Falconer's Hall; and has selected a most enviable and princely domain, a residence unparalleled in its situation, either for a man of fashion, a bon vivant, or a sportsman. A few days since the Colonel proceeded through York, in his way to Spy-Park, in Wiltshire, attended by a cavalcade, in the following order:—First, the Boat Waggon, held by the owner invaluable, from having conveyed not less than 3000 independent freeholders to vote for Lord Milton; it is admirably contrived for the carrying of luggage or loose dogs, covered with the skins of stags, fallow deer, and roebucks, killed by the Colonel, nets, otter spears, fishing-rods, and guns, drawn by four thorough-bred cream-coloured Arabian mares, bred by the King. Next a Dog Cart, which carried milk-white terriers, and beautiful greyhounds; these were all sheeted and embroidered with the different matches that they had won: the novelty of the sight appeared to excite particular gratification. The Huntsman, mounted upon a powerful fine grey hunter, followed by an immense pack (judged not less than 100 couple) of stag-hounds, fox-hounds, otter-hounds, and lively lap-dog beagles. A Stud Groom and four Grooms, each leading a thorough-bred horse, the descendant, as it is said, of Jupiter; deer skins covered them by way of housing. A Keeper, appropriately dressed, with three brace of pointers. The Falconer in green and silver, surrounded by hawks, and on his fist a venerable grand Duke, closed this procession. Following, we understand, there were nine waggon-loads of old wine and ale, brought from Thornville Royal; inestimable from its age, and held by the *Duke of York as the finest wine in the kingdom.* These wines, moved at such an immense expense, were from 25 to 100 years old.

WALES.

Considerable improvements are going on at Newport, in Monmouthshire, by the opening of a new shipping-place, under the name of Pill Gwernlyn docks. Wharfs, &c. are nearly completed, and large shipments of coal, iron, &c. have already been made. A new street, three quarters of a mile long, is also laid out, which, when completed, will have a handsome appearance, being methodically planned. The present main street is also to be

widened at the entrance into the town, and the new road now forming, to avoid the hill, will be of considerable advantage to travellers. Sir Charles Morgan has liberally given all the land required for the purpose, without the smallest remuneration.

SCOTLAND.

A dreadful accident lately happened to the mail coach from Glasgow to Carlisle, at a place called Howcleugh. Between nine and ten o'clock at night, the coach had just got half way over the bridge, when it gave way in the middle arch, and the coach, passengers, horses, &c. were instantly precipitated into the river, down a fall of 35 or 40 feet. There were four inside and two outside passengers; the two outside and two of the horses were killed upon the spot, and the other passengers had a most miraculous escape; but they were all very considerably hurt; the coachman and guard were also much hurt, the former had his arm broke, and otherwise much bruised, and the guard got a severe contusion on the head. Most fortunately the other coach from Carlisle to Glasgow, was narrowly prevented from sharing the same fate; it arrived there just about the time the accident happened; from the darkness of the night, and the rate the coach necessarily goes at, must inevitably have gone into the river at the same breach in the arch, had not the cries of one of the sufferers given the alarm, by which they were enabled to save themselves from the same calamity. By the exertions of the coachman and guard of the other coach, the passengers who survived (a lady and three gentlemen), with the coachman and guard that had fallen into the abyss, were enabled to extricate themselves, and conducted to a place of safety. The London mail and some other valuable articles in the coach were saved. One of the proprietor's servants, at the risk of his life, went down the precipice, suspended by a rope, and saved the life of the lady, and recovered the mail bags, which must otherwise have been carried down the stream.

IRELAND.

Mr. Sheridan's Commission of Enquiry into the prison abuses in Ireland, is at length appointed, and commenced its sittings on the 25th instant, at the Session House, Green-street, Dublin. It is composed of the Hon. Justice Daly, of the King's Bench; Surgeon Renny, of the Medical Staff; Counsellor W. Disney, John Gale, Esq. and the Rev. Mr. Verschoyle, members; Samuel Rossborough, secretary.

The Arts.—At a General Meeting of the Dublin Society, the following noblemen and gentlemen were elected officers for the ensuing year:—

President—His Grace, Charles, Duke of Richmond, Lord Lieutenant of Ireland.

Vice-Presidents—Archbishop of Dublin; Earl of Charleville; Lord Frankfort; the Right Hon. John Foster; the Right Hon. David Latouche; Thomas Burgh, Esq.; Gen. Vallancey.

Treasurer—The Hon. Sir Thomas Gleadowe Newcomen, Bart.

Secretaries—The Rev. Dr. Thomas Smyth, and J. Leslie Foster, Esq.

Assistant Secretary—B. M'Carthy, Esq.

A letter, dated Manchester, and signed John Bradbury, was laid before the Dublin Society, at the late meeting, stating, that the Proprietors of the Liverpool Botanic Garden had resolved on forming an establishment at New Orleans, America, with a view to collect the plants of Kentucky and Louisiana, and to transmit to England living duplicates of the plants which should be so collected and multiplied on such establishment; and desiring to be informed if the Dublin Society would, in consideration of green specimens of the same, contribute to the expense, their quota not to exceed 100*l.* per annum.

The Secretary laid before the Society a list of several valuable West-India plants, presented to the Society by Captain Burgh.

A letter from Mr. C. Kelly, stating that he had discovered the *Perpetual Motion*, was presented and read.

DEATHS ABROAD.

The Russian Privy Counsellor, Count Von Sievers, died at Bauenhoff on the 10th ult. in the 78th year of his age. His whole life was devoted to the service of his country, and of mankind in general. He enjoyed the confidence of the Empress Catharine,

in a very high degree, and in the early part of his life was employed in various missions of great importance. He expended large sums of money in erecting and endowing schools at Moscow, and many other cities and towns; and almost all the Russian universities, and Dorssat, in particular, are indebted to his bounty. To the latter he gave 48,000 roubles, for the purpose of founding exhibitions. One of the last acts of his life was to destroy a number of bills and bonds, signed by persons who might be put to inconvenience by enforcing payment of them.

Lately, the Prince of Hessenstein, at Pancker, in Holstein, in his 74th year. He has bequeathed the whole of his property, estimated at a million and a half of rix dollars, to the Landgrave, Charles, of Hesse Cassel.

On the 19th of September, at St. Croix, in the West Indies, George Augustus Leathes, Esq. Lieutenant-Colonel of the 96th regiment of foot, son of George Leathes, Esq. of Bury St. Edmunds. A great sickness prevailed among our troops, at the above island, when the last dispatches left the place.

ALPHABETICAL LIST OF BANKRUPTCIES.

OCTOBER 25, to NOVEMBER 22, 1808, inclusive.

[*Extracted from the London Gazette.*]----*The Solicitors' Names are between Parentheses.*

ATKINSON W. Manchester, shoe-dealer, (Windle, John-street). Averill G. Armitage, Stafford, wheelwright, (Rudall, Clement's-Inn).

Barnes T. Colchester, saddler, (Milne and Co. Temple). Brading J. Newport, Isle of Wight, builder, (Wilmot, Holborn-court). Blyth W. Sheffield, mercer, (Blagrave and Co. Symond's-Inn). Bowstreed S. Kingsland-road, corn-merchant, (Bryant, Copthall-court). Baker J. jun. Stafford, shoe-manufacturer, (Anstice, King's-Bench-Walks). Beavers J. Sheffield, builder, (Crosley, Holborn-court). Brooker J. C. Poultry, haberdasher, (Allingham, Saint John's-square). Barns J. Manchester, manufacturer, (J. and R. Willis, Warnford-court). Bryan S. Grosvenor-Mews, chandler, (Robinson and Co. Lincoln's-Inn).

Connellan J. St. Catherine's, ship-chandler, (Bourdillon and Co. Little Friday-st.). Colgrave J. Red Lion-street, Holborn, wine-merchant, (Pullen, Fore-street). Corrie J. High-street, Lambeth, brewer, (Scarth, Lyon's-Inn). Cotton L. Fenchurch-street, merchant, (Evitt and Co. Haydon-square). Campbell A. Huddersfield, merchant, (Battye, Chancery-lane). Clarke T. Portsmouth, merchant, (Matthews, Portsmouth). Cooper B. Earl-street, builder, (Loxley, Cheapside).

Dewson B. jun. Wolverhampton, japanner, (Williams, Staple-Inn). Drew J. Dursley, Gloucester, innkeeper, (Price and Co. Old Buildings, Lincoln's-Inn). Dunn J. Stockport, draper, (Ellis, Cursitor-str.).

Elliott G. Winchester-street, merchant, (Crowder and Co. Frederick's-place).

Frith R. Broughton-ford, near Manchester, calico-printer, (Edge, Inner-Temple). Forster G. Easter Dukesfield, Northumberland, miller, (Watson, Lamb-buildings). Fall G. and Hutchinson J. Tooley-street, brewers, (Holmes and Co. Mark-lane).

Goff E. Wellclose-square, coal-merchant, (Allan, Frederick's-place). Goodman N. March, in the Isle of Ely, liquor-merchant, (Huxley, Middle-Temple). Gore R. Liverpool, linen-draper, (Windle, John-str.). Gilbert J. Chiswell-street, grocer, (Hodge, Dorset-street).

Haughan N. Oakshaw, Cumberland, drover, (Mounsey, Staple's-Inn). Handcocks J. Bromyard, Hereford, dealer in horses, (Pewtriss, Gray's-Inn). Hall H. Gutter-lane, warehouseman, (Reynolds, Castle-street). Hughes J F Wigmore-street, bookseller, (Wiltshire and Co. Old Broad-street) Howard J. and Burnley, J. Lancaster, cotton-spinners, (Wigglesworth, Gray's-Inn-square).

Jones J. Llangollen, Denbigh, shopkeeper, (Presland, Brunswick-square). Jones D. Pentro-Back, Merthyr-Tidville, Glamorgan, grocer, (Bigg, Hatton garden).

Ibbetson S. Ludgate-hill, silk-mercer, (Ellen, New Bridge-street). Johnston G. Peartree-row, Blackfriars, cabinet-maker, (Allingham, St. John's-square). Jackson L. W. Brownlow-street, cabinet-maker, (Patten, Cross-street).

Kitson J. Dewsbury Moor, York, clothier, (Willis, Warnford-court). Kitching J. Leeds, dyer, (Crossley, Gray's-Inn). Knight T. and Mosley, S. Lancaster, clothiers, (Townsend, Staple-Inn).

Leman J. Ramsgate, shopkeeper, (Clutton, St. Thomas's-street). Lindley J. Penistone, York, leather-cutter, (Wilson, Greville-street). Lyon T. Liverpool, mer-

chant, (Windle, John-street). Lane L. Kingsclere, Hants, shopkeeper, (Kibble-white and Co. Gray's-Inn-place).

Miller G. Woolwich, tailor, (West, Clement's-Inn). Marchent T. Bridgewater, bookseller, (Tarrant, Chancery-lane). Miller J. Brighthelmstone, bricklayer, (Ellis, Hatton-garden). Mann G. Southampton-place, victualler, (Crawford, Charles-sq.). Mannin C. Pickett-street, cheesemonger, (Hurd, Temple). More W. Halesworth, saddler, (Pugh, Bernard-street).

Nixon J. Bewcastle Demesne, Cumberland, drover, (Mounsey, Staple-Inn). Newman C. Whitechapel, shopkeeper, (Wilson, King's-Bench-Walk).

Popplestone W. Plymouth, grocer, (Alexander, Bedford-row). Page J. Bishopsgate-street, haberdasher, (White Sweet, King's-Bench-Walk). Pearce J. Dixon W. and Allen B. Paternoster-row, money-scriveners, (Bovill, Bridge-street). Pearson T. Roughburchworth, Bemston, York, tanner, (Wilson, Greville-street). Parsons R. Lyncombe and Widcombe, Somerset, grocer, (Shephard and Co. Bedford-row). Pearce W. Dover, cordwainer, (Allan, Frederick's-place). Parsons J. Cheapside, warehouseman, (Foulkes, Southampton-street). Potts J. White Bear-Yard, Back-Hill, cabinet-maker, (Crutchley and Co. John-street) Pink J. Gravesend, house-carpenter, (Clarkson, Essex-street). Palmer T. Goodge-street, St. Pancrass, tailor, (Turner, Edward-street).

Roper W. P. London, merchant, (Swain and Co. Old Jewry). Rolls R. L. Southam, money-scrivener, (Shephard and Co. Bedford-row). Rhodes R. Newcastle-under-Lyne, grocer, (Benbow and Co. Stone-buildings). Radley B. Ossett, Dewsbury, York, clothier, (Clarkson, Essex-street). Read R. Caroline Mews, stable-keeper, (Denton and Co. Field-court, Gray's-Inn). Rhodes W. Shacklewell, warehouseman, (Whitaker, Broad-court). Rand J. Deptford, brewer, (Saward, Prince's-street). Rose J. Road, Somerset, farmer, (Shephard and Co. Bedford-row).

Stamford E. York-street, flour factor, (Hunt, Warwick court). Samuel L. Leman-street, clock-maker, (Isaacs, Mitre-court). Smith J. Saffron-hill, grocer, (Jones and Co. Salisbury-square). Smith J. Great Trinity-lane, merchant, (Latkow, Wardrobe-court). Smith C. Bath, corn-factor, (Harrison, Craven-street).

Thorneley W. Cornbrook, dyer, (Ellis, Cursitor-street). Thompson R. Craven-buildings, (Bousfield, Bouverie-street). Thompson W. jun. Wolverhampton, grocer, (Williams, Staple-Inn).

Wright J. Hammersmith, cheesemonger, (Batsford, Jamaica-row). Walsh B. and Nisbet T. Angel-court, brokers, (Smith and Co. Chapter-House). Wright T. Cowper's-row, broker, (Mills, Ely-place). Williams T. Shoe-lane, vintner, (Salkeld, Dowgate-hill). Wright R. Thorverton, dealer, (Williams and Co. Prince's-street, Bedford-row). Webster H. Roll's buildings, jeweller, (Lee, Castle-street). Ward W. Leicester, and Frazer R. Cateaton-str. London, hosiers, (Taylor, Southampton-buildings). Wilmot J. East Markham, butcher, (Rhodes and Co. St. James's-Walk). Whitehead J. Kingston-upon-Hull, grocer, (Sykes and Co. New Inn). Williams R. Bedwelty, Monmouthshire, shopkeeper, (Gregory, Clement's Inn).

Young T. Machen, Monmouth, dealer, (James, Gray's-Inn-square.)

PRICES OF CANAL, DOCK, FIRE-OFFICE, and WATER WORKS, SHARES, &c. &c.

November 21, 1808.

London Dock Stock, 121*l.* per Cent.
East-India ditto, 125*l.* ditto.
West-India ditto, 165*l.* ditto.
Commercial Dock Shares, 127*l.* ditto.
Grand Junction Canal, 128*l.* ditto.
Grand Surrey ditto, 60*l.* per share. [prem.
Imperial Fire Insurance, 3*l.* per cent.
Globe Fire and Life ditto, 114½*l.* per cent.
Albion ditto ditto, 2*l.* per cent. prem.
Hope ditto ditto, 21*s.* per Share prem.
Rock Life Assurance, 4*s.* ditto.
East London Water-works, 47*l.* ditto.
West Middlesex ditto, 10*l.* ditto.
South London ditto, 90*l.* per Share prem.
Golden-Lane Brewery, 78*l.* per share
London Institution, 84*l.* per share
Surrey Institution, 38*l.* ditto.
Commercial Road, 116*l.* per cent.

L. WOLFE and Co. *Canal, Dock, & Stock Brokers.*

AGRICULTURAL REPORT.

THE seed wheats in most parts have been got in as early this season as in any other remembered. An increased quantity has been sown throughout the whole island.—The turnip crops have been very greatly improved by the late rains.—The clover layers have in general worked remarkably well. A considerable breadth in the Isle of Thanet, in Kent, and the eastern counties of Norfolk, Suffolk, and Essex, some weeks since, exhibited fine and luxurious plants.—The potatoe crops have every where turned out most abundant, and are generally secured in good condition.—If the barleys have been generally thin, oats rise well. In some counties where turnips did not promise well at first, a large extent of winter barley, tares, and rye, have been sown as substitutes. Grey-peas, beans, and oats look well.—Merino sheep have fallen considerably. Mutton is considerably cheaper: veal and pork dearer.—The wool trade, on account of the unfavourable change in Spanish affairs, is rather slack.

Meat in Smithfield market:—Beef, 4s. to 4s. 8d., mutton, 8s. 4d. to 4s. 6d.; veal, 5s. 6d. to 7s.; pork the same.

Middlesex, November 25.

AVERAGE PRICES OF CORN,

By the Winchester Quarter of 8 Bushels, and of OATMEAL per Boll of 140lbs. Averdupois, from the Returns received in the Week ended Nov. 19, 1808.

INLAND COUNTIES.	Wheat		Rye		Barley		Oats	
	s.	d.	s.	d.	s.	d.	s.	d.
Middsx.	100	11	58	5	49	0	39	10
Surrey	99	0	52	0	50	6	43	4
Hertford	86	10	49	0	47	2	34	2
Bedford	88	3	49	9	43	2	36	4
Huntin.	88	11			46	2	30	3
Northa.	89	4	50	0	44	8	37	8
Rutland	95	6			47	3	34	0
Leicest.	93	5	51	9	46	0	39	2
Notting.	99	2	60	0	50	10	34	8
Derby	99	10			50	4	36	10
Stafford	98	0			50	6	36	11
Salop	98	9	65	8	47	4	34	10
Herefor.	95	5	48	0	41	6	36	11
Wor'st.	100	9	51	4	51	2	43	1
Warwic	99	11			54	5	39	6
Wilts	88	4			45	2	42	2
Berks	101	0			47	8	40	9
Oxford	94	8			45	7	38	3
Bucks	92	1			43	4	40	3
Brecon	91	2	54	4	47	2	28	8
Montgo.	93	7			40	0	33	2
Radnor.	92	9			41	10	32	0

MARITIME COUNTIES.	Wheat		Rye		Barley		Oats.	
	s.	d.	s.	d.	s.	d	s.	d.
Essex	90	8	53	6	51	3	39	10
Kent	95	5	59	0	46	9	38	0
Sussex	93	8			49	9	38	6
Suffolk	92	4	52	10	44	10	35	10
Cambridge	89	5	56	4	46	5	27	3
Norfolk	93	7	55	2	43	4	32	2
Lincoln	91	11	59	10	45	8	29	8
York	91	7	68	9	42	7	32	1
Durham	98	6			48	0	33	6
Northumberland	93	10	57	4	44	7	30	6
Cumberland	96	8	59	0	45	1	29	11
Westmorland	100	9	72	0	43	5	31	7
Lancaster	90	2			43	6	31	2
Chester	89	4			54	0	33	0
Flint								
Denbigh	99	0			49	11	28	9
Anglesea					41	0	26	0
Carnarvon	82	8			40	8	27	8
Merioneth	93	4			43	2	24	6
Cardigan	79	7			38	0	20	0
Pembroke	72	11			38	6	25	2
Carmarthen	78	8			41	4	23	3
Glamorgan	89	6			46	5	26	8
Gloucester	97	11			50	9		
Somerset	92	8			44	6	38	8
Monmouth	95	9			48	8		
Devon	89	5			38	0	28	6
Cornwall	81	4			40	0	26	5
Dorset	89	0			48	3	37	8
Hants	95	3			50	5	39	9

Average of England and Wales.

Wheat 92s. 7d.; Rye 56s. 4d.; Barley 45s. 10d.; Oats 33s. 8d.; Beans 63s. 11d.; Pease 66s. 8d.; Oatmeal 49s. 8d.

BILL of MORTALITY, from OCT. 26, to NOV. 22, 1808.

CHRISTENED.			BURIED.		
Males	807	1537	Males,	696	1414
Females	780		Females	718	
Whereof have died under two years old					428

Between					
2 and 5	173	60 and 70	111		
5 and 10	67	70 and 80	89		
10 and 20	44	80 and 90	22		
20 and 30	99	90 and 100	5		
30 and 40	129				
40 and 50	126				
50 and 60	121				

Peck Loaf, 5s. 2d. 5s. 2d. 5s. 2d. 5s. 2d.

Salt, 20s. per bushel, 4½ per lb.

PRICE OF STOCKS, from OCTOBER 27, 1808, to NOVEMBER 25, 1808, both inclusive.

Days 1808	Bank Stock.	3 p Cent Consols.	3 p Cent. Reduc.	4 p. Ct. Cons.	Navy 5 p. Cent.	N. 5 p.Ct	Long Anns.	4 p. Ct. Scrip.	Imperial 3 p. Cent	Imperial Anns.	Irish 5p.C	Irish Ann.	S. Sea Stock.	S. Sea Anns.	India Sto.	India Bonds.	Exche. Bills	Lottery Tickets	Cons. for Acct.
Oct.																			
27	235½	66⅝ 67	66¼	81¼	99⅜	Shut	18 3-16ths	1¼ dis.	——						179¾	6s. pm	8s. pm	21 15	67⅛ ¼
28	holiday																		
29	——	67⅛ ¼	66⅝	82⅛	99⅛	Do.	18 3-16ths	⅛ dis.	——							6s. pm.	9s. pm.	21 15	67⅛ ¼
31	——	67⅜ ⅜	66⅞	82⅛	99⅝	Do.	18 5-16ths	¼ pm.	——						180	6s pm.	9s. pm.	21 15	67¼ ⅝
Nov																			
1	holiday																		
2	236¼	67⅛ ¼	66⅝	82⅝	99⅛	Do.	18¼	¼ pm.	65⅜							6s. pm.	9s. pm	21 15	67⅜ ½
3	237¼	67⅜ ⅜	67	83	99⅞	Do.	18 3-16ths	¼ pm.	——	7 7-16th						6s pm.	9s. pm.	21 15	67⅜ ⅞
4	holiday																		
5	Do.																		
7	236	67⅛ ¼	66⅛	82⅞	99⅞	Do.	18 3-16ths	⅛ pm.	——	7 7-16th	95⅝				181	7s pm	8s. pm.	21 15	67⅛ ¼
8	237	67 ¼	66½	82⅝	99⅞	Do.	18 3-16ths	Par.	65⅛	7 7-16th	95⅜					7s. pm.	9s. pm.	21 15	67⅛ ¼
9	holiday					Do.													
10	237	66⅞ 67⅛	66⅛	82⅛	99⅞	Do.	18⅛	⅛ dis	65	7 7-16th					181	7s. pm.	9s. pm	21 15	67 ⅛
11	——	66⅞ 67	66⅛	82¼	99⅞	Do.	18 3-16ths	⅛ dis	65¼	——	95¼				181½	7s. pm.	9s. pm.	21 15	67 ⅛
12	——	67 ⅛	66⅛	82¼	99⅞	Do.	18 3-16ths	⅛ dis.	——	7 7-16th					181½	7s. pm.	9s. pm.	21 15	67 ⅛
14	237	66⅞ 67	66⅛	82⅛	99⅞	Do.	18 3-16ths	⅛ dis.	65⅛	7 7-16th						7s. pm.	9s. pm.	21 15	66⅞ 67
15	238	66⅞ 67	66⅜	82⅛	99⅞	Do.	18⅛	⅛ dis.	65⅛	——	95⅜					7s. pm.	9s. pm.	21 15	66⅞ 67
16	238	66½ ⅝	66	81⅞	99⅝	Do	18 1-16ths	1⅛ dis	65	7 7-16th					182½	6s. pm.	7s. pm.	21 15	65⅞ ⅞
17	237½	66⅜ ½	66⅜	82	99⅞	Do.	18 1-16ths	¾ dis	——	7 7-16th					182½	6s. pm.	8s. pm	21 15	66⅜ ½
18	——	66⅛ ⅜	66	81⅞	99⅞	Do.	18 1-16ths	——	64⅞	7½					——	6s. pm.	8s. pm.	21 15	66½ ⅝
19	——	66⅜ ½	66	81⅞	99⅞	Do.	18 1-16ths	——	——	——					——	7s. pm.	9s. pm.	21 15	66⅜ ½
21	——	66⅜ ½	66⅜	82	99⅞	Do.	18 1-16ths	——	——	——					——	7s. pm.	10s.pm	21 15	66⅝ ¾
22	237½	66⅜ ½	66	82	100	Do.	18	——	——	——					183	7s. pm.	10s.pm	21 15	66⅜ ½
23	236½	66⅛ ¼	65⅞	81⅞	100	Do.	18	1 dis.	64⅝	——					182½	7s. pm.	9s. pm.	21 15	66⅛ ⅜
24	236⅝	66⅛ ¼	65⅞	82	100	Do.	18	1 dis.	——	——	95¼				182½	7s. pm.	8s. pm.	21 15	66¼ ½
25	——	65⅞ ⅞	65⅞	81⅝	99⅞	Do.	17 15-16ths	——	64¼	——					181¼	7s. pm.	10s.pm	21 15	——

N.B. In the 3 per Cent Consols the *highest* and *lowest* Price of each day is given; in the other Stocks the *highest* only.

EDWARD FORTUNE, STOCK-BROKER and GENERAL AGENT, No. 13, Cornhill.

N.B. In the 3 per Cent Consols the *highest* and *lowest* Price of each day is given; in the other Stocks the *highest* only.

EDWARD FORTUNE, STOCK-BROKER and GENERAL AGENT, No. 13, Cornhill.